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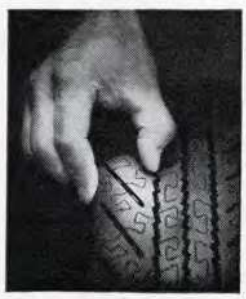

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J. J. Kohberger

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Rifle With A Kick

The April issue of your magazine contains an article by John Tompkins regarding the M-14 rifle (*The U.S. Army's Blunderbuss Bungle That Fattened Your Taxes*). Mr. Tompkins has hit a very tender nerve! I am

a 1st. Lt. in the infantry and naturally I have a deep concern about the weapon I will use to defend myself and call upon others to use with good faith. An infantryman that does not believe in his rifle cannot be expected to perform his duty with any sense of security that a trustworthy weapon affords.

—George J. O'Neill
Newark, Del.

Marines have been using the M-14 rifle to train recruits at Parris Island now for quite some time and the results are outstanding. Range records have been broken and no doubt more will be posted in years to come. We like the M-14. It has its bugs, but so did the M-1 in Korea when it was 35 below zero.

—Stephen D. Ramsaur
SSGT. U.S. Marine Corps
Panama City, Fla.

It was 10 years after the vastly improved percussion system was in general use before the Army decided to replace the flintlocks.

—Gordon F. Baxter, Jr.
Beaumont, Tex.

A copy of the text should be placed on President Kennedy's desk so that he might see what others have known for years: that the Pentagon's brass have heads shaped like the buildings they work in.

—Ed Watson
North Merrick, N. Y.

Not So Silent Spring

Congratulations on Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* (Apr.). This should be required reading in every Agricultural School, and by every group that is interested in any phase of plant or animal control.

—J. A. Bennett
Boise, Idaho

There has been a partial awakening on the part of a few thinking people in this country. The vast majority, however, remains as jellyfish that move with the ebb and flow of the tide. I refer, of course, to the wild and uncontrolled distribution of lethal poisons masquerading as insecticides, weed killers, fertilizers, etc. Add "radiation" to that and we now have a crash program on suicide.

—Charles J. Boutte
New Iberia, La.

Without the use of pesticides and additives, crops would rot in the field or in transport. Foods we now take for granted would become luxuries, diseases would run rampant. Also, though our population is expanding, we have been able to expand crop yields to compensate for this growing market. We eat better now than ever and we have the highest quality diet in world history. This is all attributed to chemical sprays and additives.

—Allen Tisker
Bronx, N. Y.

Wonderful Wallendas

I thank you for your article, *The Wonderful Wallendas and How They Died* (Apr.). I disagree on one thing only: to

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[*Continued from page 2*]

those of us ever having the thrill of witnessing "the big trick," and to those of us with even the slightest amount of sawdust and cotton candy in our veins, the Wonderful Wallendas will never die.

—Mrs. Jane Podemski
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Camel Kicks

In your story, *Four-Legged Ships of the Sandy Seas* (Apr.), isn't that Peter O'Toole, star of the movie, *Lawrence of Arabia,* shown riding without stirrups?

—Glenn Gilbert
Roxbury, Conn.

You've got sharp eyes, Glenn. That's Peter O'Toole riding the camel, Shagran. This is the camel that saved his life by standing over him protectively when he was thrown during a battle charge on location for *Lawrence*.

Captain Courageous

The April issue of your magazine contains an anecdote concerning Admiral Rickover (*This Funny Life*), submitted by me. When I submitted this item as a true story, I did so in good faith in the belief that it was true. Since then I have received indication that it is not in fact true and I therefore request that you publish a retraction in the interest of propriety and fair play.

—Paul R. Schratz
Captain, USN
Washington 25, D. C.

August In April

Just read August Emerson's comment (*Truely Yours*—Apr.) that men should make their wives get their marriage licenses renewed each year, same as auto licenses. That's not fair. Do we ask you to recharge your batteries?

—K. E. M.
Palmyra, Pa.

Driest Of The Dry

Have to disagree with you on the contribution that science has made to the "driest Martini" (*It's A Man's World*—Mar.). My favorite bartender could have saved the nation's researchers a lot of time and money with his formula and wonders why the egg-heads didn't conduct some research at a local saloon. According to him, any fool knows that to build a class Martini, you fill a cocktail glass with gin, heft the vermouth bottle and face Italy.

—Norm Parmenter
Royal Oak, Mich.

Fill the cocktail glass with gin and pass it under the shadow of a vermouth bottle.

—Tom Creekmore, Jr.
Brunswick, Ga.

Dip in the cork from the vermouth bottle real fast, and . . . .

—William Hafford
Tucson, Ariz.

Mannix Again

Let's have more of Mannix! When I read, *We Fished To The End of the World* (Apr.), I damn near laughed myself silly.

—Link Fraser
Spokane, Wash.

How can Mannix claim Argentina as the "end of the world"? On an expedition to the South Pole, I fished a spot more than 1,000 miles below land's end. And I caught an 8-inch fish to boot.

—James B. Boynton
Plandome, N. Y.

Throw it back.

Fat Cats

What are girls made of? (*It's A Man's World*—Mar.) Curves, Gentlemen, curves. Be they composed of fat, tallow, or suet. And many a groan would be heard from the male population if by some horrible catastrophe, all women suddenly became as "sinewy" as men of comparable ages.

—A. R. Angerer
Huntsville, Ala.

It is a known fact that women have a normal layer of fat under the skin for the purpose of insulation. Why we have an insulation is a mystery to me, but I do know it is there. Perhaps because we do not work as hard as men. We were not meant to do heavy labor. Therefore our bodies do not heat as men's bodies do, so we need insulation.

—Bobbie Hall
Denver, Colo.

[*Continued on page 8*]

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange —stranger than fiction. Byron

JUNE ◆ 1963

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VOL. 44 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 313

JUNE 1963

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WORTHY OF YOUR TRUST

[*Continued from page 4*]

Charity Chatter

If your article on charitable organizations (*Stop the Canshakers' Shakedown*—Mar.) results in a more discriminating, contributing public, we will be among the first to extend our congratulations to your magazine. There are instances of fraud in the charitable field which continue to be injurious to reputable agencies. An enlightened public can do much to prevent further occurrences.

—*J. Irvin Nichols*
Executive Director
Michigan TB and Respiratory Disease Association
Lansing, Mich.

You published an article on fund-raising for charity by Ralph Lee Smith in your March issue which I deeply resent. Who "Author" Smith is I have no idea, but if you paid him good money for that diatribe, you will live to regret it. . . .

—*Lee T. Sellars*
New York, N. Y.

That's the best threat we've had in a long time.

The old con game of contributing to the "Widow of the Unknown Soldier," "Poor Orphaned Ants of Africa," etc., was penny ante compared to the modern high pressure, heart tugging, telethons and other campaign methods employed by big business "charities" of today.

—*Bill Scott*
Portland, Ore.

No doubt a similar article could be written concerning Canadian charitable organizations as we are also plagued by a continuous onslaught of door to door canvassers backed by local and national radio, television, newspaper, magazine and direct mail solicitations.

—*W. J. Cander*
Kitchener, Ont.

Having been called upon to knock on doors asking for donations makes me feel like a big fool.

—*E. Mayo*
Whitestone, N. Y.

The whole thought of this chicanery is sickening and your magazine should be publicly applauded for bringing this dirty laundry out to be washed.

—*Mrs. E. E. Jordan*
Sunnyvale, Calif.

One of the finest articles we have seen on the problem of misleading appeals to the American contributor for support of "so-called" worthy causes.

—*R. L. Burnam*
Executive Director
United Fund of Greater Wichita Falls, Tex.

Pressure Test

Richard Gehman's article (*The Pressure Peddlers*—Feb.) does a great disservice to the American system of government in that it implies that somehow it is wrong to petition Congress to pass legislation. I object specifically to Gehman's characterization of all Washington cab drivers as lazy and stupid, and all telephone operators as witless.

—*Gerald R. Gereau*
Chairman
American Veterans Committee
Washington, D. C.

More On G.W.

I have just finished reading your grossly defaming article on Washington (*George Washington—Hero Without a Halo*—Mar.). I would like to suggest another name for your magazine. Why don't you call it *Pravda*?

—*Wayne Knight Ball*
Orlando, Fla.

If we were *Pravda* we couldn't print the truth about a national hero, only words of praise. Rejoice that you live in a free country where the memory of George—as a human being—will never die.

That article passing George Washington off as a self-seeking, atheistic rake is a sad piece of grub sheet hackwork which gives a more erroneous image of the man than that of the "fiction-writing historians" it excoriates. And all for what? Who besides Gene Caesar ever called him a Puritan?

—*H. W. Graham*
Chester, Pa.

Depressed Reader

Paul Gallico (*The Hour I Struck It Rich*—Feb.) describes, "and the time was the early 30's, that period one remembers as being giddy, relaxed, exciting, joyful. . . ." This is a most startling statement to anyone in America who lived through the Great Depression. Is Mr. Gallico speaking for himself?

—*J. H. Morse*
San Antonio, Tex.

Mr. Gallico was speaking of the time "before Russians, before the atom, before fear."

Bahamian Holiday

It has come to my attention that an article in your magazine by Max Gunther (*Big Profits For Small Plungers*—Jan.) states that an island can be purchased in the Bahamas and classed as an independent country with the privilege of minting money, establishing laws, creating an army and navy and flying its own flag. This information is entirely false as Bahamian money is minted only in England, laws are made only by the Bahamas Legislature, the British Army and Navy, if required, protect these islands and the Union Jack is the flag of this British colony.

—*C. K. Knowles*
Colonial Secretary
Bahamas

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

YOU PAY YOUR MONEY . . .

A man we admire with good reason is Alvin J. T. Zumbrun, executive director of the Maryland Crime Investigating Committee. Zumbrun told the latest meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science that practicing criminologists have failed to present all sides of the gambling picture to the public. Prohibition furnished bundles of dough to gangsters until the situation was corrected by repeal of the law, Zumbrun points out, but profits from bootlegging were "meager compared to gambling profits today." How to cure the situation? Legalize gambling and then educate the people to moderation. "Cannot the vast majority of us enter a cocktail lounge and not stagger out?" Zumbrun asks. "So, too, moderation in gambling is possible." You bet it is. The alleged immorality of gambling is shown up as strictly phony when the sovereign state of New York opens the trotting season in the middle of a February snowstorm, to get a bigger take from on-track betting. We don't see any moral difference between a small-time bookie and a money-hungry state engaged in the same business.

BASEBALL BRAIN

If the Houston Colts don't finish in the first division this season, after winding up in eighth place last year, it won't be the fault of electronics. The Colts count a lot on continual development of rookies, and they've installed an Ampex video-tape machine to teach the baseball craft to young players. The gizmo takes shots of players at work, and plays back the action immediately on a television screen. A player sees his incompetence demonstrated a few seconds after he displays it, and presumably mends his ways. We toyed with the idea of getting our golf club to install one of the devices, to teach us how not to slice and hook, and maybe cure us of pathetic pleasure in a card of 100. On second thought, forget it. Life is unbearable to a man stripped of illusions about how he looks to others.

TORSO TAPER

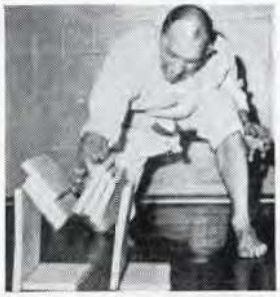
There are differences of male opinion as to whether the center of gravity of the ideal Miss America should be robustly high or gloriously low. Light has at last been shed by a man-about-Manhattan, Jack Gerber, who has been giving close scrutiny, in a proper statistical way, to the dimensions of every Miss America since the first one. The first Miss America pageant was held in 1921. Before then the country was run in a regrettably slipshod way and beauty standards were so chaotic that the girls hardly knew where to let their adipositties settle. Gerber's charts, done with loving care, show that Miss Americas have come in short and tall packages of various weight, too diverse to set a standard. Bust measurements have expanded and contracted, other than by the mechanics of respiration, within an impressive range of 30 to 37½ inches. But waist and hip dimensions have been remarkably dependable baselines. Every Miss America has had a waistline no less than 23 or no more than 25 inches, and the pageanted hip has a leeway of a bare inch, 34 to 35 inches. Gerber's advice to aspiring Miss Americas is to slim their midriffs. But what if the slimming ascends to subvert a magnificent superstructure?

SICK DRAW

The William Beaumont General Hospital in El Paso, Texas, recently overflowed with sick draw men: gunslingers who practiced fast draws with loaded pistols from low-slung, tied-down holsters. The guns fired and produced what medicos are beginning to call the Okay Corral syndrome: a bullet wound in the side of the holster leg, anywhere between 6 inches above and 6 inches below the knee. Several of the good guys or bad guys—in absence of the script, we don't know which—were so overcome with shame that they delayed from one hour to eight days before they went thataway to the hospital. Prudent fast draw experts like Sammy Davis Jr., reputed to be Hollywood's best, practice with unloaded revolvers. But Texans don't fool around much. Three of the self-pinged victims were fast-drawing on rabbits.

DEFENSE EFFORT

"He come at us with a shiv in one hand and a sap in the other, and we laughed out loud as we smashed his neck with the side of our hand and crouched so his rush carried him over our shoulder and he landed head down and splashed his brains on the asphalt . . ." The foregoing is not a sentence from Mickey Spillane, but one of many imaginary triumphs we achieved while lying on a sofa listening to a long-play record on tricks of self-defense and reading a book on Aikido. The record on "Secrets of Self-Defense" by John Richters, a master of the art, taught us a score of splendid gambits: grab the guy's lapels and force his coat over his arms, swing your cupped hands against his ears and blast his ear drums, smash the web of your hand to his throat. We intend to apply this learning to the next insolent car caddy who blocks our way in the parking lot.



We never heard of Aikido until a slim instruction book by Koichi Tohei, published in English in Japan, came into our hands. Aikido seems to be what invincible men progress to after trifling with ju jitsu and judo. Outside of Japan, only a chosen few have been admitted to inner circles. About 2,000 men practice Aikido in Hawaii, and a few dedicated groups study Aikido in the United States, mainly in California.

The payoff of Aikido is that a 200-pound thug who grabs you, strikes you, gets a stranglehold, or tries to mug you, lands flat on his belly in a split second and yells for mercy. You do it by grasp-

(Continued on page 12)

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 11)

ing his ki and leading it along. Ki is neither an appendage or a garment. Our own definition of it is ki-netic energy. The body has to follow its ki. Otherwise a slugger who lets go of a haymaker would throw his arm off. All you have to do is to make your enemy's ki fling him on his kisser. A good little man can make hash of a gorilla who is ignorant of Aikido. It worked for us a dozen times while we read Tohei's book, which, unless you can find an exclusive ki-club in this country, seems to be the only source of instruction until the master makes a promised trip to this country in 1964.

Aikido is said to be "full of the spirit of loving protection." There are times when niceties of Japanese philosophy escape us. We didn't feel loving while mentally slamming Sonny Liston to the floor, but damned formidable.

HOMOCLITES, UNITE!

If somebody calls you a "homoclite," count to 10 and clout him. It's a fighting word invented by a psychiatrist, Dr. Roy Grinker of Chicago, to describe a man so normal he can't be called normal. This is like being so sick you can't be called sick, or so stupid you can't be called stupid—a thought that gives us comfort. "Homoclite" means a man who deviates from a common rule, and we don't like the connotations of "deviate" very much either. Among psychiatrists, the common rule evidently requires that a respectably normal guy needs regular couch-sessions to dry-clean his mental cobwebs. In our humble estimate, a homoclite needs an analyst like a carpet beetle needs mothballs.

What is a homoclite? He's a healthy man of average intelligence who thinks realistically about himself, has reasonable responses to anxiety and anger, a high degree of morality, strong impulse control, sports activity, and few cultural interests. Culture is a currently popular catchword that usually implies a condescending interest in anything hoi polloi isn't hep to yet.

Apparently the worst thing about a homoclite is that he's so abnormally normal that he never even worries about it. It's just possible that homoclites should organize to spread their stabilizing influence among people who are always going off their rockers.

DRUNKEN DIVING

Scuba diving has a peculiar hazard or fringe benefit, depending on how you look at it. Seems that a scuba diver can get gassed-up in more ways than one from nitrogen dissolved in his blood by underwater pressures. We are informed by Dr. Walter L. Salzman, who is himself a certified skin diver and ought to know, that at 100 feet under water the effect is about the same as one Martini on an empty stomach, and at 200 feet there's a two- to three-Martini kick.

HOUSEWIVES AT BAY

We have long suspected that most housekeeping chores "can be capably handled by an 8-year-old," and we are glad that Betty Friedan has said it. Her book, "The Feminine Mystique," is raising hackles among housewives who rear up like spitting cobras at a drop of the phrase "just a housewife." The doctrine that housekeeping is rife with uncountable opportunities to express love, as by buying the safest kind of toilet tissue, and that a housewife combines executive, financial, and managerial talents comparable in magnitude to the organization chart of U. S. Steel, is given short shrift by Mrs. Friedan.

She feels that housework is something to be got over as fast as possible so a woman can "find her identity" outside the home. Presumably this will dull the miseries of thousands of married women who feel "desperate," "empty," and "trapped." We wonder. The business of seeking one's identity, in fashion among the intelligentsia, can be a most shattering enterprise if actually accomplished. A girl who discovers her career identity to be that of the blonde who files Mr. Entwistle's letters can be forgiven if she keeps her eye open for a solvent provider and to hell with identity. Confusion stems from unrealistic female notions of what a man's world is really like. We have never met a man in a continuous state of euphoria about his work. We have met many who skimp on lunches between paydays, who get dog-tired, who worry about their jobs, who probably feel "trapped" but never say so. The ordinary man hasn't time to feel desperate about not being a "completely developed person." A complete person is a dead one and we for one are in no rush about it.

BIG BAD BITE

We'd be happier about paying income taxes if some of the Internal Revenue boys didn't sometimes act like highwaymen with the instincts of vultures. We were burned up when we read about Albert LePore of Pawtucket, R. I., who had the misfortune to win $42,492 in the daily double at Bowie race track. Misfortune, because all Al took home was $1,235. A pair of IRS agents latched onto 94 percent of Al's winnings, and the state of Maryland snatched another tax bite. We don't object to the IRS getting its due when it's due. But the revenue code says that gambling losses can be deducted to the extent of winnings. If Al could reinvest his impounded capital, he might suffer losses that would legitimately wipe out any gambling tax debt. Is it cricket for revenuers to force him to make a profit by confiscating his capital? Does that keep the horse economy moving forward? Anyway, if Al is a married man, his $42,492 winnings would only put him in the 56 percent tax bracket. Even if he's single they'd only be in the 69 percent bracket. Then how come he was skinned of 94 percent? If there's some reasonable answer, we wish the Treasury Dept. would inform us and the public. It's not good for the country to have people feel that the Federal government engages in high-handed pickpocketry.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A treatise on "Hot Beds and Cold Frames" can be had from our government. It tells how to raise tomatoes.

The Boston Blood Club meets every Wednesday at 8 p. m. Blue, we presume.

A man making out his income tax form is not allowed to deduct his major dependent, in our opinion—the Internal Revenue Service.

Henry Ford sold 248,307 cars in 1914 at $490 each.

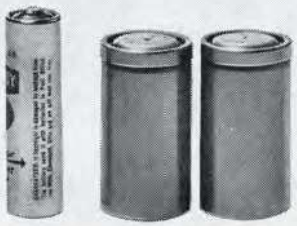
A brassiere ad in a Salt Lake City newspaper says "it's what's inside that counts" and invites people to come in for a touch-test.

Repairmen replaced 1,367,000 auto fenders in 1961. Women drivers are licensed in every state.

—THE EDITORS

The REMINGTON® LEKTRONIC II costs more than any other cordless shaver. Here are 9 ways we could have made it cheaper

(and the reasons why we didn't)



1. We could have powered it with flashlight batteries. Batteries that can corrode. Wear out. Need replacing every few weeks. Not us. We built in rechargeable nickel-cadmium cells. To give you cordless shaving you can depend on wherever you go. Hunting, boating, fishing . . . you name it!

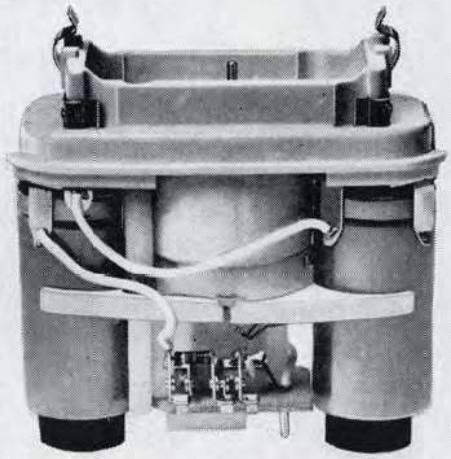
2. We could have put the transformer inside the shaver. We kept it separate so you don't have to pack it. And you don't have to lift extra weight when you shave. (Headed overseas? There's a WORLD-WIDE® LEKTRONIC II. Same shaver, different transformer. Lets you shave or recharge on all voltages—90 to 250.)

3. We could have used a coil of wire instead of a permanent magnet. But wire can short-circuit. Burn out. Heat up the motor. Permanent magnets are trouble-free and last the life of the shaver.

4. We could have skimped on insulation. Some cordless shavers do. But we wanted the LEKTRONIC II to have the Underwriters' Laboratories' Seal. The insulation helped us get it.

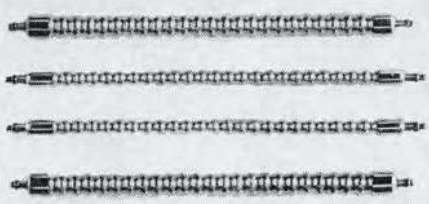
5. We could have "fudged" on the recharge method. When this baby runs down, you plug it in a socket to give the energy cells more juice. We could have let it go at that. But we designed it to also run with a cord. So you can shave right away, without waiting to recharge.

6. We could have sold a cordless shaver fresh from the laboratory. But we wanted to be absolutely sure you'd get what you were paying for. So we field-tested it for 18 months. (Even then, it was the first of its kind on the market.) Remington won't sell shavers any other way.



7. We could have used a weaker motor. An easy way to shave off a few bucks. A harder way to shave off whiskers. The LEKTRONIC II Shaver has a heavy-duty motor. The kind that lets you shave fast. Close. Smooth. Whether you use it cord or cordless.

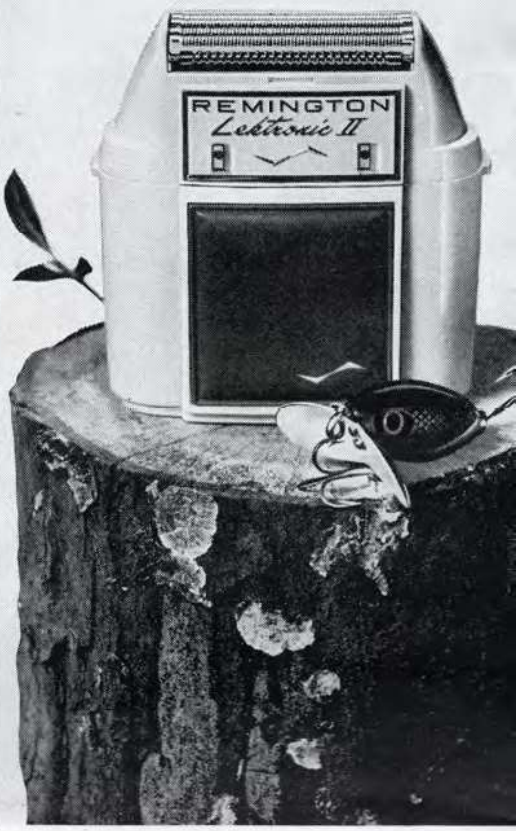
8. We could have taken only three steps to shape and hone the cutters. We took seven. All 348 cutting edges are angled and honed so they won't pinch or pull.



9. We could have done without the 4 roller combs. They smooth your skin down, pop whiskers up. Guide them into the cutters. But how could we leave off something that good just for the sake of money?

Sure, the REMINGTON LEKTRONIC II costs more than most other shavers. We'll be the first to admit it. But it's a better shaver. Try it at home. Try it outdoors. You'll be the first to admit we were right.

LEKTRONIC is a trademark of Sperry Rand Corporation



BY ARTHUR HERZOG

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY HOMER PAGE

Cigarette in place, Murrow ends another day at USIA.

THE VOICE OF UNCLE SAM

Idleness is a sin and ignorance the great bogeyman to Ed Murrow. As chief propagandist for the U.S., he heads the biggest hoopla machine ever assembled

WASHINGTON, D. C.

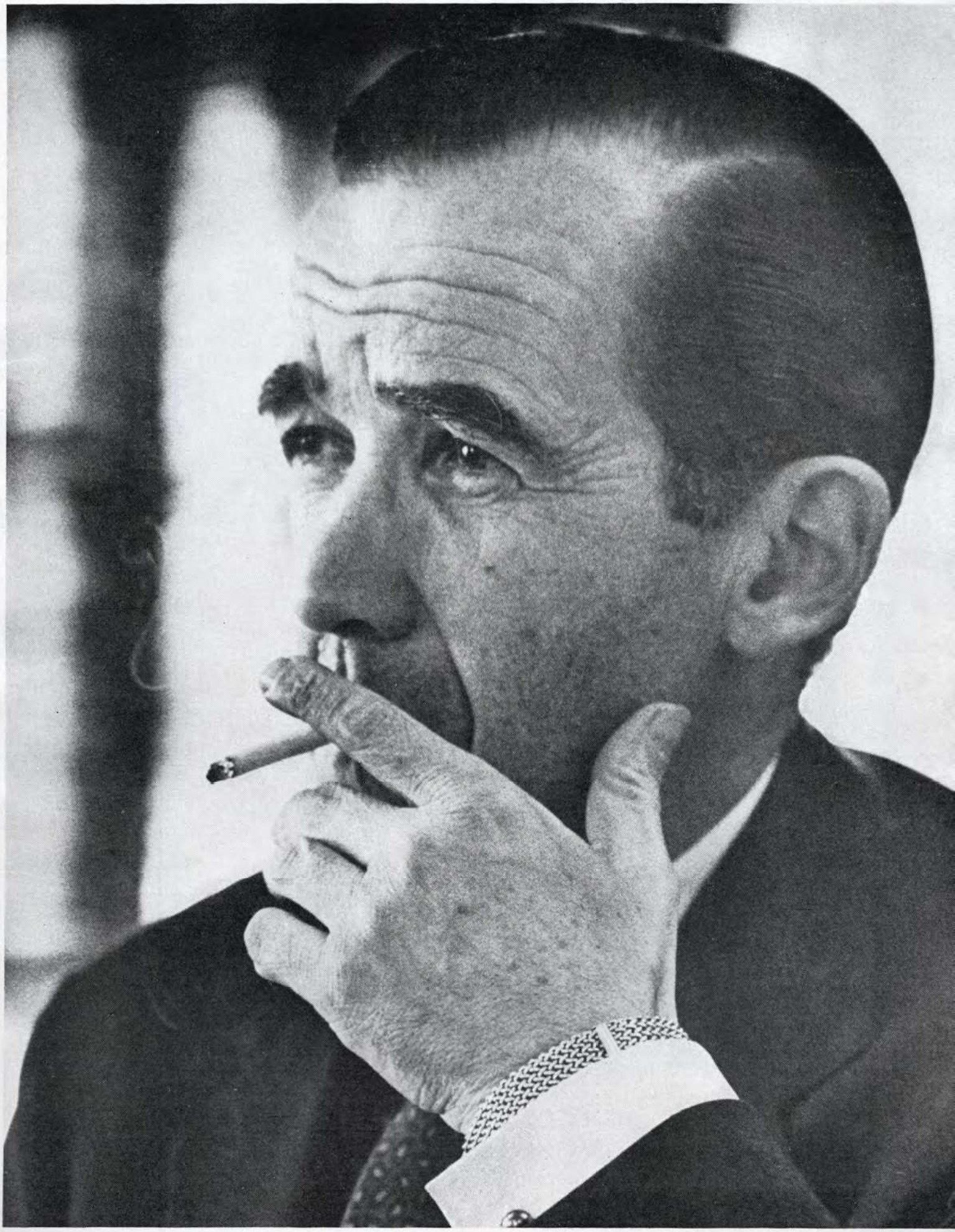
■ To top officials of the United States Information Agency, two delicate problems must be faced continually. First, whether the USIA is communicating to the world an image of the U.S. that is both accurate and appealing; and second, whether its director, Edward R. Murrow, can be compelled to wear an overcoat in freezing weather when he dashes off on foot to the White House, 500 yards distant.

Not long ago, I visited Murrow and the USIA in Washington. Shortly before, Murrow had come down with pneumonia during a trip to the Middle East, and returned to the United States for hospitalization. "Ed was a model patient," a colleague said, "but only because the doctor was wise enough not to ask him to stay off the phone or give up smoking." For a time, Murrow's slow recovery gave rise to suspicions of cancer of the lung, a worry which proved unfounded ("Hell, if Ed had had cancer he would have been indignant," said Bill Downs, a former CBS telecaster recently turned novelist. "He always felt that by the time he got it there would be a cure."), and Murrow was released from the hospital, under strict medical orders to take it easy.

Neither the doctor nor his own obvious physical weakness stopped Murrow from working a 12-to-14-hour day, smoking his normal ration of 60-to-80 cigarettes, or going out without his overcoat. Murrow's co-workers have a way of knowing when the director is trembling on the brink of exhaustion. His cigarette droops.

Just why Ed Murrow drives himself until he literally sweats with fatigue is a question that nobody close to him can answer with confidence. "About his health Ed has ab-

Courtesy USIA



Like any other civil servant, Murrow eats in public restaurants, even though strangers often interrupt his meal.

Fully "cranked up" for an emergency, USIA can reach a half-billion people outside the U.S.

EDWARD R. MURROW

solutely no brains," his attractive wife Janet told me, "and I hope he sees that in print." William S. Paley, of CBS, once said of Murrow, "I don't see why he runs himself so ragged. Unless it's that he *thinks* he thinks better when he's got sweat pouring from his forehead." Larry Le Sueur, a telecaster and former member of what was called "the Murrow club" at CBS, accounts for it by saying, "It's his Puritan side. Murrow believes that idleness is a sin."

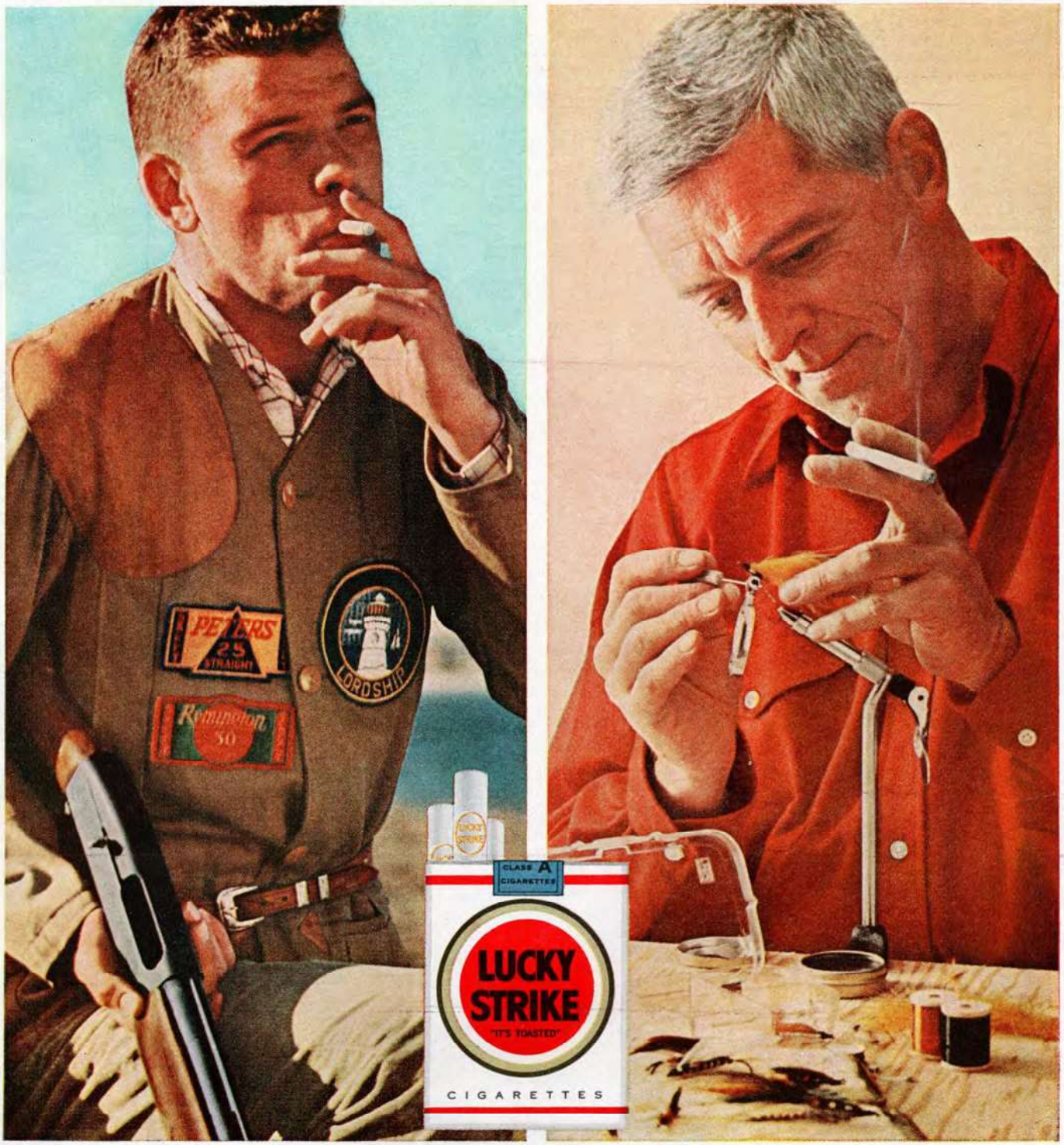
To Le Sueur, Murrow-the-Puritan is just one of many Murrows making up what could be called the Murrow image. "There's Murrow-the-Southern-gentleman—he was born down South, you know—with his code. He almost never gossips, and shrinks from real crudity. He's got an intense sense of honor and integrity. There's Murrow-the-Westerner, breezy, open, confident, fiercely loyal to his friends, the man of action. Why do you suppose he smokes so much? Some sort of masculine symbol to him, I bet. There's Murrow-the-Brooding-Pessimist—I'm not sure I believe he's as pessimistic as he makes out. There's a little of the ham in Murrow. There's Murrow-the-Patriot with his love of country and feeling of responsibility for it. In his own way he's almost as complicated as the American image is, and made up of the same stuff."

At 54, Ed Murrow is, as he calls himself sometimes with a small smile, the chief propagandist of the U.S. Arrayed under Murrow is the most far-reaching and massive propaganda machinery the U.S. has ever assembled, in war or peace. The USIA, or the United States Information Service, as it is called overseas—"I haven't been able to find out why," Murrow says—operates in all sorts of ways and all sorts of places. Its radio, the Voice of America, has more volume than ABC, CBS and NBC together. It publishes over 70 magazines, prints comic books (political satires) and textbooks for the study of English, produces records and dispatches cultural exhibitions. Though local people may not be aware of it, in some places the USIA's wire service provides half the news for their papers and

JUNE—TRUE—WEST, EAST, MW

Get Lucky

the taste to start with...the taste to stay with



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the USIA's canned radio shows fill the air.

During the Cuban crisis the USIA distributed 50,000 photographs of Soviet missile sites. These, published in foreign newspapers, were instrumental in convincing the world of the truth of U.S. claims. When the USIA is fully cranked up for an emergency, as in the Cuban crisis, it can reach a half-billion people, which is about one out of four, outside the U.S., in the whole world. And it does all this, as Murrow never tires of telling the congressmen who appropriate the funds, on a budget of $119 million, which is less than the cost of a combat-ready Polaris submarine.

Murrow begins his day at 6:30 a.m. (Saturdays included), and by the time his government Lincoln arrives for him at 8:30, he has read six newspapers. ("Murrow gets a kick out of the chauffeured limousine," a friend said.) From then on, until the cigarette droops, he is wrapped up in the problems of making American life and policy "intelligible and, if possible, palatable" to the collective farmer in Siberia and the African with his transistor radio. He also tries to make the USIA intelligible and palatable to dubious congressmen who sometimes think that selling America should be like "selling a Cadillac," in the words of one senator. "The Congress of the United States," Murrow has said sternly, "has no faith in the potency of ideas."

Murrow's day may be interrupted by a meeting of the National Security Council, or its even more select Executive Committee, at whose hush-hush and august deliberations basic U.S. Cold War strategy is planned. Murrow is the first USIA director to sit on the NSC, which indicates something of how importantly the Administration regards propaganda. When a policy is made, Murrow goes back to 1776 Pennsylvania Avenue, a number the Agency has cunningly contrived to have as its address, and the USIA begins beaming it to the world.

Despite the pressures on Murrow—from within, one senses, as well as without—he is a casual man who, whenever he gets the chance, refers to himself as a reporter. "He still can't finish his appointments on time," his secretary told me, "but he's a lot better than he used to be." Murrow eats lunch in public restaurants like a plain civil servant, despite the fact that strangers are always wandering over from the bar to chat. He has an aversion to paper work and carries a briefcase gingerly, as though it contained a Russian head. Murrow, an easy-talking man whose conversation is salted with "hell's" and "ain't's," likes to end the day as a newscaster does a program, with a joke, and goes home satisfied when he leaves his two secretaries laughing. It is impossible to think of a Washington official of similar rank who receives a foreign ambassador in his shirt sleeves, collar open and tie at half-mast, snapping his red suspenders, as Murrow does.

Murrow likes a good time and is probably among the best raconteurs in Washington on the rare occasions when he unfolds his talent. "He can imitate Churchill and make you feel he's in the room," a friend said. "I've never seen Murrow turn down a drink," Le Sueur says, "but he prefers such oddities as Scotch and water without ice—he picked that up during the war—and a whisky sour without fruit." Murrow is a snappy dresser who has his clothes tailor-made in London, but he hasn't gotten round to buying a new suit in three years, and even when he buys one he wears it with a soiled trenchcoat or an old hat. Murrow likes to say he is fond of fine food, fine wine and fine restaurants, but those who know him well declare that Murrow wouldn't know a good wine from a bad one, and almost never eats. He likes fast cars and owns a Thunderbird. He drives it so infrequently, however, that he sometimes can't find his own house.

What does preoccupy Ed Murrow are his responsibilities at the USIA, which he takes in dead earnest. "Ed wants to play every part of the Washington game," said Stanley Plesent, the USIA's legal counsel. "I can't recall a similarly ranked official who sat through every minute of the Congressional budget hearings for his department, as Murrow did. Congress gave us most, but not all, of what we asked for 1963. That was a real tribute to Ed, especially since he refused to pad our budget, as some agencies and departments do. What cutting there was had nothing to do with him. I told him that, but he wouldn't listen. He takes every defeat personally."

One of Murrow's first actions after being appointed USIA director was to ask, "What's happened to Reed Harris?" In 1953, Harris was acting director of the USIA, then under the Department of State and known as the United States International Information Administration. Harris was attacked by Senator Joseph McCarthy for a few lines from a book he had written about college football, and resigned because he got no support from his superiors. It was Harris' testimony before McCarthy that Murrow featured in one of his two anti-McCarthy shows. Murrow learned that Harris was now running a public relations agency in Washington, and rehired him in a high executive post at the USIA. "I'd become a kind of symbol of the resistance to McCarthy," Harris, who took a salary cut to come back to the government, told me, "and there was a kind of symbolism in my returning."

It seems strange, considering Murrow's record for outspokenness, but one criticism leveled against him in Washington is that he has been too quiet. "He's too cautious. Murrow has the highest reputation," a member of the White House inner sanctum said. "He can get through to the President any time he wants. The President is always concerned with what his reactions will be. Murrow would be listened to no matter what he said, especially since he's been silent so much."

Liberals have missed Murrow's independent voice on TV. "But it would be a mistake," a close friend said, "to regard Murrow as a starry-eyed liberal. He's not so much an optimistic believer in progress as a moralist and a man who believes in the due process of law." Murrow's wife Janet says, "Ed is modest in areas where he doesn't feel qualified. He will fight when he knows what he's talking about and the time seems right."

Averell Harriman, former Governor of New York and now the Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, said, "Ed has matured. He was a crusader for causes but he now feels one needs more information to be sure of his opinions. He has a great sense of wanting to be sure he's right. The USIA needed character, and Murrow has given it that—it was impersonal before. He's given it purpose and direction. He understands what the United States is all about—he's one of the few who understand it well."

Murrow has, in fact, spoken out on various issues since coming to Washington. He has hit at one-newspaper towns, the treatment of African diplomats in

[*Continued on page* 22]

TRUE

"I don't know who ordered construction but I have my suspicions."

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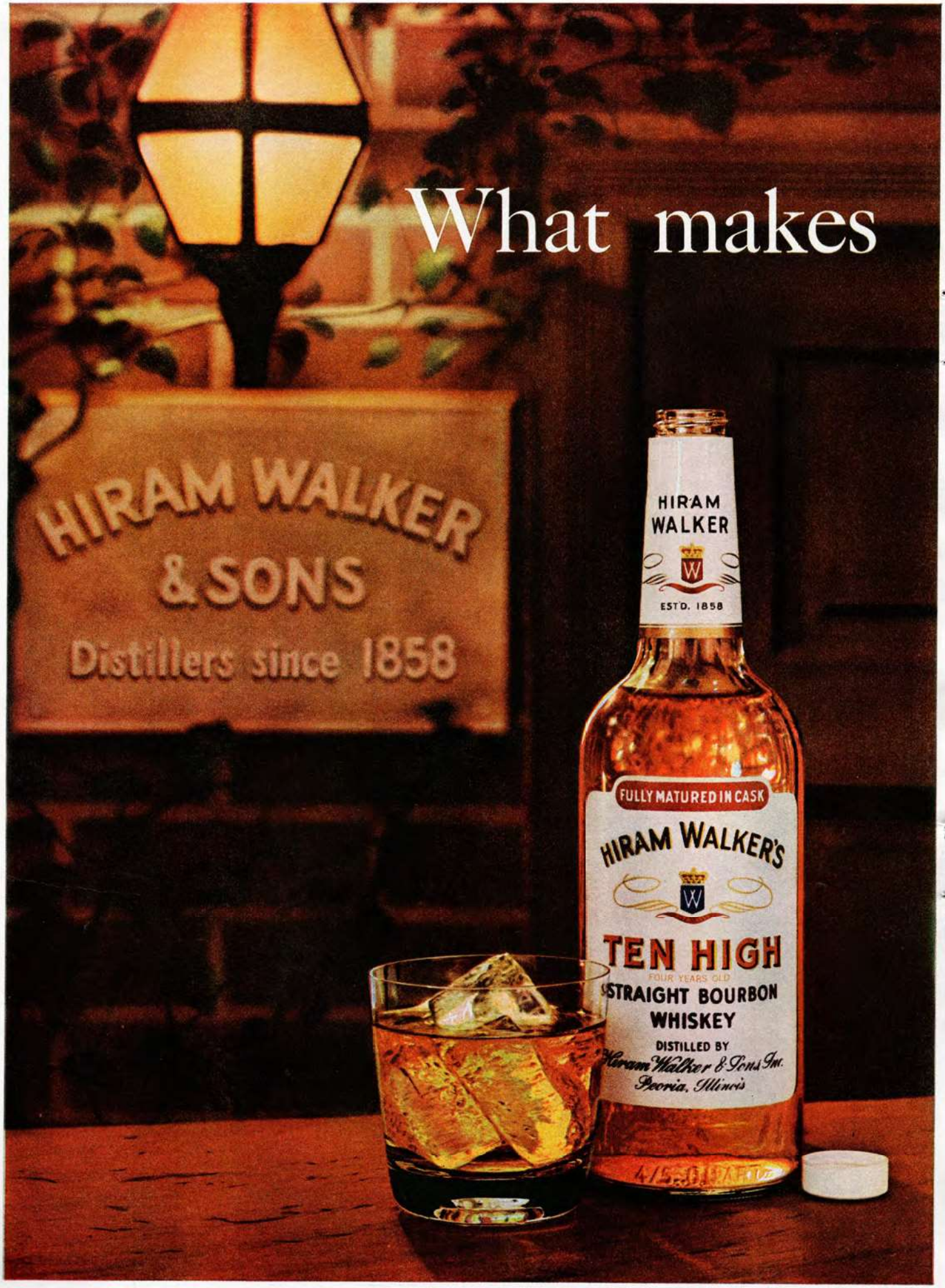
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[*Continued from page* 18]

the capital, and "a disinclination to the service of man, a preoccupation with the gainful pursuit of money, position and status." He has lectured virtually the entire communications industry in the U.S. on its responsibilities; to Hollywood executives, he said that American films, with their accent on sex and violence, presented a false picture. "I wonder," he said, "how much truth there is if we compare the celluloid world of America with the real world of America." Murrow's speech got mixed reviews. One critic called him a "smatterer . . . who knows little about the film medium" and whose "accusations were sheer nonsense."

As Murrow sees it, the job of the USIA is "to wage a war against pestilence and poverty, suffering and suspicion, disappointment and distrust. Ours is the war not to capture the minds of men but to free them." Part of that job is to break some of the stereotypes held round the world about the United States.

POWER FOR PEACE

★ ARMY
★ NAVY
★ AIR FORCE
★ MARINE CORPS
★ COAST GUARD

ARMED FORCES DAY
ACTIVE AND RESERVE FORCES

THIRD WEEK IN MAY

"Before this Administration," presidential assistant Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., told me, "our own propaganda reinforced the idea that we were conservative, dogmatic, committed to free enterprise in the sense that every country should have it. This didn't reflect the reality. The truth about us proves to be more attractive to the world. Under Murrow, we have told the truth."

As it happens, I had several long conversations with Murrow while he was at CBS, and during one of them he defined for me his goal in making documentaries. "The real objective," he said, "is not to *look* for the sensational or the unusual, but not to flinch when the picture shows ignorance, bigotry and intolerance. My idea is to show 'what is'—to hold up the mirror and try to keep it steady."

He has followed the same policy at the USIA. The Agency has faithfully reported bus burnings in Alabama and student riots in Mississippi. Recently, Senator Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana, during a tour of Africa, was reported to have said that Africans weren't ready for self-government. It so outraged several African countries that they refused to let Ellender in. The USIA reported the story as it happened.

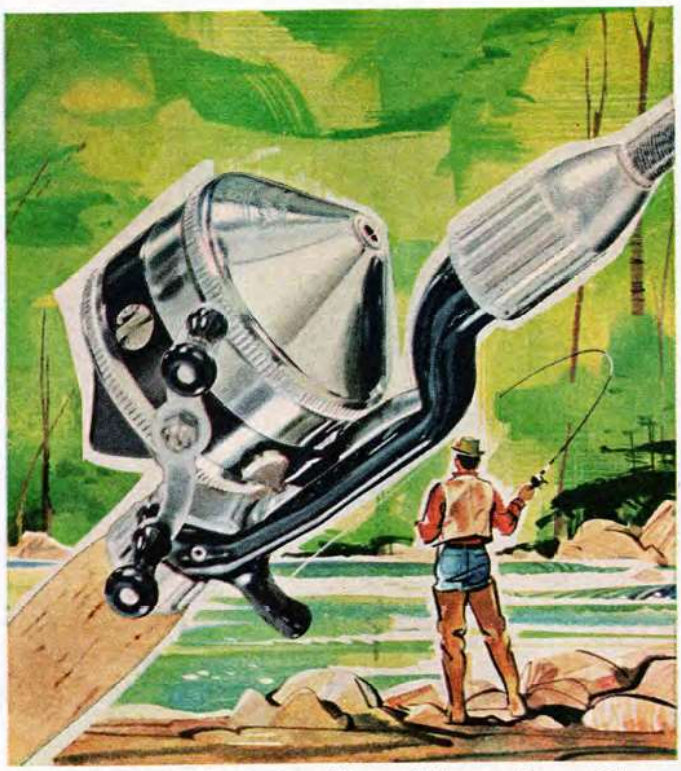
For this article, I interviewed Murrow several times in his comfortable corner office at 1776 Pennsylvania Avenue. The office has a long, curved desk; a color photograph of John F. Kennedy peers down from the wall, as it does in all government offices. Murrow is not especially a collector of trophies, but he brought two of them from CBS—the microphone on which he broadcast from London during the war, and a bust of Franklin D. Roosevelt by Jo Davidson, which reporter colleagues gave him. As in his CBS office, Murrow has a reading stand at which, standing up, he skims through magazines between appointments. He receives visitors at a small circular table flanked by chairs and a couch. One senses that he is not at his desk very often. The top is bleak and the desk stands like an alien presence.

Despite his recent illness, Murrow seemed little changed from his days as a broadcaster. Gray has stolen into his hair and the lines on his face are a little more stark. The bushy eyebrows give him a vague resemblance to Roosevelt but, as I determined with a quick glance at the bust, his nose hasn't quite the stature of Roosevelt's powerful beak. "Murrow," I'd heard again and again, "is really very shy. And he hates interviews." He is, in fact, open and extremely friendly until the questions start. At this point he falls into what might be called the classic Murrow stance—knees apart, elbows on knees, one hand supporting a bent head, the other nervously stroking his hair or his tie. Every answer is considered, pondered, agonized.

I knew of Murrow's habit of mulling over questions as though he were in a trance. Murrow's associates, in fact, sometimes don't know when the boss has finished talking and, after waiting an appropriate time, they start again, to find that Murrow has started, too. During my interviews with him at CBS Murrow had explained his own technique of interviewing. "The key to TV interviewing," he said, "is to ask a question and after the person answers you, wait. The man says to himself that this fool must have misunderstood me. So he repeats himself. It's the second part of the answer that's valuable." On Murrow I tried the same trick, but there is no outwaiting him. The silences between us sometimes lasted a full two minutes.

I began by asking Murrow a personal question. Did his $21,000-a-year government salary represent a financial sacrifice, or had he, over the years in which he had earned well in excess of $200,000 a year, saved enough to become independently fixed?

Murrow mulled. "I'm not a rich man," he said finally. "I couldn't live for the rest of my life without working, at least, not without considerable belt-tightening. It's hard to get rich in what my tax bracket was. I can't live on my government salary and I will say that I am divesting myself of my basic holdings. My one extravagance is the farm. But I'd rather not talk about it. I'm wary of people who put the emphasis on their



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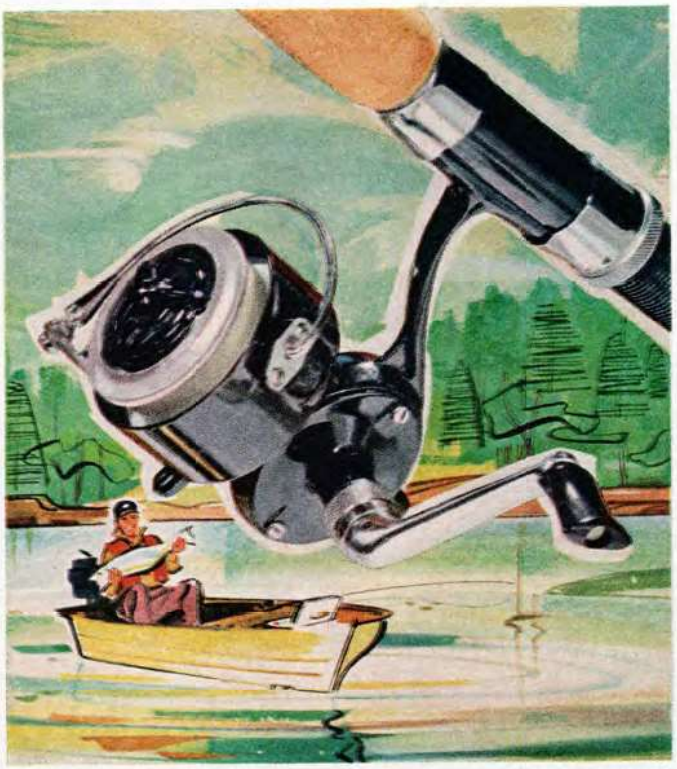

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personal sacrifice rather than on the help they give to their country."

I waited, and Murrow did add, "When I came down here I intended to do some official entertaining. Somebody said, 'Do you know what the entertainment allowance is here? Five hundred dollars.' 'A week?' I said. 'No,' he said, 'a year.' So much for entertaining." Murrow laughed.

I then asked Murrow how it felt to be on the inside of things as a government official rather than outside, as a reporter. "I still have to force myself to remember I'm not a reporter. I'm fascinated to see how things really work. There is a sense of history. I'm extremely interested to read what my former colleagues say and compare it with the fact. You'd be surprised how often you read the inside story in the next day's paper, but sometimes the news seems like it was written off the wall. One bad thing is that I've become cautious about talking with old colleagues. I can never be sure if I've read something in a top-secret file or not."

I waited, and nothing happened. McCarthy, I said, had attacked the USIA hard. Were the effects still there? "The McCarthy scars are still there, though receding," Murrow said, after the customary silence. "It takes a long while to re-establish confidence, to have candid reporting without fear that someday you won't be victimized for it. Once you create a confusion between dissent and disloyalty it takes a long time to get the difference straight again."

Murrow refused to say if, or on what issues, he had dissented since coming to Washington. "The difference between now and the old days is that when I dissent I do it in private." We turned to a discussion of the American image. I asked if it was difficult conveying that image abroad and Murrow said it was. "We're handicapped in being a very complex society that takes a high degree of literacy to understand. The system is tough to explain, a fact we must accept."

I remembered a line from a book, *Image of America*, by a French Dominican priest and an authority on international affairs, Father R. L. Bruckberger, who said, ". . . the greatest fault you have . . . is the inability to make yourselves known for what you are. Americans, you are not easy to understand, and perhaps for that very reason you are hard to love." I asked Murrow if it was true that Americans are not very well loved in many places.

"Yes, in some places we do have an unfavorable image. It's partly, as I said, that the system is hard to explain. Part of it is the price a country pays for having great power. Part of it is because of a certain image of ourselves that comes from movies, TV, and printed matter which gives a distorted picture of crime, violence and sex, as though those are really all we have. And part of it is due to the picture which some people have of this being a 19th century capitalist operation, which, of course, it isn't."

Did he think, as some have said, that the country lacked dynamic ideas? "No," Murrow said. "We have our basic and revolutionary goals in our documents, such as the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. This nation has never been allergic to change. Ours was the first of the great modern revolutions and it's a birthright we can't let go by default. The United States should offer its experience and energies to the world."

Was the USIA strictly a tool of the Cold War? "This Agency was never designed as a provocation to anyone. We are fighting against poverty, disease and ignorance. We are fighting for enlightenment—not to capture the minds of men but to free them. I can't imagine the circumstances—including the absence of a Cold War—in which the USIA would be unnecessary."

And you try to tell the truth? "Yes. We also attempt to reflect meaningful dissent. We work on the assumption that everything we do is subject to comparison, though this isn't always the case, strictly speaking. But our idea is that if we don't tell the bad things somebody else will. It's better that it should come from us. This establishes credibility. In the fiasco of the Cuban invasion, for instance, we didn't try to temper the wind. We deliberately reflect significant controversy, partly because there is so little of it in many places. It arouses curiosity. Of course, when something is contrary to official policy—like the bus burning in Alabama—we point that out."

Out of what controversy have you gotten significant mileage? "The President's handling of the steel issue was a big plus for us. The Russians say the country has one law for the rich and another for the poor. The steel issue showed that there wasn't."

Do you spend most of your energies attacking the Soviets? "We're probably less heavy on the anti-communist stuff than formerly. We've found that it's more important to show our side—to be positive rather than negative."

What, on a policy level, would you regard as the USIA's greatest accomplishment since you've been in Washington, I asked. Murrow pondered, his hand stroking his tie. When he inhales, he makes a sucking noise, I noticed. He said finally, "The eight-month delay, in 1961, of U.S. resumption of nuclear testing in the atmosphere, after the Soviets had resumed their tests. I wanted the delay, to let the Russian breaking of the test moratorium sink in. It gave us a chance to explain thoroughly to the world why we did have to resume. When we did, there was remarkably little criticism."

Where did the USIA stand in the deliberations about what to do in the Cuban crisis? "I'm afraid I can't say," Murrow said. "I was flat on my back. Being out of action then was the most frustrating experience of my life."

You once said that you were a poor administrator. Would you still say that's true? "I'm not sure I'm so good at administration but I'm sure I can do it, though I don't particularly like it."

Why do you work so hard? "Because of early indoctrination. If I weren't doing something I'd feel guilty. That's why I can't take a vacation. It's an irrational, contemptible attitude, I know."

Are you happy at the USIA? Will you stay on here? Murrow sucked and pondered deeply. "I've never worked harder and never been happier. I don't miss broadcasting a bit. It would be fun to give a few seminars a week on government and read the books I've never had time to. But as to the future, I've never had a horizon of more than 90 days."

Leaving Murrow, I checked with other USIA officials on what Murrow has accomplished in Washington. "Of course he was involved in the Cuban crisis," one high USIA administrator said. "He made key calls during the decisive week from his sick bed. It's a reasonable surmise that the Agency advised strongly that the

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"For months I was on the verge of suicide, but I couldn't decide what to wear."

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use of an invasion or air strike in Cuba would have unfavorable reactions abroad, especially Latin America. He has had a strong effect on our policy in West Berlin, and he was instrumental in bringing Vice-President Johnson over when the wall was built. He's brought a quality of imagination and high purpose and he's lifted morale; when Murrow says he could compete with any commercial media outfit with the staff he has it's for internal consumption. Murrow has his faults—maybe, as an administrator, he doesn't dig deep enough and he hasn't shaken things up here as much as some would have liked—but he's worked like hell. He's the best director we've had."

If part of the American image is the old, improbable, rags-to-riches story, Murrow fits that, too. "He's very proud of his poor background," Downs said. "I think he regards his wealth and fame as a big joke." Murrow himself says, "I can't remember a time when I didn't have to work."

Christened Egbert Roscoe, Murrow was born on April 25, 1908, on a small farm at Pole Cat Creek, North Carolina. When Murrow was 4, his father moved to the state of Washington, where prospects looked better, taking a job as a farmhand near Blanchard, north of Seattle. For a time, the Murrow family lived in a tent. Murrow's father eventually went to work on a logging railroad, as a locomotive engineer, and Murrow did odd jobs there too. During high school, he drove the school bus.

Murrow wanted to attend an Eastern university; he worked for two years with a timber gang to save the money before deciding he couldn't save enough. He attended several Western colleges, majoring in speech and acting, and graduated with good marks. One man who went to college with Murrow claims that he could sit through classes without taking a note and later rattle off the lectures almost verbatim. Murrow's original choice of a career doesn't reveal any burning ambition for money and fame. He worked for a student organization arranging for student tours to Europe, at a salary of $25 a week. He then became vice-president of the Institute of International Education, also at low pay. Attracted by his title, a small women's college offered Murrow the job of president, an offer that was immediately withdrawn when the college learned that he was only 26.

In 1935, Murrow went to work for CBS as director of talks and special events. I was curious to know what his early associates in broadcasting thought of him and checked with John Gude, now a performers' agent, who knew Murrow then. "Well, he was the smokingest man I'd ever met," Gude said. "No notice was taken at the time of Murrow's sonorous voice. He was discreet, quiet, pleasant, a hell of a nice guy to drink or play poker with. If anybody had asked me whether he would go places I would have said I never thought of it but maybe he will."

Murrow started going places, at least geographically, in 1937, when he was offered a job as head of CBS European radio, the network's former correspondent having quit because he saw no future

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in overseas news. CBS itself considered the assignment routine. Murrow's job was to arrange cultural shows, concerts and the like, but he had ambitious ideas about putting on programs like Saturday Night in the Spread Eagle Pub at Little Barfield, Sussex, which he later did. He still wasn't a broadcaster—"Why would I have become one, with a job like that?" he once said—and was made one by the march of events. When Hitler took over Austria, Murrow decided to cover it, chartering a 27-passenger plane, the only one available, and flying to Vienna where he broadcast for 10 days, establishing not only himself but the concept of the foreign radio correspondent.

Murrow had been deeply concerned with the rise of Hitler almost since its beginning—he participated in an early project to bring German scholars out of the country—and Kenneth Holland, president of the Institute of International Education and an old Murrow friend, believes that "Murrow made the greatest contribution of any American toward the understanding, before the war, of what Naziism meant."

Among correspondents he was known as a daredevil who took terrible chances despite strenuous efforts of CBS to stop him. Murrow, for instance, drove around during the bombings in an open car and went out on at least 25 bombing missions. On one of them, five planes carried correspondents but only one, Murrow's, got back. As to why Murrow felt compelled to risk his neck, Raymond Swing, a correspondent now with the USIA, said to me, "Murrow felt that a correspondent shouldn't be making a living off the war with no danger. It isn't that he's a daredevil. It's just that he felt guilty."

After the war, it was commonly felt that radio news had no future. Murrow felt differently, which was one reason he accepted a job as CBS vice-president. As such, Murrow felt he could hold together his staff—such newsmen as William L. Shirer, Eric Sevareid, Howard K. Smith, Le Sueur and Downs—until the tide turned. Murrow also had ambitions about making radio, and later television, "adult and intelligent," as he said. "Murrow's second big contribution," Holland said, "was to show the potentials of television documentaries, which he did with 'Person to Person' and 'See It Now.' "

Murrow's conscience led him to take on the late Senator Joseph McCarthy, and his surgical exposé of McCarthy's methods and personality is believed to have been the turning point in the senator's career. "It was very brave of Murrow," a friend said. "The night that show went on, Murrow didn't know if he'd have a job in the morning." Murrow himself was still not satisfied. "He worried," Downs said, "whether he'd exposed McCarthy too late."

Murrow was still feuding with broadcasting standards—he once suggested that every sponsor donate one hour out of every 52 to public affairs shows, an idea that was received in stony silence. He had the temerity to criticize the quality of television but whether, without the USIA job, he would have quit, is a matter of debate. Murrow, with his usual tact, says no, but others say yes. "He'd reached the point of no return," Gude said. "He was continually upset by the network's notion that newscasters shouldn't be interpreters." Others feel that the real source of friction between Murrow and the network brass was that Murrow had gotten too big for corporate vanity to tolerate. "Anyway," says Swing, "Murrow had reached his point of greatest expansion on television. There wasn't enough left for him to do that he hadn't done. If he had stayed where he was he couldn't have kept growing."

Actually, Murrow had a chance to get into politics in 1958 when he was offered the New York nomination to run for the Senate, with the backing of all factions of the Democratic Party. "I think he could have won," said Governor Harriman, who lost to Governor Nelson Rockefeller in the same year. Murrow decided, he says, "that politics wasn't for me. Politics requires a special appetite for public office, a desire for unlimited exposure and an undiscriminating liking for people. I don't have any of these qualifications. It's a fair assumption that I won't run for office in 1964, either."

Those close to Murrow were somewhat surprised when he got the USIA bid, considering that Murrow, during the 1960 Democratic convention, said on the air that Senator Kennedy had not shown the amount of humility that Murrow felt was needed for the office. Kennedy's offering his critic the job evidently satisfied Murrow, and he went to Washington, on the condition that he would have a voice in making policies that the USIA would support before the world.

Murrow's relations with the President are said to be friendly though not intimate, and marked by mutual respect. "The President," a man who knows both of them said, "likes a person like Murrow who can come in, speak his piece candidly and get out, which Murrow, with his gift for the right words, can do. The President doesn't like long-winded people, which Murrow isn't."

When Murrow arrived in Washington he deliberately set out to "acquire anonymity," as he put it. "He'd walk down the street with well-known politicians, and people would say 'Hello, Ed,' which embarrassed him," Janet Murrow said.

Murrow does relax once in a while, as when, infrequently, he goes to his 300-acre farm at Pawling, New York, for a few days' rest. He likes machinery and drives a tractor, plowing fields. There is a small dam on his property that he built. On such vacations Murrow will wear blue jeans and not shave for days at a time. Another Murrow delight is to take off in a car with his son Casey, now 16, and drive cross-country, fishing on the way. He has tried it once since joining the USIA, and got as far as Salt Lake City before being called back.

In Washington, Murrow and his wife live simply, with one car and one servant. "I do as much of my own work as I can," Mrs. Murrow said, "because I fear there may be some kind of upheaval in the world and I want to know that I can take care of myself."

Murrow gets to Burning Tree Country Club now and then, for a fast left-handed game of golf, which he shoots in the low 80's, and he might drop in, unannounced, at his old friends, the Downses, on the way home. "Sometimes he throws a football with my kids," Downs said, "but mostly we reminisce. Murrow's got a million anecdotes. I know a man who traveled in South America with him. He says that Murrow told anecdotes for three weeks and didn't repeat himself once.

"Sometimes, too, we watch television. We did that last election night and had a good time—two warhorses criticizing the new methods. Murrow is a hell of a lot of fun. Of course, he does brood and work himself to death. He has a tremendous love for this country. That's why he gets so mad when we goof. Murrow's one of those guys like Elmer Davis was—he's never lost his ideals, as most of us old men have. Murrow's still got that fire in his belly. He's still trying to do good."

—Arthur Herzog

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"I don't know—I'm of two minds about it."

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SOLITARY TORMENT OF A TOUGH AMERICAN

Being shot down and captured by the Chinese Reds was bad enough. Then for 17 months the American major paced away time in a small, windowless cell. His enemy was madness. His ally was guts

BY JOSEPH P. BLANK

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL LAMBERT

VIENTIANE, LAOS

■ The end of the flight for Maj. Lawrence R. Bailey, Jr., assistant Army attaché at the United States Embassy in Vientiane, Laos, was shockingly sudden and violent, and its 17-month aftermath was beyond his wildest nightmares.

On the morning of March 23, 1961, Lt. Ralph Magee, assistant Air attaché with the Embassy in Saigon, was returning to that station from Vientiane. Bailey, a warm, gentle man of 38, with blue eyes and thinning sandy hair, accepted a ride. Bailey was a pilot, and the trip was perfectly timed for him to pick up his Embassy's twin-engine Beechcraft, which had been laid up for an engine change at Saigon.

"What kind of parachute do you want?" Magee asked.

"I'll take a back pack."

"We have one, and you're welcome to it. The others are chest packs."

Bailey chose the back pack for no particular reason. It had to be worn at all times. The chest 'chute provided the more comfortable arrangement. Only the light harness itself had to be worn and the pack could be laid aside. In an emergency, the pack could be attached to the harness in a few seconds.

The lumbering, unarmed, twin-engine C-47 took off at 10 a.m. with a crew of three and five military passengers. Magee chose a northward course before turning south toward Saigon. Laos was torn by civil war and the line dividing the conservative forces in the south from the left-wing and Communist elements of the Pathet Lao army in the north was constantly changing. Magee wanted to reconnoiter the battle lines so that he could report the existing military conditions to his Embassy.

Major Bailey was comfortably chatting with the other passengers at about 11:45

TOUGH AMERICAN

when he heard the dull WHAM! WHAM! of exploding antiaircraft shells and saw puffs of smoke outside his window. The plane abruptly slanted down to the right, then leveled off, apparently under control. Antiaircraft fire was a disturbingly familiar experience for Bailey; he had been an Army reconnaissance and artillery-spotting pilot in World War II and the Korean War.

He left his seat and looked through a window on the right side of the plane. He saw a hole in the wing-tip. More puffs of smoke suddenly appeared, then flames boiled out of the fuel tank behind No. 2 engine. "We're on fire!" he yelled. "We'll have to jump!"

The flight engineer darted back from the cockpit and opened the passenger door. The other passengers reached for their chest packs. Bailey jumped. As his feet left the plane he saw it nose down. He seemed surrounded by metal. He jerked at the ripcord and suddenly he was dangling and swinging gently. The C-47, with one wing gone, was trailing smoke and spinning tightly toward the earth. No other parachutes were visible. Apparently, Bailey and the right wing had simultaneously left the plane and contacted in mid-air. His left arm, broken just below the shoulder, flapped uselessly. He knew something was wrong with his left leg, but he felt no pain. He watched the plane crash, heard it explode.

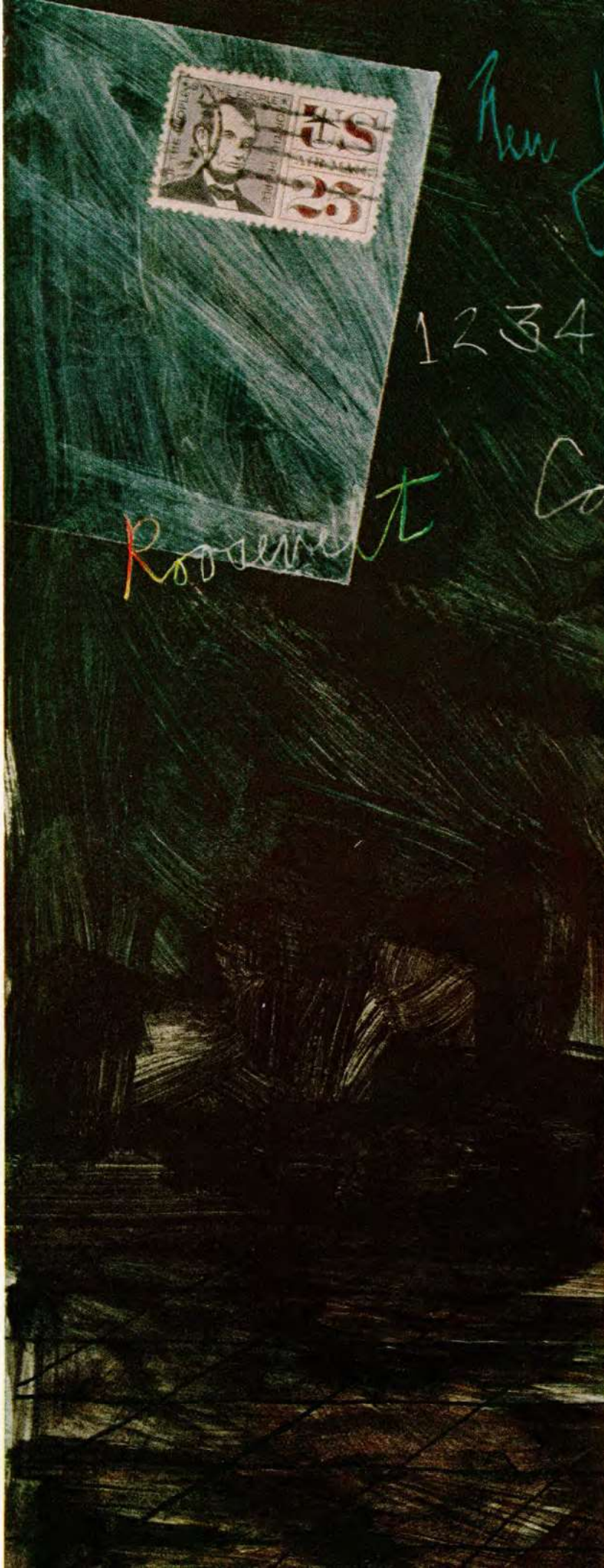
He landed on his feet in an open, rolling field and fell backward. His first impulse was to reach the crash site a quarter mile away to check for survivors. After struggling to his feet he took one step and collapsed. He made two more vain attempts, then lay back, realizing he wasn't going anyplace. He looked up at the clear blue sky and thought, *What a beautiful day.*

An hour of unbroken quiet passed, then, from a distance, he heard voices and shouts. A line of some 20 armed men appeared on a ridge about 100 yards away. Bailey assumed they were Pathet Lao, but it didn't matter; he needed help. He got to his feet and yelled.

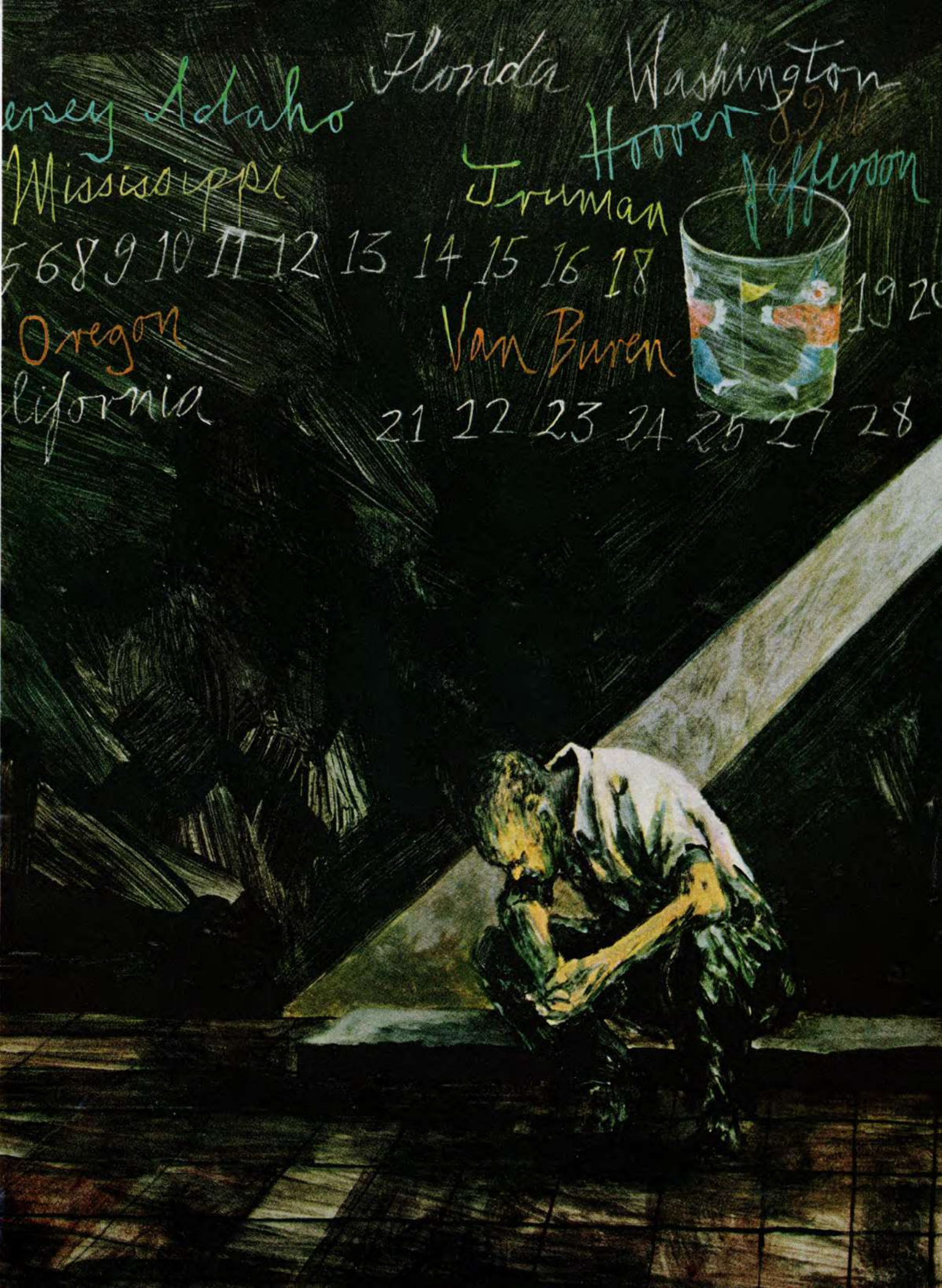
The squad stopped and stared at him. The leader, rifle in hand, raised both arms to indicate Bailey's surrender. Bailey lifted his right arm, then pointed to his left arm. The leader raised his rifle and fired. The shot missed. Bailey dropped to the ground. He felt scared, helpless and disgusted. The group surrounded him and the leader, pointing his rifle, said, "Can kill! Can kill!" They removed wallet, cigarettes and identification cards from his sport shirt and slacks. Bailey expected some discomfort, but he wasn't especially concerned about himself; although on Army payroll, he was assigned to the diplomatic corps and had diplomatic status.

They ordered him to walk, but he kept falling down. Lying on his back, he pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, folded it into a rectangle on his chest, bracketed it with two sticks and pointed back toward the parachute. The soldiers got the message. With long, machete-like knives they hacked down two slender trees, recovered the parachute fabric and fashioned a stretcher.

They carried Bailey a [*Continued on page* 97]



Major Bailey waited in his dark cell. Each hour was endless, each day an endless number of hours.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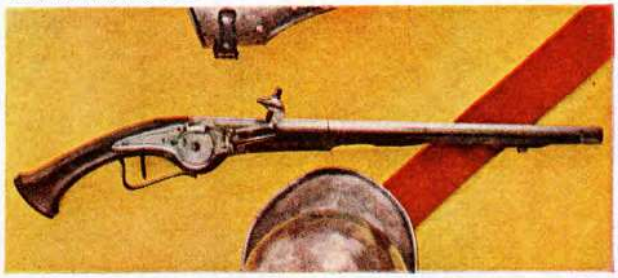
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY CURT GUNTHER

Maker: D. Egg, 1790

Double-barrel flintlock pistol with clip-on stock for carbine use was probably made for George IV.

Unknown maker, © 1640



English wheellock, rarely found today, is example of first successful type of hammer ignition used in pistols.

RARE PAIRS & ODD LOCKS

■ On these pages TRUE presents the first photographs ever made of the private gun collection of Churchill's, the famous and ancient English firm of gunsmiths. The whole collection is estimated to be worth more than half a million dollars.

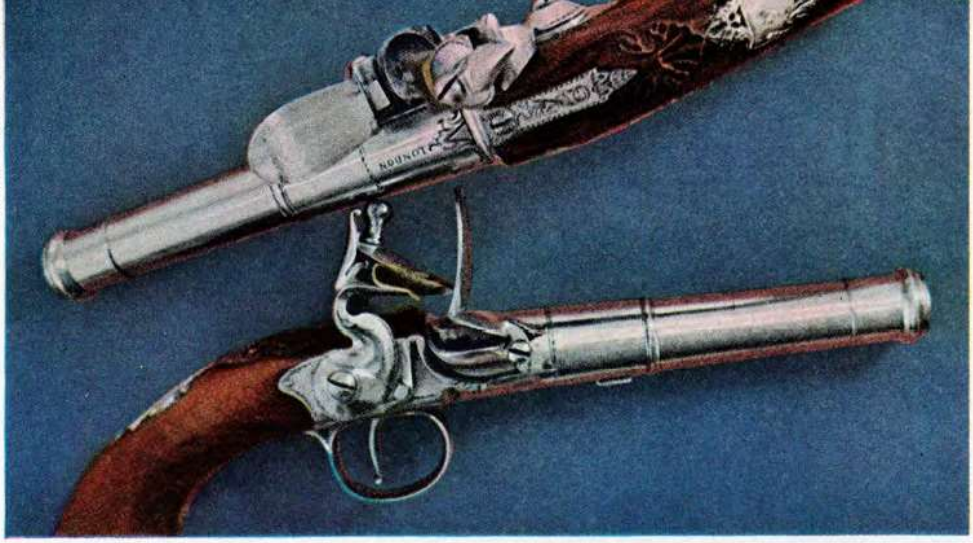
The pistols shown here are among the most interesting in the collection and are, with one exception (left, above) rare examples of the Georgian period. During this time pistols developed from fairly primitive flintlocks, essentially much the same since Marco Polo, into revolvers of the basic design still in use today. Pistols were made in pairs because it took time to load, prime and

Maker: Osborn and Gundy, © 1780

Dueling pistols, made as flintlocks, were converted to percussion in 1835.

Maker: Jover, © 1760

Mechanism of breech-loading flintlocks is very rare for the period. This pair is thought to be only one that is still in existence.



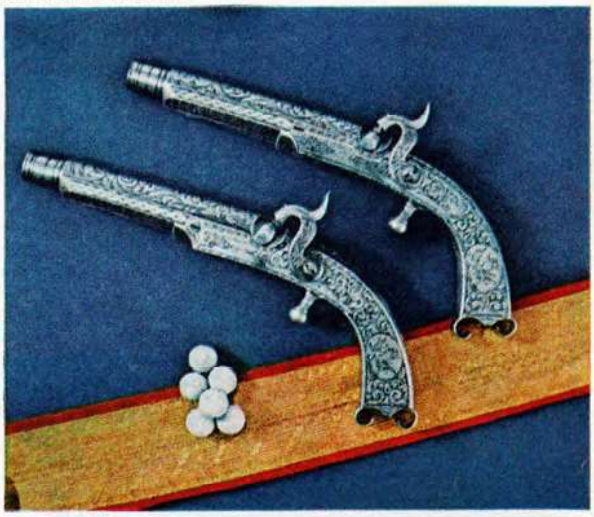
Maker: Hawkins, © 1760

Cannon-barrel pistols with integral lock fire .600-caliber ball. Such cannon barrels were unique to class designs of the day. Butts are elaborately ornamented with silver masks.

fire. With a pair of weapons a man could get off at least two fast shots.

Among the most unusual of these gentlemen's weapons are the breech-loading flintlocks (opposite, bottom) that were probably made as a coronation gift for George III. Although their design is sometimes seen in early Ferguson rifles, it almost never occurs in pistols. Another extraordinary pair are the double-barrel pistols (opposite, above), with gold in the firing pans, that are thought to have been made for George IV when he was Prince of Wales, partly because their peculiar double triggers would fit a man who was known to be club-fingered.—**Arthur Whitman**

Maker: Murdock, © 1790



All-steel Scottish pistols with integral locks were originally flintlocks, converted to percussion about 1830.

Maker: J. & W. Richards, © 1750

Forerunner of modern revolver, four-shot flintlock has revolving barrel, center lock and hammer. It needs priming after each shot.

JUNE——TRUE

Lightning on a Leash

By Daniel P. Mannix

The bola, three heavy balls strung together by rawhide cords, is a primitive weapon that still works. The author vouches for its effectiveness, and warns the experimenter

ARGENTINA

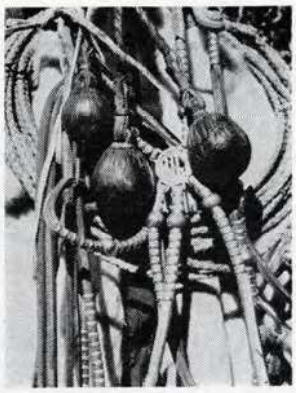
■ "In 1870, the dictator of Paraguay, Solano Lopez, marched against Argentina with his Irish mistress, Margarita Lynch, riding by his side. The Paraguayans would have won had not the Argentine gauchos pulled Lopez from his horse with their bolas and cut his throat. Margarita was also captured with bolas, and after the gauchos had finished with her, she was shipped back to Ireland."

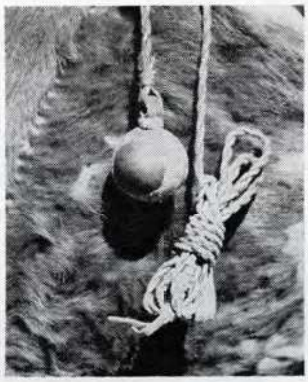
The famous Argentinian writer, Jose Hernandez, tells this story, making a very strong case for the bola as a weapon of war. For a long time I didn't believe it—especially the claims for the bola. And with good reason. In the first place, checked against the facts of history, the tale about Lopez is riddled with errors; the name of the mistress, for instance, should be Eliza Lynch, not Margarita. In fact, it appears that the bola didn't figure at all in the death of Lopez. This is how legends grow up.

But more than doubtful historical facts made me disbelieve this story. My own encounter with the bola left me convinced that any gaucho who tried to throw a bola would either cold-cock himself with the stone balls on the end of the thing or else wrap it around his neck. While he lay there strangling to death his wife would stand over him asking, "How do you get yourself into these situations? What's that wrapped around your neck? Why don't you answer me?" I based these observations on personal experience.

Being interested in primitive weapons, I once got a friend to ship me a bola from Argentina. It was a deceptively simple looking object—three round stones weighing about half a pound apiece, each with a three-foot length of rawhide tied to it and the rawhide thongs fastened together at the ends. Gauchos use it instead of a lasso. You swing the contraption around your head until you've built up enough momentum and then let go. The bola goes flying off after a runaway steer, wraps itself around the steer's legs, and brings him down. That's what the books say it does. The books lie.

I spent several days practicing with this device which I personally suspect was invented by Jack Ketch, the famous English hangman. At the end of that time, I'd caught myself several times around the neck, roped a tree several yards behind me, murdered two passing chickens and klunked a local farmer who'd come over to see what the hell was going on. The farmer gave a very interesting discourse on bolas, [*Continued on page* 102]





Methods and materials for rigging the three bola balls vary. Cord is tied to hook bound on ball, or to hook on pouch holding the ball.

New medical discoveries will soon put foolproof birth control techniques under male authority. Safe, inexpensive and harmless, in pill form or shots, they are going to have profound effects on morals, customs and relations between the sexes

■ A poignant line from an earthy Broadway play, *Brother Rat*, is spoken by a secretly married college senior who suddenly learns that his wife is pregnant.

"A drug store on every corner in America," he wails, "and you have to ring up a baby!"

Catastrophes caused by leaving such important matters to the ineptitudes of women have long been borne by men. But revolutionary changes with explosive impact on sex relations are under way. Before long it is likely that every drug store in America will sell cheap, reliable, harmless birth control pills allowing men to manage their own biological destiny. Astonishing medical advances, little known outside of a few laboratories, have recently brought two types of products close to final stages of development.

One is a small pill, simply taken with water, that is expected to block male fertility for a week, and, eventually, for a month.

The other is a fertility-erasing injection, like a flu shot, that should abolish all prospects of paternity for about eight or nine months.

These startling chemicals are intended to turn a man's fertilizing capacity off again, on again, as he desires. After dosage is stopped, capacity for fatherhood should return to its original level. The products inflict no damage whatever on body organs or tissues, on the evidence so far of painstaking biological tests.

Nor should the conception-blockers depress sex drive, induce boredom, impair performance, or leave a man with a limping libido. Only the capacity to impregnate is abolished, not virility.

The cost? About the same as aspirin.

How close to practical application are these utterly new male birth-control techniques?

"We should have the pill in three years," says John MacLeod, Ph.D., and Associate Professor of Anatomy at Cornell University Medical College in New York.

"Three to five years for the injections," hopefully estimates Kenneth Laurence, Ph.D., of the Population Council at New York's Rockefeller Institute.

A biological revolution with staggering implications is in the making. Through the ages, right up to the present, virtually all methods of birth control except the male sheath have focused on woman's anatomy and physiology. A long-sought, long dreamed-of, cheap and harmless pill that knocks out a man's sperm cells as long as he wishes—but not longer—is something utterly new. It puts birth-control measures into male hands and ultimately should free women of clumsy, mechanical, undainty preparations that are vulnerable to female frustrations, forgetfulness, and resentments, and unquestionably are impediments to sexual spontaneity.

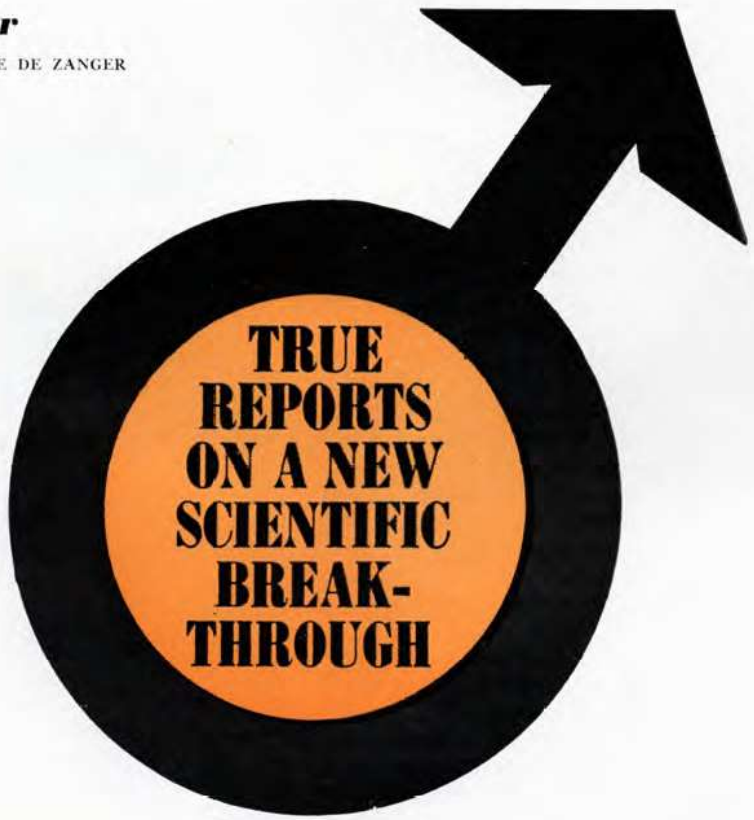
Coming techniques of male birth control are certain to have electrifying repercussions on society and the personal sex lives of men and women. All present methods of child-spacing except abstinence leave a nagging doubt that measures are 100 percent effective at a given time. The doubt can be unjustified, but can undermine complete mental freedom. And many techniques require preliminary preparations that are delaying actions, and inject a note of calculated deliberation that demeans the spontaneity of love.

Even the new oral contraceptives for women—famous in female circles as "the pill"—inflict on couples the tensions of possible forgetfulness. "The pill" is a steroid compound (of the same chemical family as sex hormones) that prevents production of a fertilizable egg-cell. The pill must be taken unfailingly each day during specified phases of the menstrual cycle. If a woman "forgets" or misses one pill, contraceptive changes in the cycle are jeopardized.

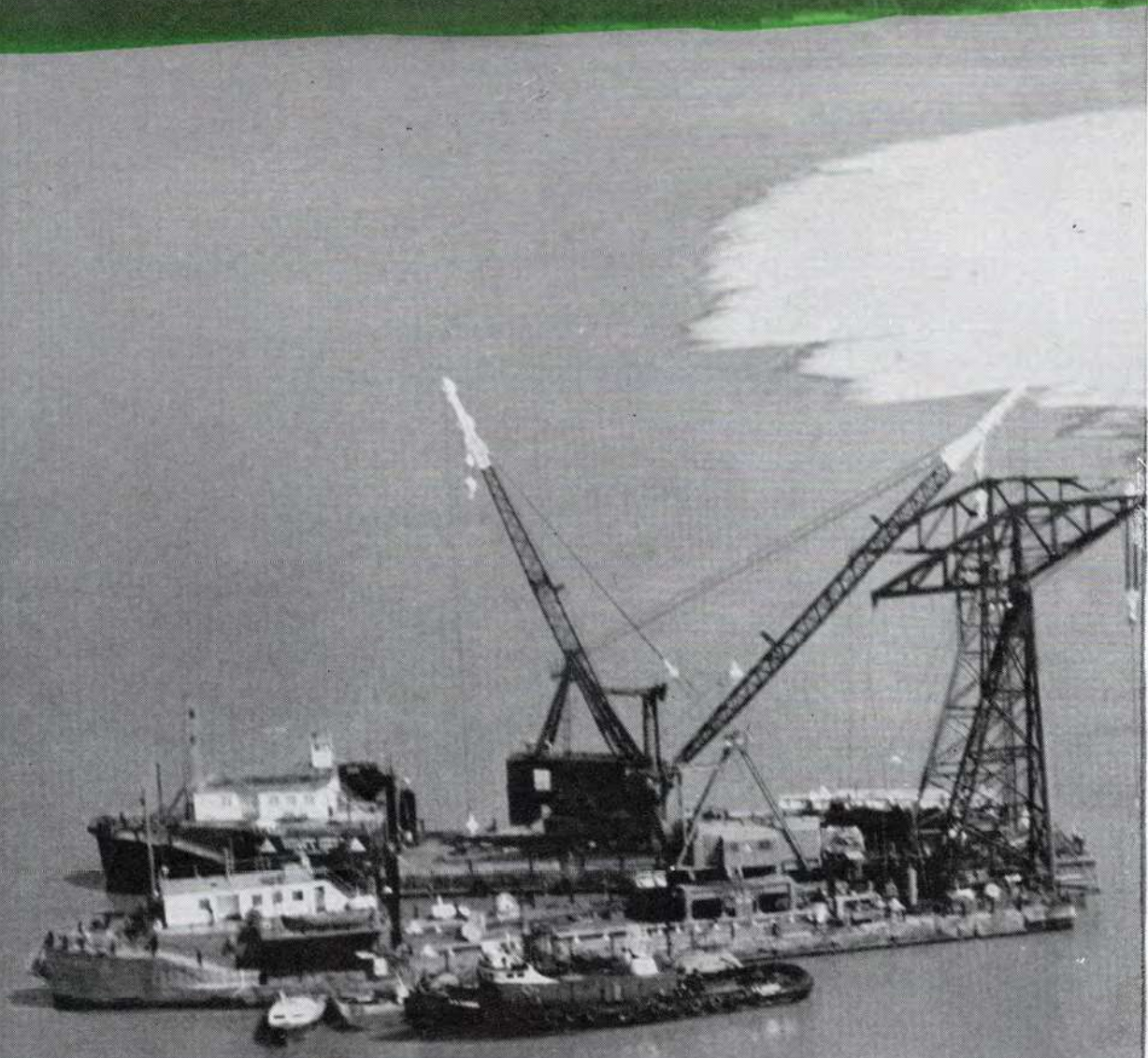
Other approved female contraceptives include sperm-killing creams, jellies, and foams, and diaphragms and devices that block the strong drive of sperm toward the portals of the womb. The mechanical clumsiness and em- [*Continued on page* 80]

By Lawrence Lader

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ARIE DE ZANGER

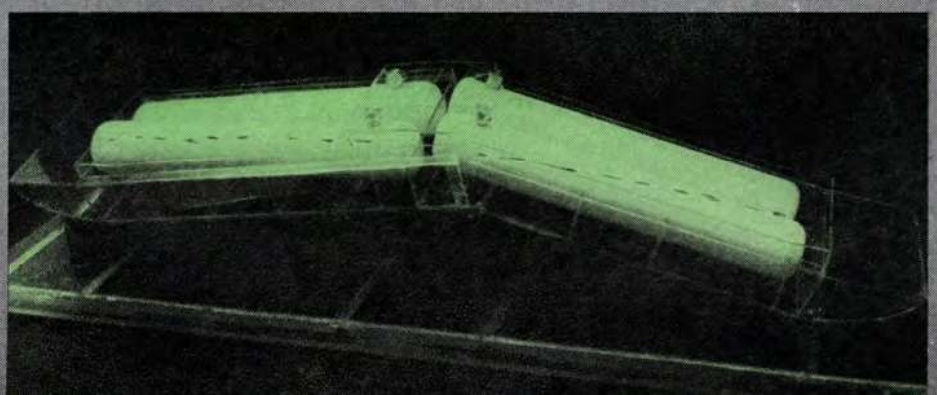


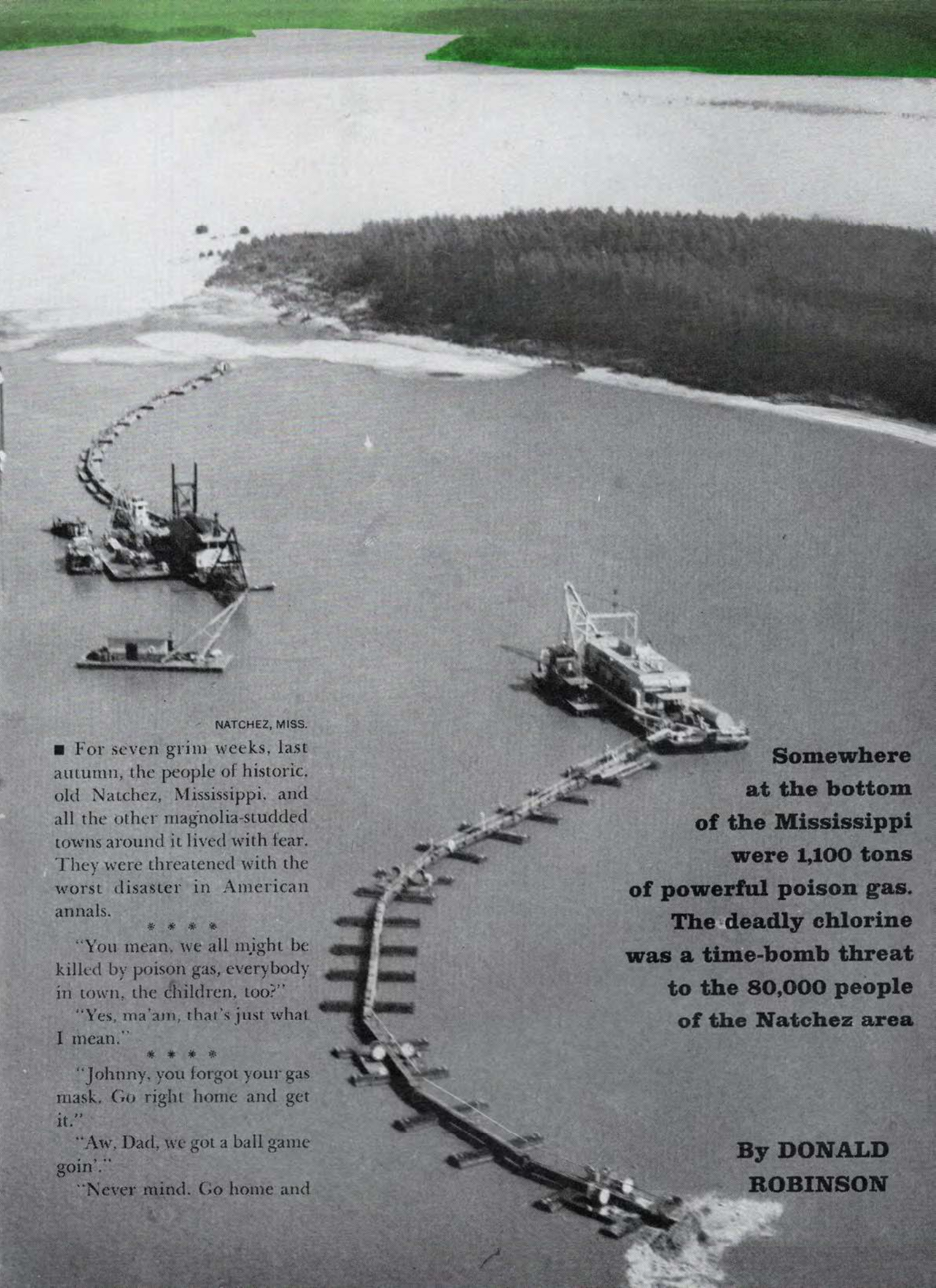
BIRTH
CONTROL
FOR MEN
ONLY



THE SEARCH FOR OLD MAN RIVER'S BURIED DEATH

Lucite model shows condition of chlorine tanks buried under Mississippi River.





Somewhere at the bottom of the Mississippi were 1,100 tons of powerful poison gas. The deadly chlorine was a time-bomb threat to the 80,000 people of the Natchez area

By DONALD ROBINSON

NATCHEZ, MISS.

■ For seven grim weeks, last autumn, the people of historic, old Natchez, Mississippi, and all the other magnolia-studded towns around it lived with fear. They were threatened with the worst disaster in American annals.

* * * *

"You mean, we all might be killed by poison gas, everybody in town, the children, too?"

"Yes, ma'am, that's just what I mean."

* * * *

"Johnny, you forgot your gas mask. Go right home and get it."

"Aw, Dad, we got a ball game goin'."

"Never mind. Go home and

Sub hunter used in search had sensitive detection gear.

Col. Warren S. Everett was in charge of raising tanks.

Dr. H. B. Cottrell made plans to evacuate the area.

Edward A. McDermott got federal agencies moving.

Gov. Ross Barnett sent National Guard troops to help.

Aerial mosaic shows course of river channel and location of the barge.

OLD MAN RIVER'S BURIED DEATH

get your gas mask. You can't play until you do."

* * * *

"Mr. Mayor, we may have to evacuate this entire city on five minutes' notice. Do you think we can do it?"

"We can try."

* * * *

The danger really began on March 23, 1961. Not that anyone in Natchez knew about it then.

Shortly after daybreak, that morning, the tugboat *Eastern* was slowly pushing a tow of 16 big barges up the flooding, rampaging Mississippi River. As it rounded a narrow bend, seven and a half miles below Natchez, the lead barge on the port side hit an eddy that sucked its square bow under water. The cables that lashed the barge to the rest of the tow snapped, and the 195-foot-long steel craft plunged to the bottom of the river, 72 feet under.

It carried down with it 2,200,000 pounds of liquefied chlorine gas—more poison gas than was let loose in all of World War I.

The chlorine was in four giant pressurized steel tanks, each 75 feet long and over 11 feet in diameter. It was en route from a Wyandotte Chemical Company plant in Geismar, Louisiana, to the Union Carbide Corporation at South Charleston, West Virginia.

Quickly, Capt. William C. Smith, master of the *Eastern*, radioed a report of the sinking to the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers whose job by law it is to keep American rivers navigable. A Corps patrol boat sped to the scene and tried to locate the wreck by fathometer soundings. It couldn't. The river was running too high and much too fast. The following day, the Army Engineers, the Wyandotte Company and the U.S. Salvage Association joined in another attempt to locate the barge. They couldn't.

Over the next several months, many more efforts were made to find the sunken barge. The Wyandotte Company even used a one-man submarine in the search. All was to no avail. The huge barge with its load of poison gas had disappeared under the treacherous, shifting sands of the river bottom. (This sort of thing isn't unique on the Mississippi. Back in 1948, the river boat *Natchez* with 13 people aboard went down at Greenville, Mississippi. To this day no trace of it has been found.)

In Washington, D.C., the Corps of Engineers, the Coast Guard and other federal agencies were deeply concerned about the danger. They knew that one pinhole leak in those tanks would release clouds of pale green gas that could kill everything they touched—people, animals, crops—for a radius of 30 miles around. A delegation from the Office of Emergency Planning made an official estimate of the casualties that could result. It came to an overall total of 80,000.

None of the agencies felt it had the funds or the legal authority to do anything about it, though. So, the chlorine tanks remained under the river. In the words of Edward A. McDermott, director of the O.E.P.,

"They were like time bombs waiting to go off."

It was McDermott, a husky, energetic 42-year-old Iowa lawyer, who galvanized the Government into action. As head of the O.E.P., he is responsible for administering federal disaster relief assistance.

McDermott first heard about the chlorine last summer. Late in the afternoon of August 30th, to be exact. Boisfeuillet Jones, special assistant to the Secretary of

Health, Education and Welfare, mentioned the matter to him while they were crossing Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington.

"How imminent is the danger?" McDermott asked.

"It could be tomorrow or it might not come for 10 years," Jones replied. "One thing is sure. Sooner or later, it's going to happen. Some day, those tanks will rust through and the gas will get out. Then God have mercy on the people in that area."

McDermott is no man to waste time. The next morning he sent a memorandum to the White House urging that all elements of the Government be mobilized to remove the hazard. On September 6th, he saw President Kennedy.

The President was appalled to hear of the situation. "Get those tanks out of the river," he directed McDermott. "Every agency of the Government is at your disposal."

By the following day, the greatest governmental effort in peacetime history to avert a catastrophe was underway. Here is a day-to-day account, culled from hundreds of interviews and Government records that have never before been disclosed.

September 7-16, 1962. "We need your help," McDermott said to Lt. Gen. Walter K. Wilson, Chief of Engineers. "You name it and we'll do it," answered General Wilson.

It was the same with the Navy, the Coast Guard, the Air Force, the Public Health Service, the Weather Bureau and the others. For once, every Government agency was working in perfect unison.

There were two prime missions. One was the herculean job of finding and salvaging the four chlorine tanks. McDermott assigned that to the Corps of Engineers. The other was the task of protecting the population. Raising those tanks would be a very perilous proposition. An accident could easily happen that would let the poison gas out. Preparations had, therefore, to be made for evacuating every person in the endangered area, 40,000 on the Mississippi side of the river, 40,000 on the Louisiana side. McDermott gave this assignment to the Public Health Service, through the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. It was to collaborate with the State authorities.

The Engineers got their action orders on September 7th. Col. Warren S. Everett, the district engineer at Vicksburg, Mississippi, was placed in charge of the project. If anyone is the hero of this story, it is Everett. A good-looking, stocky West Pointer, 52 years old, he supervised every detail of "Operation Chlorine." He worked 18 hours a day, seven days a week, and never made a mistake.

"If you searched the whole world over," Mayor John J. Nosser of Natchez has said, "you wouldn't find a nicer guy or a better engineer."

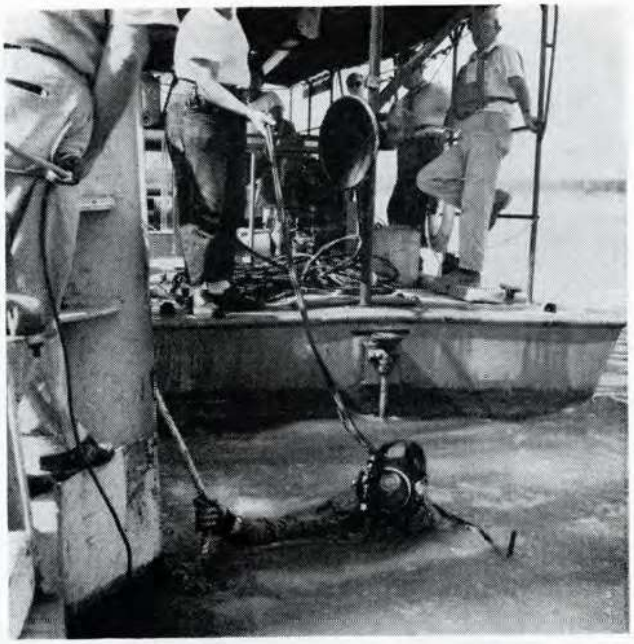
Everett got things moving fast. He tracked down a strange underwater magnetic device known as a Shellfish and rushed it up from New Orleans. He talked to the Navy and arranged to borrow a plane from the carrier *Intrepid* with Magnetic Airborne Detection gear. "MAD Gear," they called this, and it was so top secret that an armed sentry guarded the plane every minute it was on the ground.

At 10 a.m. on September 13th, the search started.

The Navy plane—"The Decrepit from the Intrepid," its gay pilot, Lt. Roy N. Johnsen, lovingly dubbed it—made sweep after sweep, flying scarcely 100 feet above the surface of the river. At last, a searchlight in its turret flashed. The "MAD Gear" had spotted a large metallic mass.

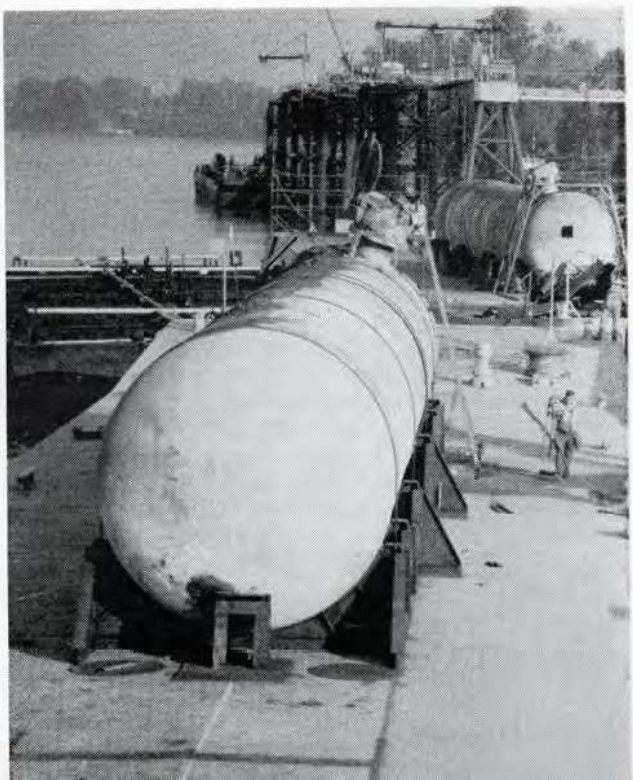
Unfortunately, the Army Engineers were unable to get an exact "fix" on the plane's position, and it had to return to the Natchez airfield. Its fuel was running low.

On the 14th, the Navy plane [*Continued on page 74*]



Diver emerges after searching for barge in inky water.

Jagged metal, cut away by divers, is hoisted to surface.



The sunken chlorine tanks were towed to Wyandotte Co. dock after recovery.

HONG KONG

BARGAIN TOWN BY THE CHINA SEA

BY IAN FLEMING

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GROTH

■ If you write thrillers, people think that you must live a thrilling life and enjoy doing thrilling things. Starting with these false assumptions, the editorial board of London's *Sunday Times* repeatedly urged me to do something exciting and write about it. Finally they came up with the idea that I should make a trip to the most exciting cities of the world and describe them in beautiful, beautiful prose. This could be accomplished, they said, within a month.

Dubiously I discussed this project with Leonard Russell, features and literary editor of the paper. I said it was going to be very expensive and very exhausting, and that one couldn't go around the world in 30 days and report either beautifully or accurately on great cities in approximately three days per city. I also said that I was the world's worst sightseer and that I had often advocated the provision of roller-skates at the doors of museums and art galleries. I was also, I said, impatient of lunching at Government Houses and of visiting clinics and resettlement areas.

Leonard Russell was adamant. "We don't want that sort of thing," he said. "In your James Bond books, even if people can't put up with James Bond and those fancy heroines of yours, they seem to like the exotic backgrounds. Surely you want to pick up some more material for your stories? This is a wonderful opportunity." [*Continued on page* 46]

© 1963 by Ian Fleming

One of the most vivid and exciting communities in the world,

Hong Kong offers the visiting male just about anything he

could hope for—and the price is right. Tour it now with an

internationally famous author, creator of James Bond

HONG KONG

The girls, thanks to the flirtatious slits of the cheong sams *they wear, have a deft and coltish prettiness.*

[*Continued from page* 44]

I objected that my stories were fiction and the sort of things that happened to James Bond didn't happen in real life.

"Rot," he said firmly.

So, wishing privately to see the world, however rapidly, while it was still there to see, I purchased a round-the-world air ticket, drew a supply of travelers' checks from the chief accountant and had several "shots" which made me feel sore and rather dizzy. Then, armed with a sheaf of visas, a round-the-world suit with concealed money pockets, one suitcase in which, as one always does, I packed more than I needed, and my typewriter, I left humdrum London for the thrilling cities of the world—Hong Kong, Macao, Tokyo, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Las Vegas, Chicago, New York.

On that soft, gray morning, Comet G/APDK shot up so abruptly from the north-south runway of London Airport that the beige curtains concealing the lavatories and the cockpit swayed back into the cabin at an angle of 15 degrees. The first soaring leap through the overcast was to 10,000 feet. There was a slight tremor as we went through the lower cloud base and another as we came out into the brilliant sunshine. We climbed on another 20,000 feet into that world above the cotton wool cloud carpet where it is always a beautiful day. The mind adjusted itself to the prospect of 24 hours of this sort of thing—the hot face and rather chilly feet, eyes that smart with the outside brilliance, the smell of Elizabeth Arden and Yardley cosmetics that B.O.A.C. provide for their passengers, the varying whine of the jets, the first cigarette of an endless chain of smoke, and the first conversational gambits exchanged with the seat-fellow who, in this instance, was a pleasant New Zealander with a flow of aboriginal jokes and nothing else to do but talk the whole way to Hong Kong.

Zurich came and the banal beauty of Switzerland, then the jagged sugar-icing of the Alps, the blue puddles of the Italian lakes and the snow melting down toward the baked terrazza of the Italian plains. My companion commented that we had a good seat "viewwise," not like the other day when he was crossing the Atlantic and an American woman came aboard and complained when she found herself sitting over the wing. "It's always the same," she had cried. "When I get on an aircraft all I can see outside is wing." The American next to her had said, "Listen, ma'am, you go right on seeing that wing. Start worrying when you can't see it any longer."

Below us Venice was an irregular brown biscuit surrounded by the crumbs of her islands. A straggling crack in the biscuit was the Grand Canal. At 600 miles an hour, the Adriatic and the distant jagged line of Yugoslavia were gone in half an hour. Greece was blanketed in cloud and we were out over the eastern Mediterranean in the time it took to consume a cupful of B.O.A.C. fruit salad. (My neighbor told me he liked sweet things. When I got to Los Angeles I must be sure and not forget to eat poisonberry pie.)

It was now 2 o'clock in the afternoon, G.M.T., but we were traveling toward the night and dusk came to meet us. An hour more of slow, spectacular sunset and blue-black night and then Beirut showed up ahead—a sprawl of twinkling colors under an Arabian Nights' new moon that dived down into the oil lands as the Comet banked to make her landing. Beirut is a crooked town and, when we came to rest, I advised my neighbor to leave nothing small on his seat, and particularly not his extremely expensive camera. I said that we were now entering the thieving areas of the world. Someone would get it. The hatch flew open and the first sticky fingers of the East reached in.

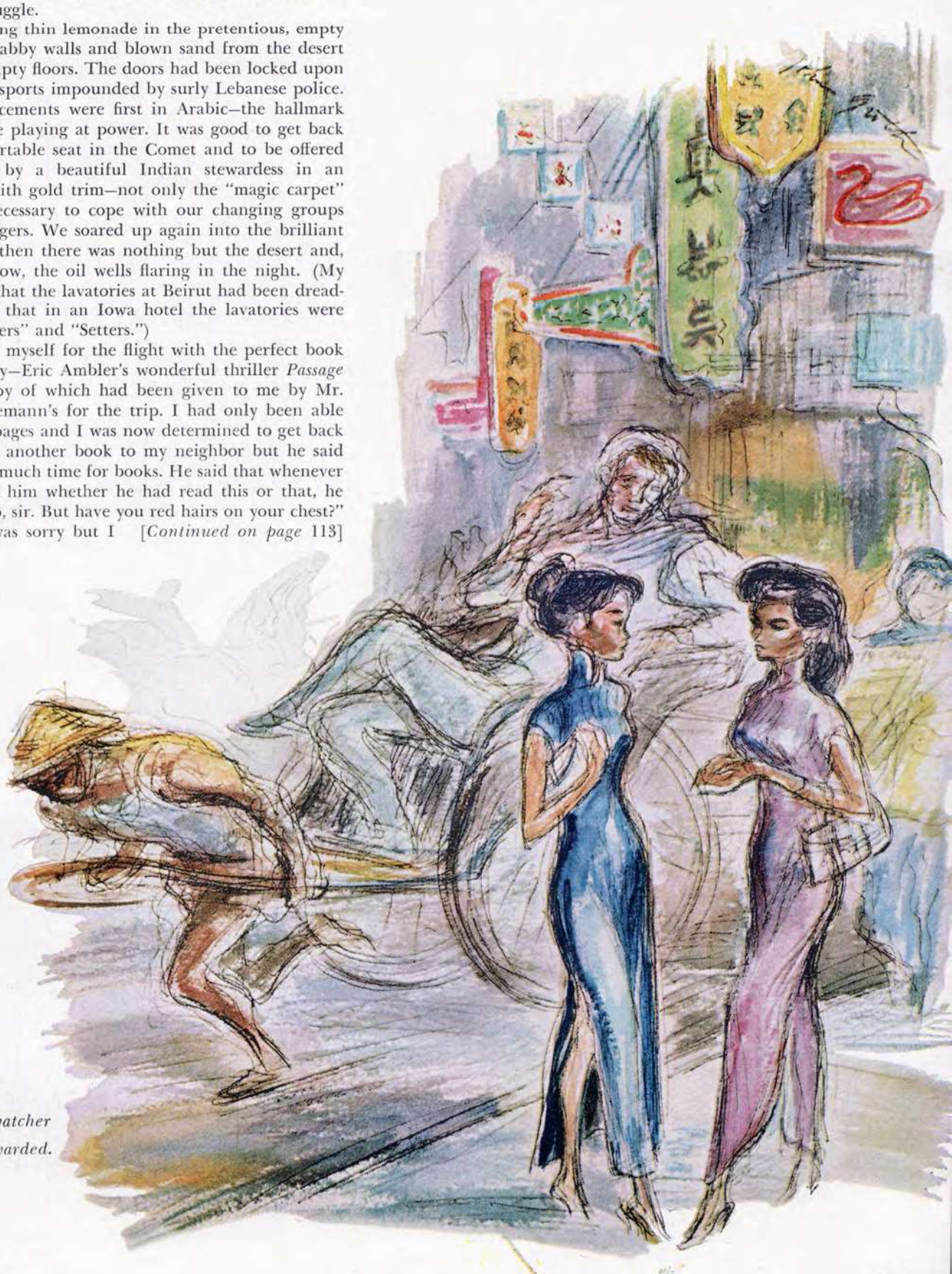
"Our Man in the Lebanon" was there to meet me, full of the gossip of the bazaars. Beirut is the great smuggling junction of the world. Diamonds thieved from Sierra Leone come in here for onward passage to Germany, cigarettes and pornography from Tangier, arms for the sheiks of Araby and drugs from Turkey. Gold? Yes, said my friend. Did I remember the case brought by the Bank of England in the Italian courts against a ring that was minting real gold sovereigns containing the exactly correct amount of gold? The Bank of England had finally won their case in Switzerland, but now another ring had gone one better. They were minting gold sovereigns in Aleppo and now saving a bit on the gold content. These were for India. Only last week there had been a big Indian buyer in Beirut. He had bought sacks of sovereigns and flown them to a neighboring port where he had put them on board his private yacht. Then he sailed to Goa in India. From there, with the help of conniving India frontier officials, the gold would go on its way to the bullion brokers in Bombay. There was still this mad thirst for gold in India. The premium was not what it had been after the war, only about 60 percent now instead of the old 300 percent, but it was still well worth the trouble and occasional danger.

Opium? Yes, there was a steady stream coming in from Turkey; also heroin, which is refined opium, from Germany via Turkey and Syria. Every now and then the American Federal Narcotics Bureau in Rome would trace a gang back to Beirut and, with the help of local police, there would be a raid and a handful of prison sentences.

But Interpol, he urged, really should have an office in Beirut. There would be plenty to keep them busy. I asked where all the drugs were going to. To Rome and then down to Naples for shipment to America. That's where the consumption was, and the big prices. Arms smuggling wasn't doing too well now that Cyprus was more or less settled. Beirut had been the center of that traffic—mostly Italian and Belgian arms—but now there was only a trickle going over, and the sheiks had enough of the light stuff and wanted tanks and planes, and these were entirely too big to smuggle.

We sat sipping thin lemonade in the pretentious, empty airport with scabby walls and blown sand from the desert on the vast, empty floors. The doors had been locked upon us and our passports impounded by surly Lebanese police. Flight announcements were first in Arabic—the hallmark of a small state playing at power. It was good to get back to one's comfortable seat in the Comet and to be offered chewing gum by a beautiful Indian stewardess in an emerald sari with gold trim—not only the "magic carpet" routine but necessary to cope with our changing groups of local passengers. We soared up again into the brilliant night sky and then there was nothing but the desert and, 40,000 feet below, the oil wells flaring in the night. (My neighbor said that the lavatories at Beirut had been dreadful. He added that in an Iowa hotel the lavatories were marked "Pointers" and "Setters.")

I had armed myself for the flight with the perfect book for any journey—Eric Ambler's wonderful thriller *Passage of Arms,* a copy of which had been given to me by Mr. Frere of Heinemann's for the trip. I had only been able to read a few pages and I was now determined to get back to it. I offered another book to my neighbor but he said he didn't have much time for books. He said that whenever someone asked him whether he had read this or that, he would say, "No, sir. But have you red hairs on your chest?" I said that I was sorry but I [*Continued on page* 113]



On the streets of Hong Kong a visiting girl-watcher will be well rewarded.

JINX HUNT FOR THE 200TH TIGER

FOR 30 YEARS THE MAHARAJA HAD BEEN KNOCKING OFF TIGERS BY THE SCORE. BUT NOW HE WAS IN A CONTEST TOUGHER THAN BREAKING THE 4-MINUTE MILE—HIS QUEST FOR NO. 200

BY PETER BARRETT

TRUE'S OUTDOORS EDITOR

His Highness, with rambling Phoolsagar Palace beyond.

BUNDI, INDIA

■ The Maharaja didn't know it but he was up against the bingo-buggerance factor and it was driving him nuts. Perhaps if he hadn't been after his 200th tiger, it wouldn't have been so tough. No doubt he was making his own private excuses—his team was a bit rusty, the tigers unusually elusive and so on. But that wasn't it at all.

Only by the oddest twist did I learn about bingo-buggerance, or I'd have wondered about those wretched tigers for the rest of my life. After the *shikar* I'd gone on to Tahiti with Roger Fawcett, my hunting companion, to unwind a little. There we met an Oklahoman named Joe Price who was already unwound—he'd recently bought Sterling Hayden's sailing ship *Wanderer* and was about to cruise among the islands. Well, Joe is in the pipeline business and had once worked in India. We began telling him about the hunt.

"Roughest you ever had?" he interrupted.

"You have no idea!"

"Everything went wrong? Things you'd never expect?"

"How did you know?"

Joe smiled broadly. "India can be like that. We'd figure a job to the last rupee, then add from thirty to fifty percent for what American engineers there call the 'bingo-buggerance factor.' Don't ask me where the name came from.

"It sums up the baffling, impossible things that can plague you in India. Hell, once a whole trainload of pipe got lost. Permanently."

Joe Price smiled and threw up his hands. "Bingo-buggerance."

We all laughed, but back there in the jungle it hadn't been quite so funny. . . .

Our hunt began in a setting of elegant splendor. We were sitting in the inner courtyard of Phoolsagar Palace, close by the town of Bundi which is some 300 miles southwest of New Delhi. A huge full moon shone on the white battlements and cast jagged shadows across a lawn as cropped and springy as

Often a gun was raised in hope but put down unfired.

Bundi's coat of arms. Maharajas are still very popular in India, number about 200.

En route to tiger beat, hunting party leaves camp and passes Maharaja's guards.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE
BY ROBERT HALMI

Courtesy H. H. the Maharaja of Bundi

Shot at twilight, tiger measuring almost 10 feet is displayed the n ext day for triumphant Maharaja and some of his local clansmen.

a putting green. A turbaned servant brought refreshments on a silver tray.

"We're going to my pet forest block where I haven't hunted tigers in three years," said our host, His Highness The Maharaja of Bundi. "We should be able to kill two or three a day."

"*After* you've taken your 200th," put in Roger Fawcett. "I'd think that would be a great occasion for you."

His Highness' eyes lit up. He's a slim man of 42 with good looks that reminded me of Ramon Novarro. "We'll have a party! Though we'll be thirty miles from the nearest town, my aides will find some musicians and some dancing girls——"

"Girls dancing around a tiger skin in the moonlight—there's a picture I've got to get!" remarked Bob Halmi.

With soaring spirits we got up to partake of a buffet supper and talk more of tigers.

"I killed my first when I was 13," Bundi told me. "I'd come home from school at the head of my class and my father was so pleased he made me a gift of a tiger."

"He was a hunter too?"

"Yes, and my grandfather before him."

"What about *your* children, Your Highness?"

"My son and daughter have hunted quite a bit the past three years. That's why I haven't killed any myself lately."

Afterward, on our way to bed, we were shown our host's trophy rooms which literally bulged with fine examples of the game of India—elephant from Mysore, ibex from Kashmir, sambar and spotted-deer stags, nilgai or blue bulls, sloth bears, blackbuck, four-horned and barking deer, gazelles, boars, huge Indian bison, leopards and tigers in wall mounts, half mounts and full mounts. A den was carpeted wall to wall with a rug made of 40 tiger skins.

We've really come to tiger headquarters, I thought. *None of this seems quite real but here's the evidence.*

Next morning we headed south by car and railroad, away from the lovely palace which the Maharaja had begun to build right after World War II—his idea of a "small" palace since it accommodated only 40 guests or so and their servants. We soon passed below the old palace atop a craggy hill. Used now only for state occasions, it was built in 1423, a gloomy, dark fortress whose only inhabitants are a few servants and the remains of the harem of the Maharaja's late father. They've turned lesbian now from neglect, leftovers from a past way of life.

What's it like traveling with a Maharaja?

For us it was a continuing surprise: a princess bowing deeply in a semiprivate station waiting room when His Highness entered; evidence of advance staffwork by his aides, like the special road built down a river bank; the instant recognition and homage paid by people of all castes—when we stopped momentarily in a town to wait for cows to move off the road all sorts of people crowded around, some bowing, others stepping up to touch the Maharaja fleetingly.

"How many, er—" I started to say, "subjects" and caught myself, for since the integration of India in 1947 the Maharajas are no longer rulers.

"I have something over a million and a half kinsmen," Bundi replied, just as if I'd never faltered. "The state of Rajasthan, which means 'state of the Rajas,' is the second largest and is made up of the domains of 22 of us. My cousin Jaipur, Jodhpur, Udaipur and I are the principal Maharajas and the heads of our clans."

At length we came to semi-desert country with herds of camels roaming the brushy countryside. Soon afterward we left the cars at a riverbank and boarded a crude, scowlike wooden ferry propelled by two boys with sweeps. As we crept across the river I reflected on how we'd been slowing down as we approached tiger country—first a princely Pan Am jet to New Delhi, then trains, various cars, and now this.

"Good news of tigers!" Bundi announced after we'd crossed. Then we met still more aides, climbed into fresh cars and drove to camp. . . .

[*Continued on page* 90]

Maharaja at wheel of specially rebuilt hunting Jeep.

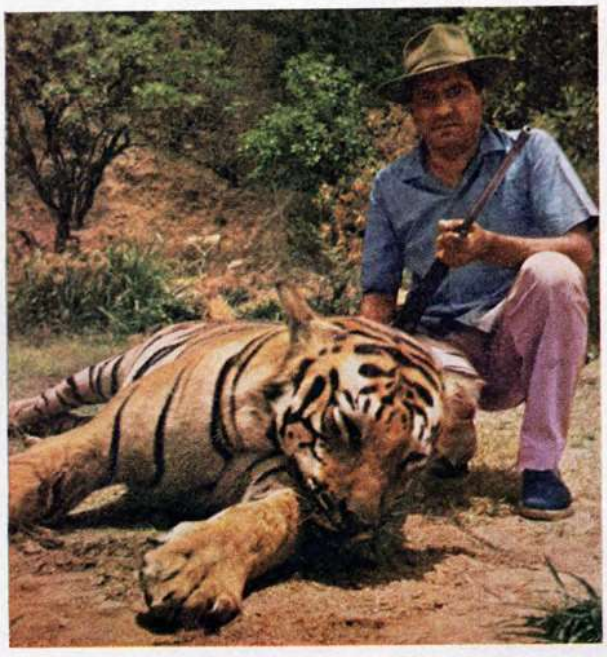
Wading was enjoyed in the 114° heat.

The tiger camp glows a welcome to returning hunters.

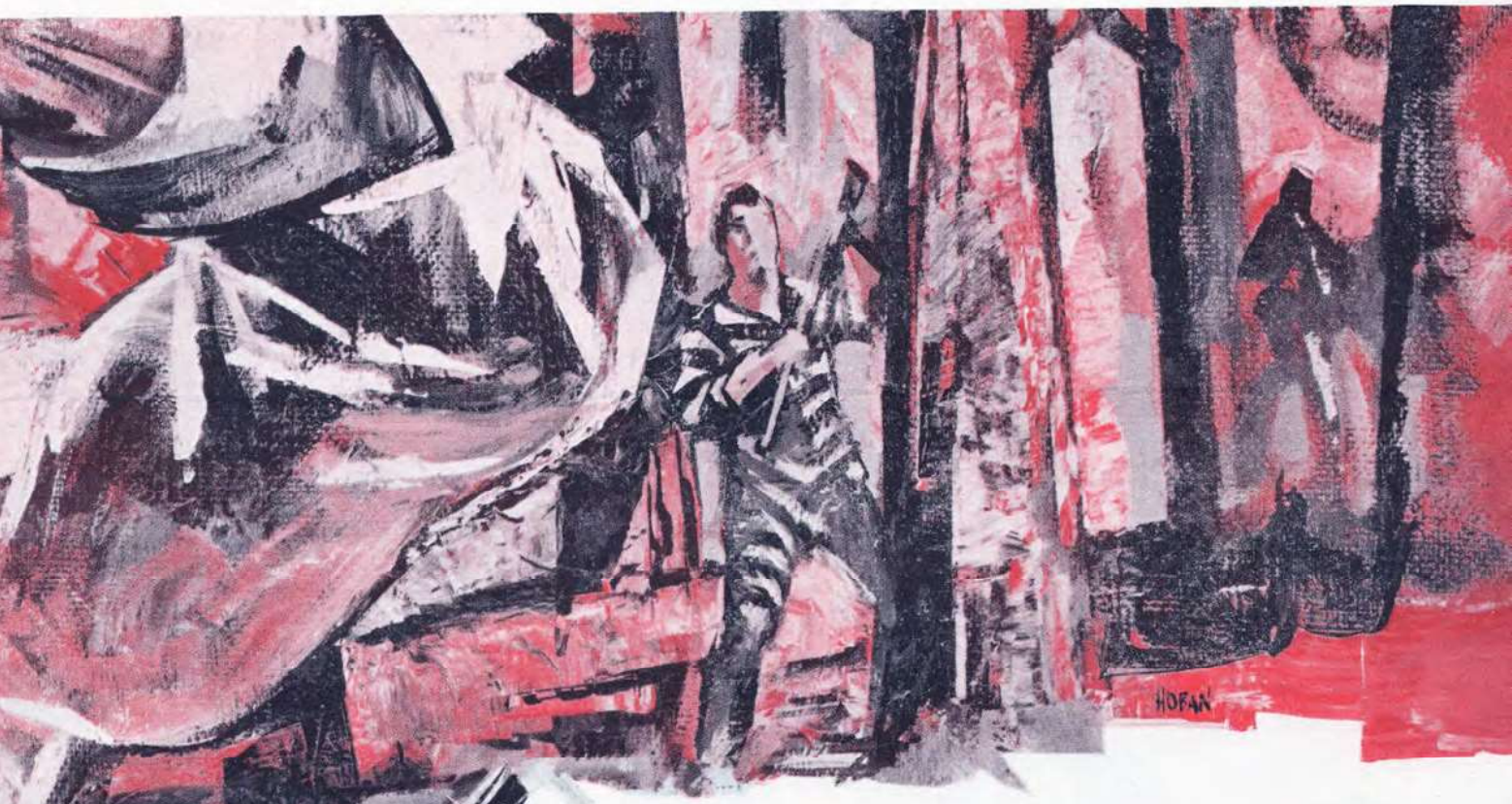
Phoolsagar Palace is built around this plush pool where the Maharaja fishes during the monsoon and occasionally goes swimming.

As attendants hold rope ladder taut, Maharaja climbs to machan.

Courtesy H. H. the Maharaja of Bundi



His Highness poses with his toughest tiger: number 200.



ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL HOBAN

A CHAIN GANG KILLER REMEMBERS...

...nobody thinks of chain gangs now. Except me. I spent most of my life on them. I'm sorry for that, but I ain't sorry for the men I killed...

BY JAMES E. "PAT" PARNELL, No. 45149, as told to WYATT BLASSINGAME

FLORIDA

■ The first time I went to prison was for a crime I didn't even know about. But the next time I went up was for a murder I did commit, and not my first one either. Because by the time I got out of prison that first time I hated everybody.

That's the reason I'm telling this story. I'm just past my 78th birthday, with more than half those 78 years spent in prison and time still to go. So I'm not trying to gain anything for myself at this point. But if that first prison I went to had been anything like the one I'm in now, where the guards and officers speak to you like you were a human being and not some kind of animal, I really believe that when I got out I would have gone straight, and a lot of people might be alive today who died with their blood on my hands. Maybe a person has got to feel like a human being before he can act like one.

I was born May 25, 1885 near Ozark, Alabama, where my daddy was a sharecrop farmer. While I was still [*Continued on page* 107]

I hung the
razor-sharp
puller on the
captain's neck.
It took out
a good piece of him
and some of the
backbone as well.

ALBIE PEARSON:

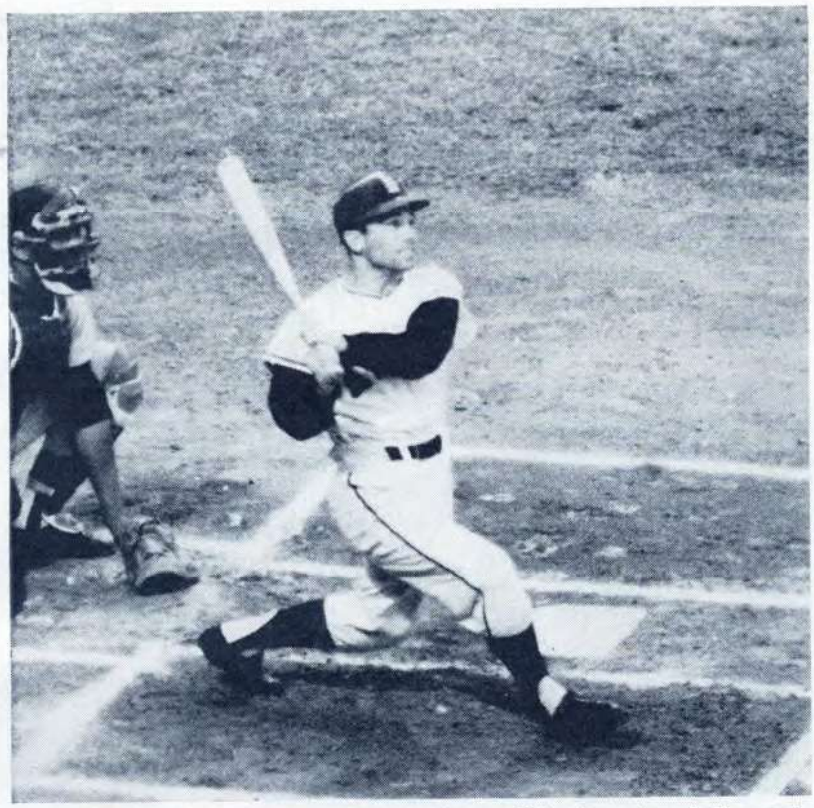
THE ANGELS' TINY TERROR

BY AL STUMP

Although he's the smallest man in the majors, Pearson makes few concessions to size.

Albie's age, 27, matches his waist size.

He's the most irritating player in the major leagues. Only 5 foot 5, he acts like Babe Ruth, drives pitchers crazy and wins ball games doing it



Hitting a long homer against Yankees, Albie shows long-ball muscle.

He shoots under-par golf.

He's also an upcoming recording star.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

■ The *jefe de escuadrón*—the major—was big, dirty and mad, and he was pacing up and down before the main gate of Havana's Gran Stadium, shouting orders to his trigger-happy guerrillas. At noon of January 9, 1959, the city was in wild disorder. Fidel Castro's forces had cleaned out most of it, but pockets of Batista resistance remained. One trouble spot was the midtown district, where snipers had holed up within the ball park and were picking off an occasional rebel from the upper section of the bleachers.

That afternoon's Cuban Winter League game had been called on account of bloodshed, and to emphasize it the *jefe* seized the arriving ballplayers and lined them up against a wall, where with chattering teeth they were searched for concealed weapons. The American players in Cuba, particularly, were catching hell. If they protested a burp-gun in the belly, they got clubbed with the other end.

At this stage of the proceedings, up to the *beisbal* arena drove Albie Pearson, a native Californian and an outfielder by trade. Pearson looks no more like a big-time pro athlete than the kid who delivers your newspaper. At 5 feet 4⅞ inches (5:5⅜ in spikes) and 138 pounds, he is the smallest major leaguer to play regularly since Wee Willie Keeler 60 years ago. He is the only ballplayer alive who's a member of the Little Guys & Dolls of America (people under 5:6) and the only Rookie-of-the-Year in the game's history who won the trophy wearing the one suit that would fit him: the batboy's uniform. Little Nellie Fox, the 5:8, 160-pound Chicago White Sox infielder, looms large alongside Pearson, and says, "He's the only guy in either league who can get into a slump and work it off by pacing back and forth *under* the bench. Hell, I could eat soup off the top of his head. He relaxes by leaning on a blade of grass."

Albert Gregory Pearson's strike zone may be the tiniest modern eyes have seen—13 inches—but he marched up to Castro's infantrymen without a sign of fear. He was expecting to be searched, too, but the soldiers only broke out laughing.

"What's the matter?" demanded Albie. "I'm a member of this club."

"Go away, little flea," the guerrillas said, overcome with amusement. They took him to be some American tourist's youngster who'd wandered along by mistake.

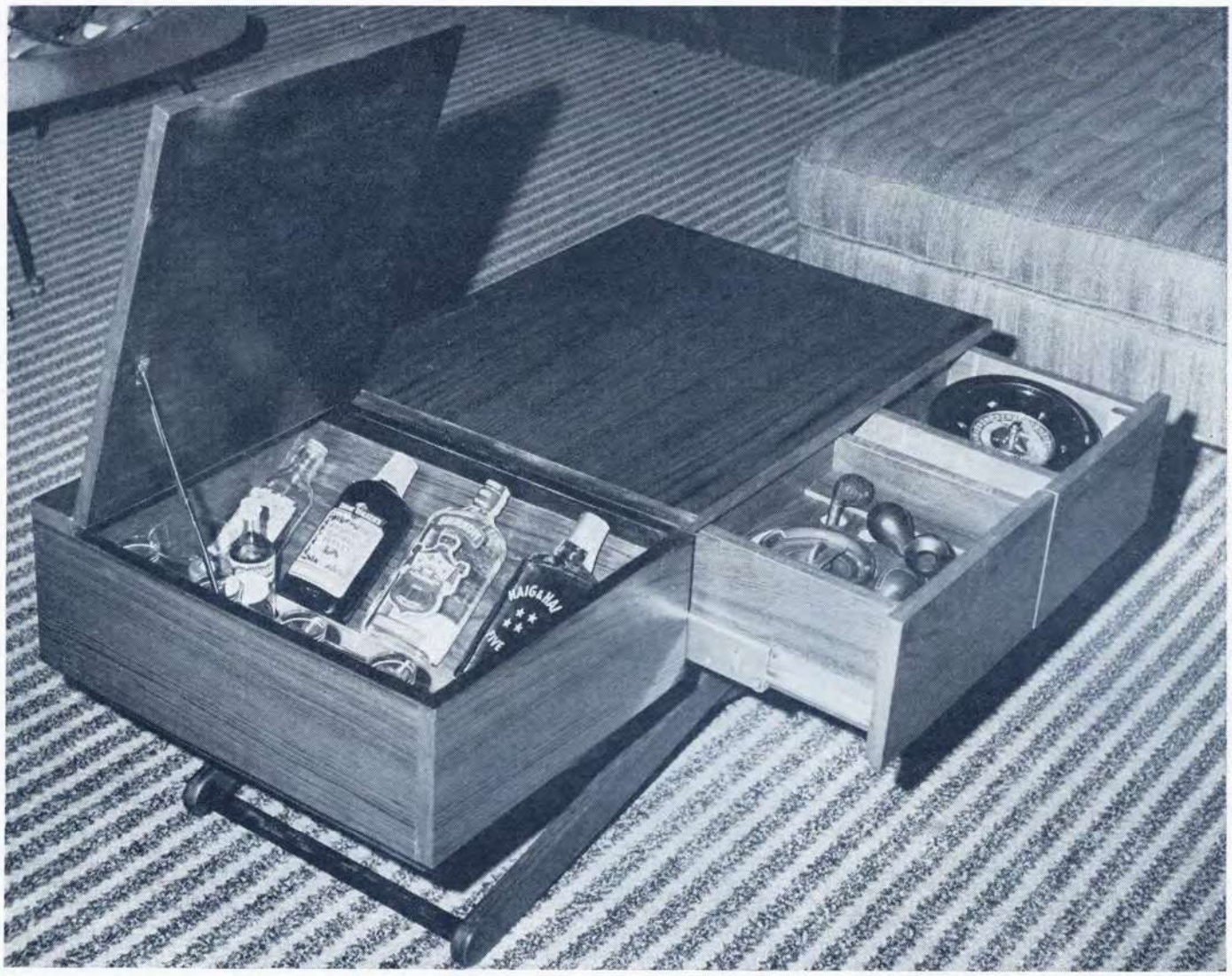
"Listen, I've met jokers like you before!" said Albie hotly, which was quite true. At Yankee Stadium the previous May, the guard at the players' gate had refused to admit him on the grounds that he couldn't possibly be a [*Continued on page* 84]

Lowered, it's ready for the evening. Chessboard is built in.

Raised, the table makes dining for two. Note reading racks.

a table to fit any fun

For an evening's entertainment from soup to butts, try this versatile hold-it-all



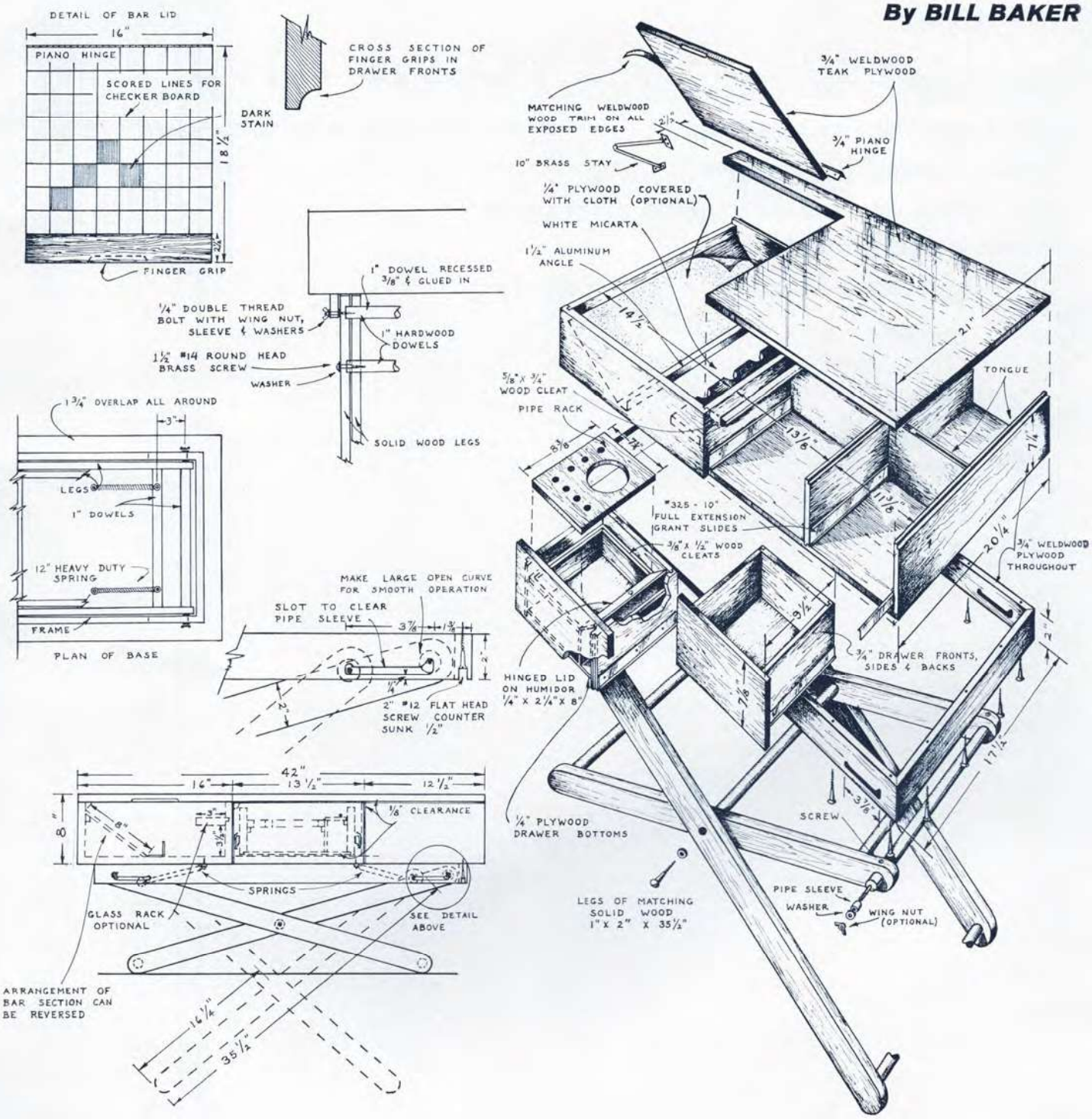
Bottles tuck away neatly in the bar, with glasses. In one drawer are cigars, cigarettes, pipes, tobacco. In the other, games.

■ It was a beautiful Saturday afternoon, and I felt real ambitious, so I stretched out my bones in my favorite throne and prepared for a nice little snooze. Then in popped my young bachelor friend Larry. Lover Larry always has a lot on his mind, and it all ends up with females. But today, he said, he just wanted to talk about furniture for his new one-room apartment. Not exactly to my surprise, he explained right off that he already had a studio bed, and everything else was under control, except that he didn't have room for both a cocktail table and a sit-up dining table.

"Let me think," I said, and I guess those were the magic words, because he charged out of the house like a bunny about to keep up on his multiplication. I had to figure out first what the real purpose of the table was, and once that soaked into my head, the result was this combination job. Raised, it's a dining table for two; lowered, it's damned near everything—fun and games, liquor locker, humidor, reading rack. As I see it, chess (on the built-in chessboard) is the brain's way, and roulette the pure gambler's method, and strip poker the brainy gambler's route, but in the end the stakes are the same. This table, then, is a natural for bachelors, and about the handiest thing imaginable for old married hands in the den or in the game room.

Get the project rolling by making pattern layouts of top, bottom, and front and back sides, indicating all partitions, and use them in cutting whatever hardwood ply you've chosen. Because there are a lot of cuts, however, this description will proceed step by step. I used teak lumbercore—teak is a beautiful wood, simply finished; lumbercore is easier to work and much lighter than regular hardwood plywood. Consider each surface of the table as a unit to keep the wood grain matching. Construction is tongue and groove, [*Continued on page* 64]

By BILL BAKER



A Bonus Book Condensation

Diamonds

Lolomai was the first of Di Turno's three child brides. The last was only 8 years old.

Polygamy, child brides and wild orgies were among the customs of these Stone Age savages. A strange life for an Italian aristocrat —but he came to love it. Then he found diamonds and tragedy

CARACAS, VENEZUELA

Suddenly, four naked and devilish-looking figures emerged in front of me, bows bent, long arrows aimed in my direction. I knew that their tips were steeped in a poison capable of paralyzing the entire nervous system through one minute puncture. But in the last resort these creatures were fellow human beings; at that moment I felt disposed to treat even apparently hostile savages as my brothers. They were, in fact, the first Taurepán tribesmen I met.

I was worried and apprehensive but I was also glad and relieved that I had finally reached my goal. It had been a long, hard journey. It all started when my ranch, in a more civilized part of Venezuela, had been destroyed by a hurricane. I had to sell out and it left me practically flat broke.

By some strange stroke of destiny I went to Caracas, just to wander around, and there I ran into an old acquaintance, Felix Cardona. It was in the Don Luis Bar. Cardona told me about the Taurepán Indians and their headman, Mundo. And he told me about a river full of diamonds that flowed through their district. So off I went, armed only with two photographs, one of Cardona and Mundo standing together, that would, hopefully, serve as a letter of introduction.

Cardona had kept his secret about the diamonds well. Few people had ever heard of the Taurepán and there was no easy way to get to their country. Some Camaragoto Indians agreed to take me by canoe as far as the Hacha River but no farther. They were afraid of the Taurepán.

From the book *Diamond River* © 1962 by Casa Editrice Valentino Bompiani. English translation © Hamish Hamilton Ltd., London, and Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. A Helen and Kurt Wolff book published by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.

After the Indians left me I was obliged to make the rest of the trip by myself, hacking my way through almost impenetrable jungle. I was almost glad that a good portion of my equipment had been lost when the canoe had capsized. After many tortured and miserable days I reached the bank of the river where the Taurepán tribesmen found me.

I stood where I was and managed to articulate the sentence I had been practicing.

"Me friend of big chief Mundo," I said.

By way of response one of the savages relieved me of my rifle, cartridge belt, and hunting knife. The others humped all my equipment onto their shoulders and we set off in Indian file, two of them in front, two behind, with me in the middle, along a track that ran alongside the river.

Their only garment was a loincloth. They had curly, jet-black hair, somewhat almond-shaped eyes, and very dark skin. All four of them were built like athletes. There was nothing about their bearing or conduct that gave the least clue as to their possible intentions. I felt that it could, in any case, do no harm to break the silence, so I brought out Mundo's photograph and showed it to the two behind me. They muttered something to each other which I failed to catch. So I laboriously repeated my introductory greeting in their tongue. "Me friend of Mundo," I said. "Me see Mundo."

They took the photograph from me, too. Clearly these were people who preferred dealing in hard facts.

About an hour later we stopped by a little stream. One of them brought out some *casabe* from the pouch attached to his girdle: I was given my share like the rest. It must have been midafternoon when we emerged on a ridge

He learned their ways of dressing, eating and hunting. He entered completely into the Indians' primitive way of life.

In Paradise

Di Turno started his adventure with only one aim: to find diamonds and get rich quick.

By BARON SADIO GARAVINI DI TURNO

from where we could see the Rio Blanco below us again, at its point of juncture with another river, the Uai-parú. Beyond it clustered the roofs of the Taurepán huts.

Coming into the Taurepán village was rather like being transported back to the Stone Age. Their artifacts were incredibly primitive: wooden spears, stone vessels, clumsily woven straw baskets, flint axes. The huts stood on the right-hand side of the river, around a wide central square. Some of them were bigger than the rest, and seemed to have been built with greater care. My escort vanished into one of these more substantial dwellings, taking almost all my baggage with them, and leaving me alone, outside on the threshold.

Hardly were they out of sight, however, when I was surrounded by a crowd of naked children, together with one or two women whose sole article of attire was a loincloth secured by a length of liana knotted around the waist. They stared at me in fascination, poking and prodding me all over, accompanying their inspection with remarks to me and to one another that I could not understand, and pointing out various special physical features, my beard in particular.

I was finally rescued from the inquisitive fingers of all these women and children by the appearance of a dignified and impressive old man, who bore himself as straight as a ramrod; the rags he wore draped around his shoulders were just recognizable as the remains of an old shirt. Behind him there came a most enchanting young girl, who, as was the custom with all the women in this tribe, had her breasts exposed.

At sight of the old man everyone withdrew. Holding Mundo's photograph in his hand, and addressing himself to me, he mumbled a few unintelligible words, to which I could only reply with my usual litany: "Me see Mundo. Me friend Mundo. Me talk Mundo."

He indicated that I was to go inside the hut with him. Here I found the entire contents of my bag strewn over the floor. Patiently I set about picking everything up and stowing it away again, except for a shirt, which I offered to the old man. He looked at me in some surprise, I thought, but nevertheless lost no time in putting it on over the rags he wore already.

Throwing out his chest and quite clearly in an excellent mood, the old fellow now harangued the four warriors who had brought me in. Three of them at once took off into the forest, presumably to look for the rest of their companions, who were, it seemed, out hunting with Mundo. Meanwhile the news of my arrival had spread abroad, and when I emerged from the hut I found various new groups of women waiting for me, surrounded by their offspring, all there for the express purpose of scrutinizing and prodding my person.

The warrior in charge of me, Taivan, marched close on my heels, armed with a blowpipe. I asked him the name of every object that came under my eye and tried my best to commit his answers to memory. The first step in gaining the confidence of these people was, clearly, to learn their language as quickly as possible.

When we reached the river we still had a long string of women trailing along behind us: they proceeded to

Diamonds In Paradise

plunge into the water with cheerful abandon. Suddenly I caught sight of the girl, standing there dripping wet with the old man. She was tall and dark-skinned: her eyes met mine, and she gazed steadily at me, with a strange expression of warmth and tenderness. Though she could not have been more than 12 years old, she was, self-evidently, a woman.

With an effort I mastered the longing and the desire that came surging violently up in me, and forced myself to concentrate on the real object of my journey. This river flowing past at my feet was the river of diamonds I had come to find—though a far cry from the fantastic stream that I had gradually built up in my imagination. For a moment I was stricken with fear: I felt the whole thing was an illusion, a mirage. Impatience mounted in me till, stupidly determined to reassure myself, I plunged down to the bottom and scooped up two fistfuls of mud, convinced that they would contain an unanswerable refutation of my fears. Naturally, nothing of the sort happened: diamonds lie embedded deep in the gravel under a river bed, not loose on the bottom.

On our way back to the village Taivan stooped down from time to time and picked up an insect very much like the *Scarabaeus,* or dung beetle. He pulled off its legs and proceeded to eat them with every sign of relish, throwing away the still living beast. Every so often he would offer one to me, and derive childish enjoyment from my refusal. Between one beetle and the next I did manage to extract some information from him, however. The old man to whom I had presented a shirt was the tribal shaman, the Sapulí as they called him, a mixture of priest, medicine man, and magician. The girl's name was Lolomai; she was not his wife, but his daughter.

In the village square several women were tending a large stone bowl in which some whitish liquid was boiling. A little way beyond them sat a mother suckling her baby on one breast, and keeping the other for a small *chigüire.* The *chigüire* is an animal with extremely tasty flesh; the natives catch it before it is weaned, and fatten it up in this pleasantly domestic fashion till it attains the right degree of plumpness and tenderness.

That night I fell asleep to visions of the delectable and disturbing Lolomai. Next morning, as soon as the sun was up, women and children set off in all directions into the forest, carrying baskets, to search for fruit, roots, snails, edible snakes, berries, wild honey, turtles' eggs and various birds' nests.

Early in the afternoon a great barking of dogs heralded Mundo's return. He had a score or so of men behind him, carrying roebucks, *lapas,* and *báquiros,* the latter being a species of South American wild pig, large herds of which roam the territory adjacent to the Guianas. They weigh anything up to 150 pounds. The smaller variety of this pig, or peccary, is sometimes known by the natives as *chächari.* When they reached the village square the men immediately dumped their burdens on the ground: from this point on the game became a distaff responsibility.

While the women were taking over the game, however, two of the hunters, indifferent to all but their immediate needs, hastily grabbed their wives, dragged them off by the hair, and proceeded to copulate with them in broad daylight, while the entire village looked on. Clearly the primitive and idyllic life of the Taurepán tribe still had a few surprises in store for me; and as things turned out, this was neither the last nor the biggest of them.

Mundo was a tall man, with heavy features that could express an extraordinarily wide range of moods, from stony ferocity to a certain melancholy gentleness. He seemed to take my presence very much for granted. After a leisurely dip in the river he strolled across toward me, his men trailing after him, all talking at once.

"You friend of Cardona?" Mundo finally asked me, speaking in Spanish.

I told him yes, and reminded him that Cardona was his friend, too.

"He send you here?"

"Yes, he send me to see you. He tell me give you his greeting."

"Why you come this place?"

I brought out and showed him the second photograph, the one in which he was standing beside Cardona, together with a page from an illustrated magazine in which the same picture was reproduced.

"What this say?" Mundo asked, jabbing his finger at the portion of text.

"It says you are big wise chief, friend of white man. White man know he can rely on you. Great White Chief who is lord of all men has seen this picture. One day he will come to find you."

While the rest of them huddled together, rolling their eyes and jabbering away in throaty gutturals, Mundo himself remained lost in thought, withdrawn and remote. But when he mechanically flipped over the page, revealing a picture of two glamorous white women, all hell broke loose. Countless hands reached out to grab the paper and get a first look at it. If it had not been for the energetic intervention of Mundo, roused from his absent spell, what began as fun might have degenerated into a somewhat serious fight.

But he barked a few orders, and the hubbub instantly subsided. Then he moved off briskly in the direction of the Sapulí's hut. The moment we were inside he laid hold of my rifle and cartridge belt, with the air of one who has an incontrovertible right to his own possessions. Then he beckoned to a boy and made him follow behind with the rest of my gear. We took one of the numerous paths till we reached a spacious enclosure, with one hut at each of its four corners and a fifth in the middle. This was Mundo's palace.

The boy put down my bag and slinked away.

"What you got in there?" Mundo asked.

I was surprised he had not got around to asking me this question earlier.

"I would have brought you many presents," I said, "but the *curiara* I traveled in capsized twice in the big river. Lots of my stores and equipment were lost."

I showed him the little that remained: two boxes of ammunition, with 50 cartridges in each box; some medical supplies, one sieve, a shovel and crowbar, a canvas bucket, my *chinchorro* and blanket, a frying pan, three pairs of pants, five vests, and 10 boxes of matches. I offered him a new pair of pants and a shirt. He put them on at once, and for the first time I saw him [*Continued on page* 122]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LEONARD KAMSLER

DOG-PADDLE CHASE *for a* COMFORTABLE COON

In coon hunting the dog is the key. Coon hunters take their hounds as seriously as they do the sport—like these hunters who race their dogs when the shooting season's closed

TURN PAGE . . .

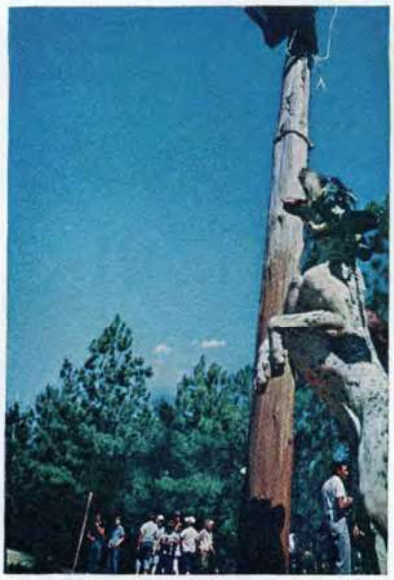
DOG-PADDLE CHASE

The sport of racing hounds after a coon on a floating log has not died. The game

With coon comfortably, and tauntingly, out of reach, the hounds leave the chutes.

Powerful swimmers, the hounds pound across the race pond after the coon's raft.

A winch draws the raft safely up a finish pole, eluding the winning dog.



Eager hound continues to clamor for coon though the contest is finished.

Coon Hound Water Race !
AND U. K. C. LICENSED BENCH SHOW
Champion of Champions Bench Show
and Non-Licensed Grade Dog Bench Show
WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1962 at MARTINE J. ALLEN'S LAKE
3 MILES NORTH OF CANDOR, N. C.
COON HOUND WATER RACE — 1 P. M. to 6 P. M.
Entry Fee $1.00 — First Line, First Tree
For Grade and Registered Dogs
U. K. C. BENCH SHOW 10:00 A. M. to 12:00 NOON
ENTRY FEE — $2.00 BRING REGISTRATION PAPERS
GRADE HOUND DOG BENCH SHOW — ENTRY FEE $2.00
Trophies, Rosettes and RIBBONS
Bring Your Coon Hounds and Family and Enjoy Some Good Clean Fun — Refreshments Sold by Women of BENSALEM PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH of Eagle Springs to Benefit Church Building Fund.
Watch for SIGNS on Highway 27, Four Miles EAST OF BISCOE and on Highway 220 Just North of CANDOR.
Drawing For Gate Prize at 4:00 P. M. — Must Be Present
Not Responsible in Case of Accident or Theft
ADULTS 50c — CHILDREN UNDER 15 FREE
Sponsored By Cabin Creek Cooner's Club of Candor, N. C.
Martine J. Allen, President, Candor, N. C., Phone 2252
A. J. Hurley, Vice President, Rt. 2, Asheboro, N. C.
Millard Rich, Secretary, Rt. 2, Asheboro, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA

■ When a dyed-in-the-wool coon hunter isn't coon hunting, he's at least planning some coon hunting. A good, howling coon hound is even more eager. The trouble is that coon hunting seasons have shrunk over the years—to just two or three months in some parts of the country. On the other hand, coon hunters have long had a way to beat the seasonal wait—put a trapped coon on a log, float him across a pond, with the hounds racing in pursuit. But The Law has even clamped down on this fine old sport. The packs of Chippys and Jeffs that used to holler after floating coons have been outlawed as cruel. Not stumped, the coon hunters have refined the floating-log method. By putting a caged coon on a cable-drawn raft, they've devised a modern version of the coon hound water race, a game that is legal, fair and fun.

—Norbert R. Darga

has just been refined—the coon's safely caged, and the log's a cable-drawn raft

A Table to Fit Any Fun

[*Continued from page* 57]

with all tongues 1/4" x 1/4" flush to one side, and all grooves 9/32" wide by 5/16" deep, to allow for glue. Grooves are all cut 1/2" from adjoining edges. Allow for the thickness of wood trim and contact cement on all exposed edges.

Lay out the patterns on the sheet of hardwood ply. Saw out the four interior partitions first. The one running front to back between drawers and reading racks is 7" x 20 1/4". Cut tongues in top and bottom edges flush to one side. The partition between middle drawer and bar is 6 3/4" x 20 1/4". Cut tongues on the ends and on the bottom edge, flush to the finish side, which will show in the bar. The header partitions between reading racks and drawers are both 7" high, and, respectively, 13 1/8" and 11 3/8" long. Cut tongues on top and bottom edges flush to one side.

Now cut out the sides. The right side is 7 1/2" x 20 1/4". Cut a tongue along its top edge flush with the inside surface, and on that side plow a groove beside the bottom edge. The left side is 7 1/4" x 20 1/2". Cut a tongue flush inside at the front end; plow grooves inside along the bottom edge and the other end.

Cut out the whole piece forming the front, 7 1/4" x 42". Mark one long edge as the top. Saw off, from the right section of the piece, first the outside drawer front, 12 7/16"; then the inner drawer front, 13 5/16". On the inside of the remaining piece, 16" long, plow grooves beside the bottom edge and at both ends.

The back panel is 7 1/2" x 15 1/2". Mark the top edge. On the inside plow a groove beside the bottom edge. Cut a tongue flush to the inside of the outer end, and another to the inside of the top edge.

Saw out the whole top panel, 21" x 42", and mark the front edge. From its left section cut the piece that will form the hinged lid, 16" wide by 18 1/2", and set aside. Lay the main piece upside down. Assemble loosely all inside partitions upside down on this surface. Mark where the tongues of the partitions will join the top. Note that the header partitions must allow 10 3/4" for the drawers from the front edge of the top. Square up the lines, then plow grooves as indicated. Plow grooves as well beside the right inside edge and along the length of the projecting strip of the back edge.

Cut out the bottom panel, 20 1/2" x 41", and mark the front edge. Along the front edge cut a tongue flush with the inside for a length of 15 1/2" from the left end. Trim the remainder of the front edge flat, to a width of 20 1/4". Notch the corresponding 15 1/2" length along the back edge 1/2", so that the width here, including front tongue, is 20". Cut a tongue in the notched portion, and tongues across both left and right ends, all flush with the inside surface. Set the partition assembly on the bottom, right side up, and mark for grooves. Square and plow.

Make a dry assembly of the cabinet box. Attach permanently with glue and screws to the bar partition the cleat, 5/8" x 3/4" x 10", which will support the solid top. A 3/4" lip will project over the drawer area. Be sure allowance has been made for the thickness of the wood trim, so that all sides will be flush. Take the box apart, sand all inside areas, and cover all exposed edges with wood trim. Reassemble the box with glue, checking for squareness, and allow to dry.

In making the drawers, allow 3/4" in thickness for each slide—or 1 1/2" per drawer for a pair of slides. Note that the drawer fronts are offset unevenly. Trim 1/8" from the tops of both drawer fronts, to a width of 7 1/8". Now plow grooves on the inside, from the bottom edge to 3/4" from the top, as follows: on the right front, 1 1/2" from the right end and 1 1/16" from the left end; on the middle front, 1 1/16" from the right end and 5/8" from the left end. Fashion finger grips, as the diagram shows, in the center bottom inside edge of each drawer front.

All drawer sides are 5 5/8" x 9 1/2". Cut one back 5 5/8" x 9 7/8"; the other, 5 5/8" x 11 5/8". The bottoms are 1/4" plywood; one is 8 7/8" x 9"; the other 10 5/8" x 9". Cut a tongue, flush to outside, at the front end of each side, and plow a groove on the inside at the opposite end. Cut tongues flush to inside at each end of the two backs. Now along the inside surface, 1/4" from the bottom edge, of sides and back of each drawer, plow a groove. Plow a mating groove in the back of each drawer front, 1 1/8" above the bottom edge. Assemble the drawers, dry first, then with glue, checking squareness. Cover exposed edges with wood trim. Don't mount the drawers yet.

The lower apron, which supports the box on the legs, comes next. There are four pieces, all 2" wide and mitered 45° at the ends. The two side pieces are 17 1/2" long; the front and back pieces 38 1/2". About every 5 or 6 inches bore all four pieces for 2" No. 12 screws sunk 1/2". Turn the cabinet box upside down and line up the apron pieces on it, with uniform margin around. Clamps will help hold the pieces tightly in place while reboring into the bottom. Then attach these pieces temporarily with screws.

Rip out the four legs, all 2" x 35 1/2", from the hardwood piece, plane, and round off the ends. Divide them as inner and outer pairs, and work on them with the same surface always up. On the inner pair, mark centers 1" and 4" from one end, the top, and 1" and 16 1/4" from the other. Bore a 1" hole in each leg through the top point and the roughly central point. Sink a 1" hole 3/8" deep at the other two points. On the outer pair, mark similar centers, but sink all holes only 3/8" deep, then rebore through the central hole of each leg for a 1 1/2" No. 14 roundhead screw, and through the topmost hole for a 1/4" hanger bolt. Cut 1" hardwood dowels to these sizes: one length 15 7/8" long; four lengths 15 1/8"; two lengths 13 1/2".

Mark and cut the adjustment notches, as in the detail diagram, at both ends of apron sides. File edges smooth.

Assemble the legs dry, with washers between. Into the ends of the two top dowels bore for 1/4" hanger bolts—a hanger bolt is a wood screw at one end, a machine screw at the other. Set the assembly in the apron on the cabinet, and run in the bolts. Cut the teeth and flanges from the matching Tee-nuts and screw the remaining sleeves onto the bolts. Check the assembly for smooth operation. There should be 1/16" clearance between legs and, when legs are in low position, between ends and the apron end pieces, as well as the side pieces.

Reassemble the legs with glue. Run a 3/4" screw into each inner leg to hold the top dowel in place. Reassemble the lower apron with glue and screws, and with the legs in place. Make sure all corners are snug. When the supports are dry, attach with screws, as in plan, the four heavy-duty springs for the legs, which make operation easier.

Mount the drawers on slides according to the manufacturer's instructions. Fit out the inside of the bar as you wish; I put in a piece of 1/4" plywood set at a slant, so the bottles would stand less chance of leaking. The strip of aluminum angle keeps them from sliding down. The glass rack, mounted on 2" iron angles, must be made to fit whatever glasses you have. Similarly, the pipe rack should be bored and cut out for your pipes and tobacco jar. The humidor is a simple partition with a lid.

Cut a finger grip in the bar lid, and cover the edges with wood trim. Attach the lid to the top with the piano hinge, making sure it fits flush on side and front and has 1/8" clearance from the main top. For the chessboard, first mark the lines accurately with a sharp pencil, then cut them with a sharp knife. Stain the alternate squares, using a small brush—and care.

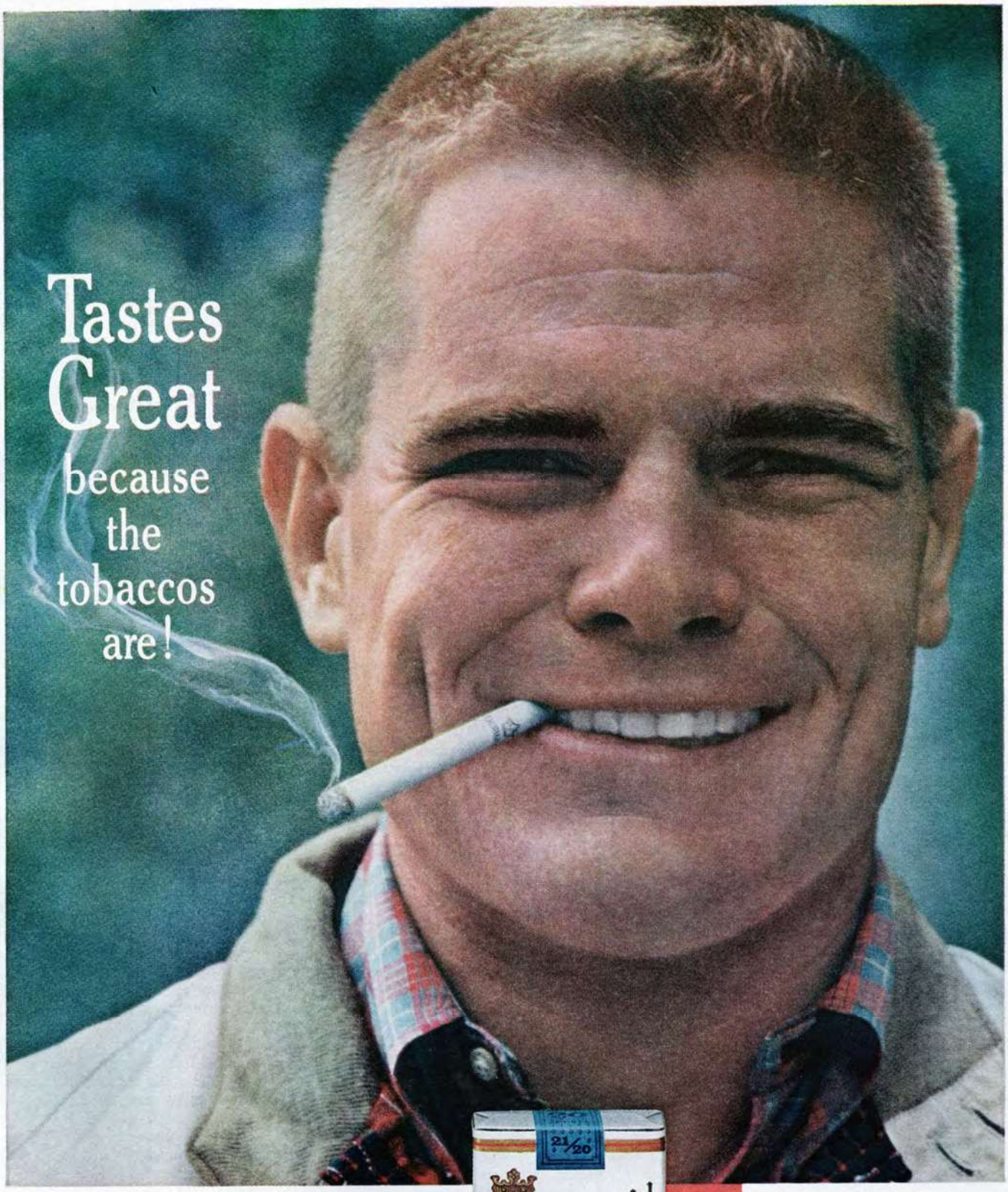
Finish table and legs with a coat of boiled linseed oil, then apply paste wax. A very light buff with fine steel wool may be necessary between coats. Stain the dowels to match.

I got a report from Lover Larry the other day (he's busy nights). The table works like a charm. He finds it practical, too.

—Bill Baker

MATERIALS LIST

- 1 sheet 3/4"x4'x8' Weldwood teak lumbercore
- 1 piece 1/4"x2'x2' matching plywood
- 1 piece 7/8" (or 1") x6"x6' matching solid wood
- 4 lengths (36" each) hardwood dowel
- 32' matching Weldwood wood trim
- 2 pairs 10" Grant No. 325 full-extension slides
- 1 solid brass lid support (left hand), 10"
- 1 length brass piano hinge, 1 1/2"x16"
- 1 length aluminum angle, 1"x2'
- 2 iron angles, 2"x2", with 3/4" screws
- 18 flathead screws, 2" No. 12
- 2 roundhead screws, 1 1/2" No. 14, with washers
- 4 hanger bolts, 1/4"x2", with fitting Tee-nuts
- 4 heavy-duty coil springs 12" long
- 1 pint Presto-set white glue
- 1 pint contact cement
- Matching putty
- No. 2/0 and 4/0 sandpaper
- 1 pint boiled linseed oil
- Dark stain
- Matching stain
- 1/2 pound paste wax



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Chesterfield King tastes great, smokes mild. You get 21 vintage tobaccos grown mild, aged mild, blended mild, and made to taste even milder through longer length.

CHESTERFIELD KING

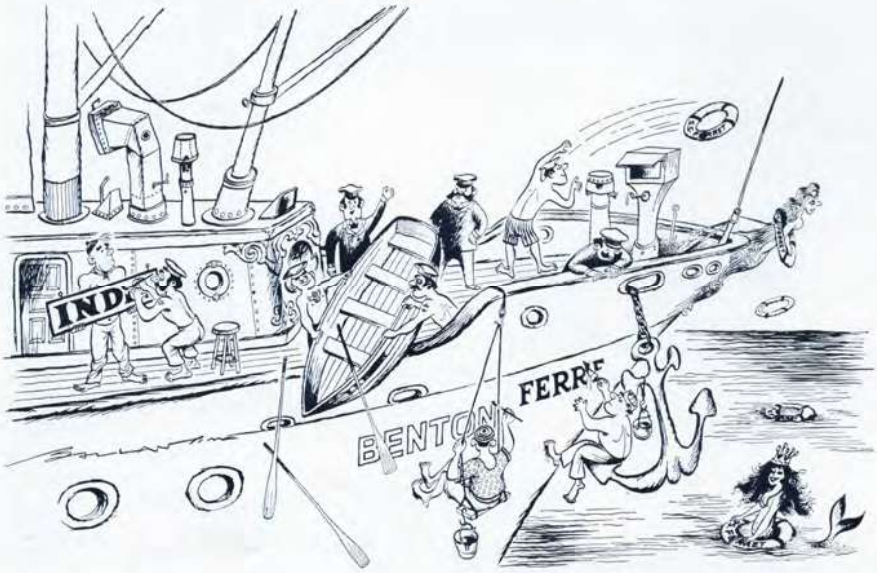
Tastes Great...Smokes Mild!

LONGER LENGTH... MILDER TASTE

The smoke of a Chesterfield King mellows and softens as it flows through longer length... becomes smooth and gentle to your taste.

Strange but TRUE

by George R. Martin



Stealing a steamship was once something more than a gesture by political hijackers to create news headlines, as in two recent cases. Eighty years ago a trio of bold thieves made off with an ocean-going steamer in what was magnificently grand larceny, for their loot constituted perhaps the largest movable piece of stolen goods in criminal history. The *Ferret* was a summer-cruise ship owned by a Scottish company which was happy to charter it to a rich-appearing Mr. Smith for his private winter trip to the Mediterranean. Leaving a promissory note for a month's charter, Smith put aboard his own captain and purser, hired a crew, and steamed away. They actually went to the Mediterranean, but only to stage an elaborate ruse. *Ferret* lifeboats, life rings and jetsam were cast loose; then the threatened and bribed crew painted the ship a different color and made deck alterations. Thus the *Ferret* vanished, and while Lloyd's, a little later, was paying insurance for her loss at sea with all hands, the ship, newly named the *Benton,* crossed the Atlantic and loaded Brazilian coffee for France. She went instead—again renamed, this time to *India*—to Capetown, where the owner-captain-purser trio sold the coffee for their first cash dividend. Nabbed at their next stop in Australia, the three buccaneers got only mild prison terms. Oddly, an "option to buy" in the charter contract protected them from a grand-larceny charge; they were penalized for cargo fraud and changing the ship's name unlawfully. *By W. E. Gruenthal, Riverside, Calif.*

That animals sometimes use their tails for fishing is no fishy tale, a noted naturalist has concluded. Scattered reports, brought together, disclose six species of four-footed fishermen using three distinct techniques. Stillfishing with naked pink tails dangled as bait, rats on a barren South Sea islet were observed squatting on the low coral shore edging shallow water; they jumped suddenly to haul out tails clutched by crabs, which they pounced on and ate. Using the tail as a lure, jaguars of Brazil crouch beside the water and tap the surface with the tail tip; fish rising to investigate the disturbance are hooked out with sharp claws. A house cat in North Carolina similarly tail-dabbed a garden goldfish pool. Hardest to believe was the technique credited to fox, coyote and raccoon. Each was reported to dunk a bushy tail and at intervals flick it ashore to shake out small minnows or crawfish. But corroborative evidence comes from a tailless two-footed fisherman, the great cassowary of New Guinea. This ostrich-like bird wades into a river breast-deep with feathers ruffled and wings spread, and stands motionless for a quarter-hour. Then it tightens up, steps out and shakes its lunch of little fishes from under wings and feathers, where they came to nibble. *By Milton S. David, Springfield, Mass.*

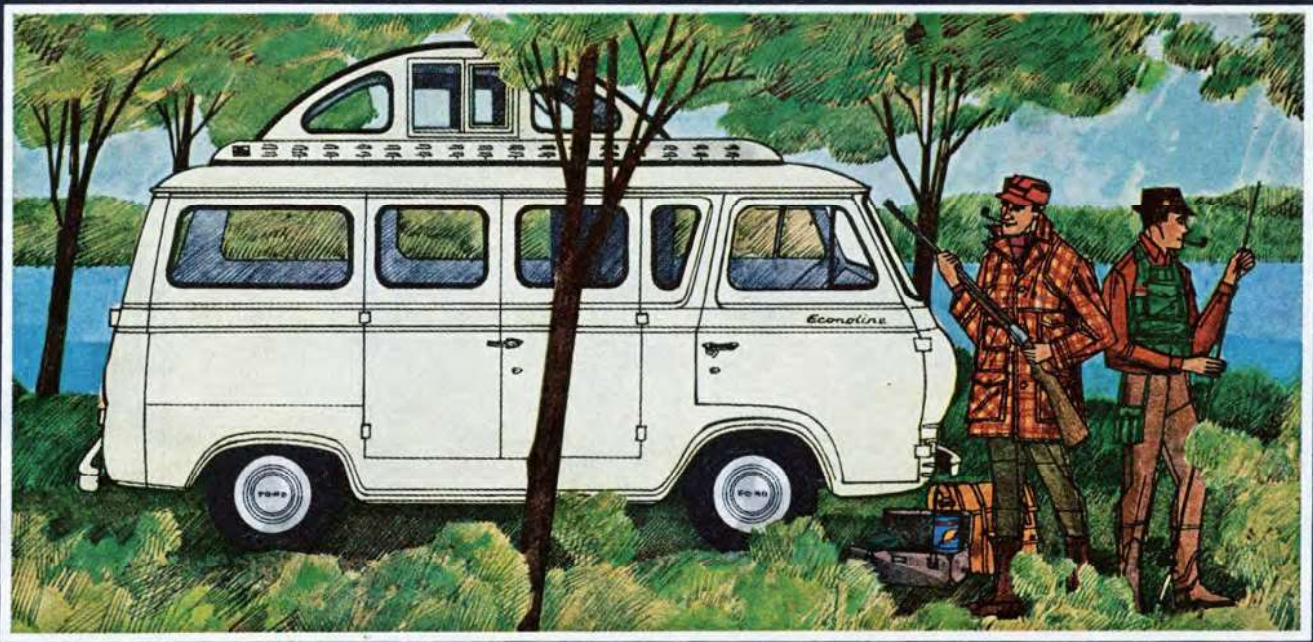
The most distant object visible to the unaided eye lies a lot farther off than the average man supposes that he can possibly see. It reduces to insignificance the 75-mile views from Western mountain tops that tourists usually describe as breath-taking. Among the stars in a clear night sky can be seen a moon-sized blur of dim light that astronomers know as the great galaxy of Andromeda. This remote replica of our own Milky Way is 12 quintillion miles away. Its distance is so vast that light leaving the galaxy at 186,000 miles per second is a little more than 2 million years old when it arrives here.

Head-hunting has been practiced in every part of the world at one time or another, but probably never more enthusiastically than in a corner of modern Europe. Since the Middle Ages, national and religious hatreds had seethed in the Balkan peninsula. Turks fought Slavs, and the latter, some of them being Moslemized, fought each other. A Balkan fighting man took fierce pleasure in cutting off an enemy head, for thus he acquired a trophy of his own valor and agreeably stunted the other's after-life. A short heavy sword, the *hanzhar,* did the job at one blow. The head was not preserved—though a chieftain's or pasha's might be salted for a while—but was impaled on a stake for ravens to pick. Until well into the present century, men of Serbia, Montenegro and Albania, shaving their heads, carefully left a long scalp lock or two side tufts. This was both a challenge and a precaution. Without some hair to serve as handle, a head would be carried by hooking a finger in the mouth —and it would be very distasteful to a Christian head to have a Moslem finger inserted, or vice versa. The last known decapitations occurred in border raids of 1912. The Montenegrins, however, in the Balkan War of 1912-13 clung to an abbreviated form of head-hunting by switching to noses, hacked off with upper lip attached so they could be conveniently carried by the long mustaches. *By B. T. White, Hawthorne, Calif.*

Instead of chasing flies through the hot Congo jungle with a net, an expert bug collector tried the bright idea of letting other insects do the chasing for him. He stationed natives at nests of the *Bembix* wasp, a solitary hunter that captures flies exclusively, paralyzes them by stinging, and brings them home to feed its young. The watchers netted incoming wasps, took their prey, and freed them to bring more. This flyway robbery yielded rich loot; the nearly 1,000 flies collected were amazingly of some 200 different kinds, many of them types never seen before, and several so rare that they have never been found again since.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

WIN THIS FORD CAMPER IN THE VELVET & GRANGER FISHING & HUNTING CONTEST



FIRST PRIZE:

FORD Econoline Camper with a flip-top metal roof for plenty of headroom and storage. Kitchen, bunks, cabinets plus many extras

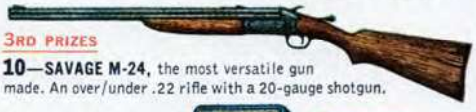
PLUS...$1000

in cash for your dream camping trip.

1266 OTHER FABULOUS PRIZES

2ND PRIZES

6—EVINRUDE 3 h.p. Lightwin. Stows anywhere—a perfect partner for your fishing trip



3RD PRIZES

10—SAVAGE M-24, the most versatile gun made. An over/under .22 rifle with a 20-gauge shotgun.

4TH PRIZES

250—ZEBCO Spinning Reels and Rods. Feathertouch control for smooth, accurate, extra distance casts.

5TH PRIZES

1000—ZEBCO Lure Sets for all types of fishing . . . combined in a compact re-usable plastic case. Four favorite lures for all fishermen.

EASY TO WIN

What's your special recipe for catfish bait? How do you tell a buck's tracks from a doe's and make it pay off? What's the dressing of your favorite dry fly? While you light up a bowlful of cool, sweet Velvet or flavor-fresh Granger, briefly jot down your best fishing or hunting tip. Enter the contest now and enter it often. Look for Velvet and Granger contest displays at your tobacco dealer's.

Velvet is America's smoothest smoke, made from sun-ripened Kentucky burley, then fine-cut to burn cool and sweet in pipe or cigarette.

For those who prefer a rough-cut. Granger is cured by the secret "Wellman's Process," to give you a cooler smoke in a dryer pipe.

HERE'S HOW TO ENTER:

1. On a plain piece of paper print or write clearly your favorite fishing or hunting tip; and then, in 50 words or less explain it, and tell how it is of value to you. Include your name and address (you may use the convenient entry blank below). Mail to: Velvet and Granger Contest, Box 552, New York 46, N.Y.

2. Send as many different entries as you wish but each must be accompanied by one of the following: the top of a pocket-size Granger box, or the green seal tape from a pocket-size Velvet can, or the top half of any pipe certificate packed in Velvet or Granger humidor canisters. Entries must be postmarked by July 1, 1963 and received by July 8, 1963.

3. Winners will be selected by the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization, and hunting-fishing editors of national sports magazines, on the basis of practicality, clarity, interest and individuality of the tip and accompanying explanation. Only one prize to an individual. Duplicate prizes in the event of ties. Decision of the judges is final. All entries and ideas therein become the exclusive property of Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company.

4. Contest open to residents of the United States 18 years of age and over, consistent with applicable laws, except employees and their families of Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, their advertising agencies, and magazines carrying contest advertisements.

5. Winners will be notified by mail. A list of winners will be sent to anyone requesting them by enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. No substitutions will be made for any prize offered. Contest subject to all governmental regulations.

ENTER OFTEN AS YOU WISH

Fill out this coupon carefully and attach your fishing or hunting tip and your 50-word-or-less explanation.

Be sure to include the proof of your purchase (Rule 2) and your name and address with each tip you enter.

Mail to: Velvet & Granger Contest
Box #552, New York 46, N.Y.

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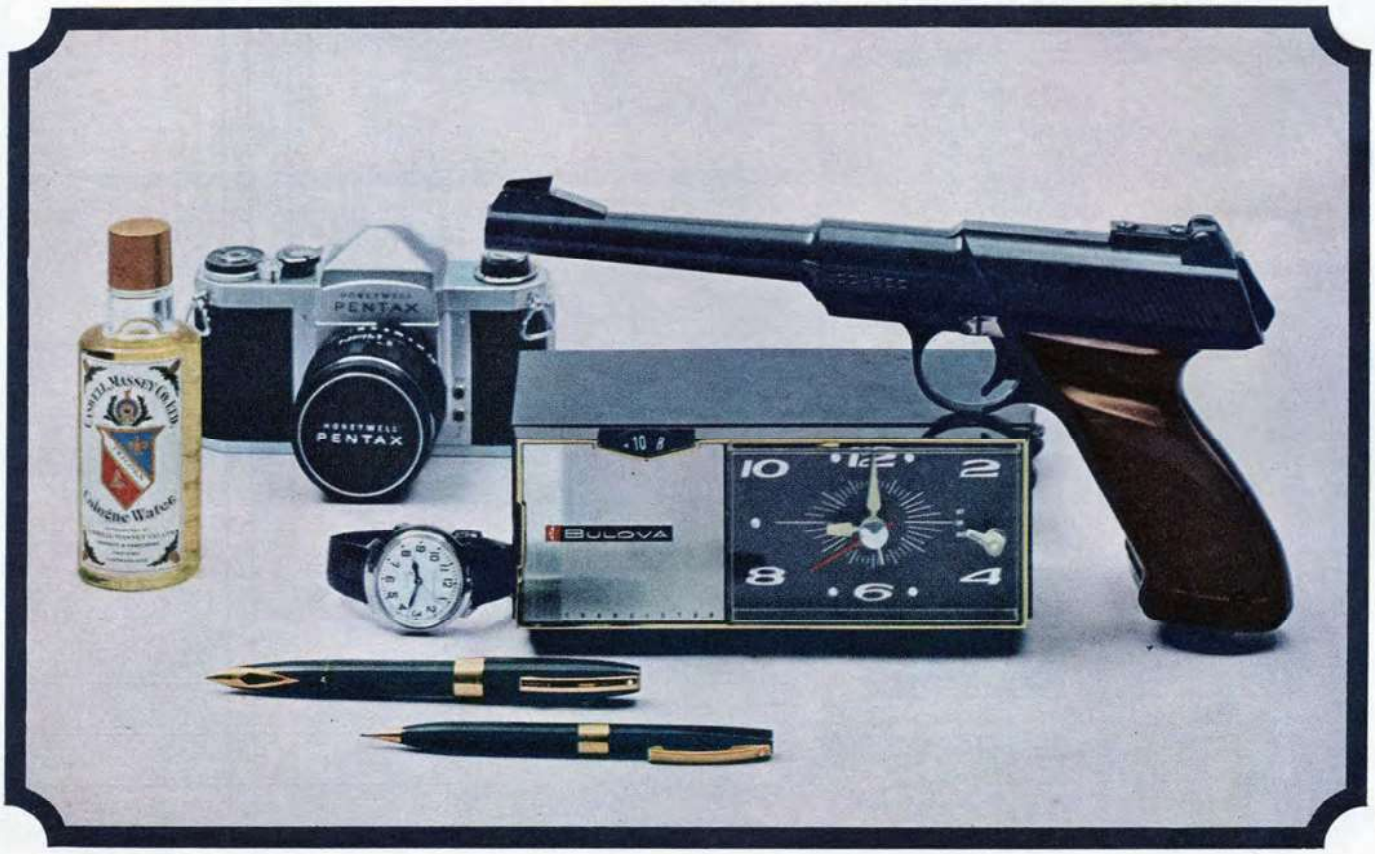
RING THE BELL on Archive.org

ALL KINDS OF GIFTS FOR ALL KINDS OF DADS

For the weight-watching father, Exercycle, above, is perfect gift. Deluxe model shown is $485; others available from $295. Samsonite luggage, 44 inch, $39.50; 26 inch, $32.50; 21 inch, $22.50. Slippers, "Jiffies," by Esquire, $5.95. Max Factor Grand Three after shave lotion, talcum powder, and cologne, $3. White B. F. Goodrich yacht shoes, $8.95. Ray-Ban Meteor sunglasses, in green or gray, $10.95. Van Heusen sweater, 100 percent Alpaca, top right, $17.95. Capo de Monte sports shirt by Robert Bruce, $8.98. Healthkit Unionsuit by Standard Knitting Mills, $4.79. Honeywell Pentax H3 35mm single-lens reflex camera, below, $199.50. Lifetime Pen by Sheaffer Pen Company, $12.50; matching pencil, $7.50. Transistorized Bulova plug-in clock radio, The Viceroy, $39.95. Railroad Approved electronic watch, The Accutron, by Bulova, $125. Caswell-Massey Tricorn Cologne water, 3 oz. bottle, $4. New $CO_2$200 semi-automatic gas operated B.B. pistol by Daisy, $17.95.

FAR IN



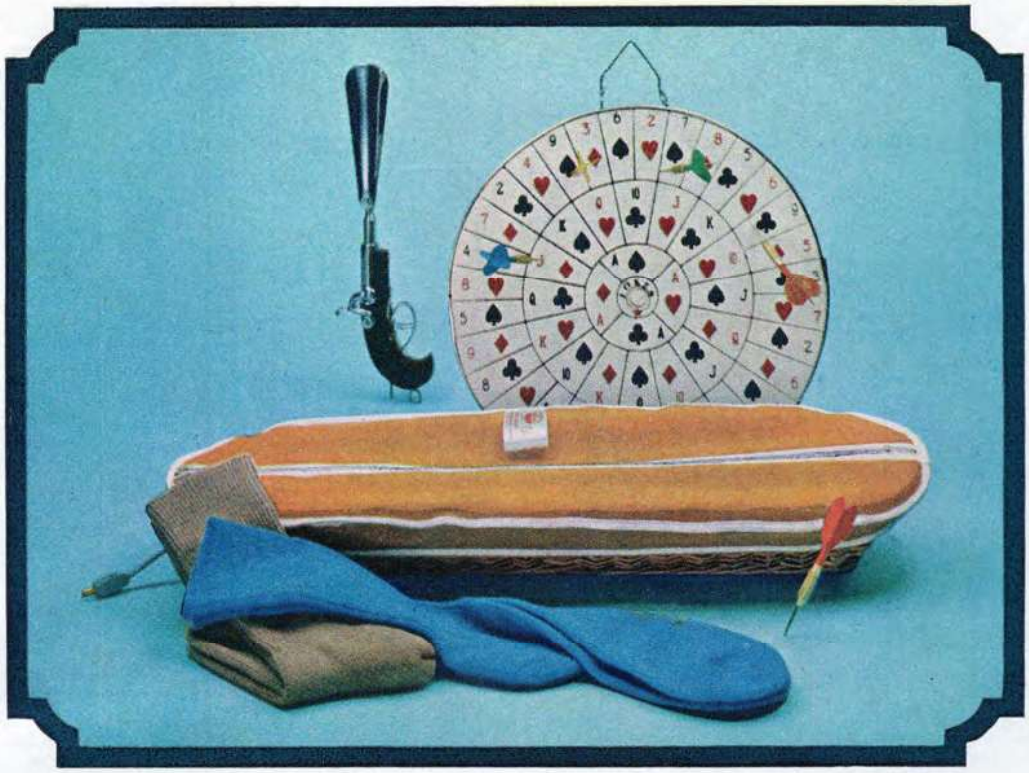
Produced by RON BUTLER PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF

FAR OUT

Topping space age Father's Day gift list is a jeroboam of Lanson Black Label Champagne, by Schenley Imports, about $70. Painted face on stone by Peter Parnall, Sportsman's Gallery, N. Y., $250; smaller stones available from $30. Red "Front Runner" Antron nylon jacket by Mighty-Mac, $16.95. Yellow Base Strimmer slacks by Mighty-Mac, $10.95. Aluminum sculpture, Composition, by Robert Helsmoortel, Poindexter Gallery, N. Y., $1,000. Bongo drums, Macy's, $6.98. A.C.L. Game Pie, $1.39; French Baby Corn, 80¢; Grasshoppers, 60¢; Quail eggs, 60¢, all Hammacher Schlemmer. Custom-crafted Danish telephone with gold trim, below, from Telephones Unlimited, N. Y., $150; other models available from $49.95. Imported Spanish Sherry in cask, Spanish Sherry Institute, $25. Executive Pencil Box by Swank, $3.95. Nikkorex 8 Zoom lens movie camera by Nikon, $169.50. Munsingwear Pak-Nit shortie pajamas for men, $4. Renauld of France Executive Spectacular sunglasses, $15. Panettone Ferrara coffee cake, 2 lb. box, $3.50. Ancora turtle soup, $2.25; Beaver tail stew, $2.75, Ross Allen Diamondback rattlesnake, $2.25; Bonavita Baby Bees, $1; Snails de Paris, $2.50; Champ's white wine vinegar, $1.69, all Hammacher Schlemmer, New York.

WAY UP

Luxury gifts for Dad begin, above, with gold fish hooks, $6 each; gold lure with three ingraved initials, $25; gold tooth pick, complete with initial and case, $10. All items, 14 kt gold, from Merrin Jewelers, N. Y. Loose Bourbon-brown diamonds for a possible do-it-yourself cufflink set; large pear-shaped diamond at top, 2½ carat, $3,000; round, 1 carat diamonds, $675 each, from Baumgold Bros., Inc., N. Y. 1963 Austin Healy 3000 Sports Convertible, at right, by British Motor Corporation, $3,535 (ECPOE). Red chair and footstool, below, by Stanleigh Furniture, $199. Foxhead slippers, $58; smoking jacket, $125; shoes, $48; and silver mug, $12.50, all from Brooks Brothers. Antique silver shaving set, Simon Pantin, London 1717, from French & Co., N. Y., $3,500. Jim Beard's Treasury of Outdoor Cooking, Golden Press, $12.50. Gold billfold, Merrin Jewelers, $300. IBM Selectromatic ball typewriter, $435. Remy Martin Louis XIII cognac, distributed by Renfield Importers, $40. Caviar, $12.95; Baxter's Grouse, $4.25; Anchovies, $6.50; Game Hen, $4.95; Baxter's pheasant, $8.95; Wild Rice, $1.60.



ALL KINDS OF GIFTS FOR ALL KINDS OF DADS

WAY DOWN

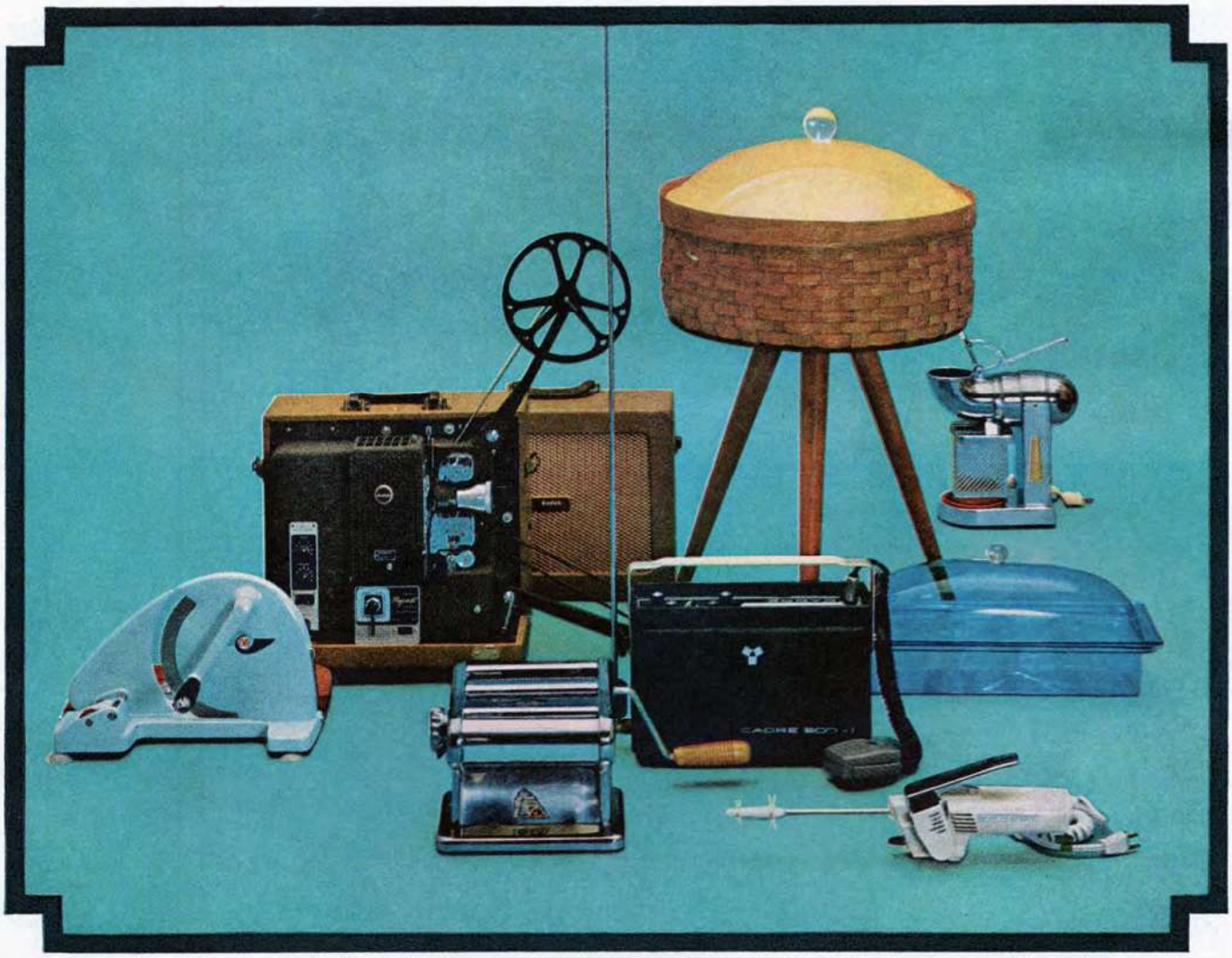
Gifts on the practical side, above, include Gun-styled shoe horn, the perfect way to get a bang out of putting on shoes, $4.95; Poker dart set, $3.50, both by Swank. French bread warmer, by Hammacher Schlemmer, $9.95. Color and comfort in socks by Esquire, $1.50 per pair. Shirts, left to right, at right, Raglan sports shirt, The Van-Go, $4; white wash and wear Century Vanalux, $5; short sleeve blue sports shirt, the All American Dad, $5, all by Van Heusen. Ties, left to right, Superba Cravats, $1.50; Wembley, Inc., $2.50; Random Looms by Carl, $1.50; Bain de Soleil suntan lotion, $2. Hat with cigar designs, by Adam Hats, $3.95. Executive silver dollar decision maker—spin it for heads or tails—by Swank, $5. Telephone shoeshine kit with black and brown polish applicators in receiver and speaker; brush contained in phone base, by Swank, complete, $5.95.

Product source and further information concerning items featured on these pages may be obtained by writing Merchandise Editor, True Magazine, 67 West 44th Street, N. Y. 36, N. Y.

ALL KINDS OF
GIFTS FOR ALL
KINDS OF DADS

THE BEGINNING

Latest gift possibilities, above, include RCA 8-transistor Globe Trotter radio, $49.95. Varaflame gas candles by Ronson (come in five colors), $24.50. RCA monaural tape cartridge recorder, $129.95. Thermalene 73 food container in Oriental Purple, Hammacher Schlemmer, $8.50. Varaflame Dane table lighter by Ronson, $20. New Norelco Speedshaver. Gulton rechargeable electric lighter, in foreground, $14.95. Nikkorex 35 Zoom camera (with built-in zoom lens) by Nikon, $219.50. Kodak Pageant Sound Projector, below, designed for projection of sound or silent films, $489. Thermalene 73 all purpose container in basket case, $42.50; clear blue food server, $14, Hammacher Schlemmer. Citizen's Band Radio with rechargeable batteries, by Cadre Industries, $209.95; portable case and batteries, $49.95. Can-do can opener by Ronson, right foreground; comes with attachments, $29.50. Quick Mill electric ice shaver, $39.95; La Nuova Altea home spaghetti maker, $32.50; Eva slicing machine, $29.95, all Hoffritz, N. Y.



THE END

For the weekend farmer, the red Wheel Horse tractor, above, $646.50; shown with 36-inch rotary mower, additional $129.50; 22 other attachments available. Deluxe hedge trimmer, by Skil Power Tools, $39.95. Dow Crab Grass Killer with Zytron, 20-lb. bag, $8.95. True Temper rake, Macy's, $3.98. Craftsman rotary mower, at right, $89.99; Craftsman garden wheelbarrow, $13.98; Craftsman hollow-ground hand saw, $6.50; Craftsman hammer with claw reinforcer, $5; all Sears Roebuck. Heritage House deluxe 21-inch spreader, $19.98. Garden hose, $4.70; Upsidaisy step ladder, $10; Magicolor house paint, $7.94; brush, $3; all Macy's. Flint Gray Chetopa shirt, $3.50; pants, $5.50; men's riders, $4.25, all by H. D. Lee Company (prices subject to regional variation).

Old Man River's Buried Death

[*Continued from page* 43]

tried again. This time, a Mississippi National Guard helicopter flew with it. The chopper's mission was to hover over any spot where the searchlight glowed.

By noon, the Engineers had their "fix." On the 15th, the Shellfish confirmed the findings. A great jet probing device was then lowered into the river. It determined that a large steel object was buried under 36 feet of water and three to 16 feet of hard-packed sand.

But was this the lost chlorine barge? It might be another sunken ship.

Robert S. McGuire, a crack diver who'd trained at Cape Canaveral on the recovery of lost space capsules, was sent down to find out.

First, McGuire had to blow a hole through the cloying sand with an air hose. While he was doing it, the sand caved in on top of him. He freed himself and kept on going. With a wrench, he broke off two valve handles and a pressure gauge and brought them up to the surface where Webb Kaiser, a Wyandotte executive, was standing by. Kaiser identified them as part of the lost barge. The search had succeeded.

Meanwhile, the Public Health Service was setting up an emergency command post in the small Louisiana city of Vidalia, across the river from Natchez. One of its first actions was to requisition 43,000 gas masks from the Army for distribution to the populace. "Just in case. . . ."

September 17-26, 1962. Now the news was out. On September 17th, the Public Health Service and the Corps of Engineers held a joint press conference to announce the salvage operation. The Government men spoke calmly, stressing the safety precautions they planned, but they held nothing back. Every person in the area would be in jeopardy during the raising of the tanks.

"We have every confidence that the operation will go without mishap," Colonel Everett stated. "But still, human beings being human, there always is a chance that something could happen."

It must be recorded that some people took the news hard. "Natchez Has Jitters," a headline in the New Orleans *State and Item* read. Mothers took their children out of school. Some farmers began to sell off their cattle.

Even Natchez' Mayor Nosser, a friendly, white-haired business man of 63, was upset. "I speak for 30,000 people living in Natchez who may face an element of danger," he declared. "It is no fault of ours that the barge sank and no fault of ours it stayed there so long. We want the National Guard here to keep order and keep empty houses from being looted. We want these highways blocked for official and evacuation traffic. I would like to see this city vacated."

A report circulated that "this is being whipped up because they want to be able to make a practice study of how a community reacts in a state of panic."

At a public meeting sponsored by the Natchez Chamber of Commerce, one woman worriedly asked Colonel Everett, "What will the poison gas do to my silverware?" Another wanted to know how she could protect her prize camellias.

Under the direction of Dr. Hugh B. Cottrell, a soft-spoken, 56-year-old Public Health Service physician with a knack for getting along with people, preparations for safeguarding the public swung into high gear. The Red Cross set up 230 emergency shelters for evacuees outside the danger area, and the Air Force flew in 20,000 cots and 40,000 blankets. Gargantuan gas-filtering machines were installed in hospitals, telephone exchanges, police stations, every place where people might have to stay on.

TRUE

"I'll have to re-evaluate your illness—your last check bounced."

The first batch of Army gas masks arrived and the people dutifully lined up at the Natchez firehouses to draw them. The difficulty was that the Army gas masks wouldn't fit small children.

"You're just going to let me die," 7-year-old Charlie Webbie wailed when he saw his 11-year-old sister, Nancy, draw a mask and none was given him.

"I'm sorry," said the mother, Mrs. Charles Webbie. "If you don't have a gas mask for the boy, the girl can't have one either."

Dr. Cottrell worked closely with State and local officials on plans for evacuating the area. Louisiana did a splendid job here. It used only 37 State troopers headed by Maj. M. J. "Moe" Kavanaugh, and 27 game wardens, but they soon had the situation in hand. They marked off evacuation routes, hooked up warning sirens, and got the seven towns in the region to draft their own evacuation plans. "Don't wait for the state or the federal people to do it for you," they said. "In Louisiana, you're supposed to take care of your own folks."

The State Police called on the federal government solely for help to alert people who lived out in the country and didn't have a radio or telephone. Through Dr. Cottrell, they arranged to have three U.S. Army helicopters with loudspeakers detailed to them.

The orders issued to the Army helicopter crews were very military. Paragraph one spoke of the "enemy forces." These were defined as "the sunken barge."

"Friendly forces" were mentioned in paragraph two. These were "the State Police."

Mississippi had a much tougher problem, of course. It had Natchez to cope with, a city of 30,000 population including 12,000 children. And there were only two roads on which to move all these people out. The State and local officials felt that the National Guard would be needed to run the evacuation. They asked Gov. Ross R. Barnett to call up a minimum of 2,500 National Guard troops.

Governor Barnett got a bit of the jitters, also. On September 26th, he telegraphed President Kennedy, requesting him to declare "An extreme national emergency."

Out on the river, the Army Engineers were getting ready for the salvage operation. By cautious probing, they'd learned that the barge was in an upright position, but that its back was broken in the middle, with both ends sloping downward from the break. One end was twisted.

A short wave radio network hooked up the salvage site with the Public Health Service "CP" in Vidalia to give instant warning. Twenty-four hours a day, an outboard motor boat circled the site with a chemist who squirted ammonium hydroxide at every bubble in the water. If any chlorine were escaping, the ammonium hydroxide would combine with it to form a telltale white cloud.

One hundred and seventy-five miles away, in Oxford, Mississippi, other trouble was brewing. Through a weird coincidence, the clash between the federal government and the state of Mississippi

Chevy II Nova 4-Door 6-Passenger Station Wagon

A Chevy II wagon looks this big when you load it up

and this big when you gas it up

It's BIG where a wagon should be BIG. Room for enough paraphernalia inside (the load floor measures a full nine feet to the tip of the lowered tailgate) to stock a small sporting goods store. ☐ But outside—well, that's another handy thing about this trim-looking Chevy II; it's the kind of wagon that makes as much sense in downtown traffic as it does on out-of-town trips. Try it on an under-sized parking spot and you'll agree it's the slickest space-saver that's come along since the Murphy bed. ☐ The excess metal you *don't* carry around means fewer gas stops, too. And that stout-hearted, wonderfully uncomplicated 6-cylinder engine (you also have a choice of an even thriftier 4 in most models) means that service stops are few and far between. ☐ Believe us, we think we've come up with something here—a real outdoors-minded wagon that makes sense 365 days a year. Take another look at that cargo compartment up there. Worth looking into a bit further, wouldn't you say? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

CHEVY II

CHEVROLET

The make more people depend on

"Clarence has a wonderful way with children—he beats them."

over admission of a Negro named James Meredith to the University of Mississippi was coming to a boil at precisely this moment. It was to complicate matters.

September 27—October 6, 1962. The rumors that swept Natchez! "The river is full of dead fish killed by the chlorine," one man declared. "Chlorine is escaping and it's bleaching everybody's hair white," a woman whispered.

A Natchez cafe posted a sign stating, "If chlorine comes, keep calm, pay your bill, and then run like hell."

In Natchez, local doctors held a series of conferences to discuss methods of treating chlorine gas victims. Dr. Joseph Noe, medical director of the Wyandotte Company and one of the world's top experts on the effects of chlorine gas, spoke to the doctors. He found that they were planning to use outmoded medicines.

"It didn't surprise me," Dr. Noe later said. "After all, how often does the average physician treat a case of chlorine gas poisoning?"

He speedily brought them up to date.

In Vicksburg, Colonel Everett called a meeting with 12 leading underwater salvage contractors from all over America and asked them to bid on the job of raising the tanks. Most of them wanted no part of the deal. They were afraid of billions of dollars in law-suits in the event of an accident.

Brown & Root, a Texas company which has worked for the Corps of Engineers from Spain to China, wasn't scared. "We just ain't goin' to have any accident," Ed Tallichet, its laconic superintendent, drawled as he signed the papers.

A Louisiana outfit, Triple "C" Boats, agreed to share in the contract.

The engineers now began to dredge away the sand that covered the chlorine tanks. They were hurrying. The low water period on the river was drawing to an end. The U.S. Weather Bureau was busy, too. It established six special meteorological stations in the surrounding area to forecast the direction of the winds at the site. This could be critical to an evacuation.

Suddenly, work had to stop. Rioting was threatening at the University of Mississippi, and President Kennedy had federalized the Mississippi National Guard for duty at Oxford. Governor Barnett promptly insisted that all salvage operations be halted until National Guard troops could be made available again for evacuation needs.

The governor quietly appealed to the Secretary of the Army to let him have at least some of his troops back for assignment to Natchez. He was perfectly willing, he said, for them to remain under federal control.

It was an odd affair. On the one hand, Governor Barnett was defying the federal government. On the other, he was asking its aid. Behind the scenes in Washington, it created quite a flurry.

President Kennedy decided to grant the governor's request. On October 4th, he released from federal service the Guard units Governor Barnett wanted.

October 7-16, 1962. The Guard situation was still not resolved. On October 9th, Governor Barnett wired the President that Mississippi couldn't afford to pay the National Guardsmen for their services. He formally requested that "the federal Government underwrite the expenses" of using the Mississippi National Guard at Natchez.

President Kennedy didn't hesitate. He declared "a major national disaster" and allotted federal funds for the Guard. On October 14th, Governor Barnett consented to the resumption of the salvage operations, and the dredging began again. It was a mammoth job. All those thousands of tons of sand had to be removed before the Brown & Root divers could even get at the chlorine tanks.

Colonel Everett's men had another unpleasant chore. They had to draw up a plan for decontaminating the area should the gas get out. The worst problem they anticipated was disposing of the carcasses of hundreds of thousands of dead farm animals and wild game. They contemplated burning them.

In Natchez, the strain was commencing to tell. Two doctors heard a report that a chlorine tank had been badly damaged, and they took it seriously. "Shall we cancel the operations we've scheduled at the hospital for today?" they asked. A man drove his car through town, yelling, "The chlorine is escaping." It almost set off a panic.

Most people carried their gas masks wherever they went. One insisted on sleeping with his gas mask on. He rolled over on it and nearly suffocated. People started leaving town in droves. According to Mayor Nosser, about a fourth of the population of Natchez moved away "for the duration." Hundreds of small children were sent to relatives outside the danger zone. The Webbies, for instance, sent their 4-year-old daughter, Jeannie, to her grandmother in Greenwood.

Mayor Nosser sought to check the flight. "I'm not going to leave town, and my family is going to remain here," he proclaimed.

He addressed a meeting of the city's Negroes in a public school auditorium. "The precautions we're taking are for all our people, colored as well as white," he said, "and we're going to do everything we can to preserve your lives."

THE SALVATION ARMY

SERVING OTHERS

***with* Heart to God**
. . . Hand to Man

Visit The Salvation Army during NATIONAL SALVATION ARMY WEEK MAY 19-26, 1963

"Amen, amen," the 1,500 people present chorused.

Business fell off to nothing. "Hell, even the traveling salesmen stayed away," recalls Warren Farmer, the manager of the Natchez Chamber of Commerce.

The fear eased a bit when the National Guard, 2,500 strong, rolled into town. "Sleep Well Tonite, Your Guard Is Awake," a sign at their armory said, and people felt comforted.

The Guardsmen were a wonderfully efficient group. In no time, they had warning systems organized, evacuation routes posted, and patrols detailed to guard against looting. Their plans called for the mass evacuation of all school children, and they lined up fleets of trucks and buses at every school. Day after day, they practiced evacuation with the children. At the Susie B. West Elementary School, they got to a point where they could get all 765 pupils out of the building and into trucks within one minute and 40 seconds.

They actually evacuated 246 very old or very sick people in Mississippi—among

[*Continued on page* 78]

Take off in all directions.

(But take along Gulf's Tourgide kit... and your Gulf Credit Card.)

Tell us where you're going and when. Gulf Tourgide Service will tell you how best to get there... how to avoid detours and delays... where to stay along the way. Your Tourgide kit will include road maps—picked and marked expressly for your trip. (The quickest route? The scenic route? You tell us—Gulf knows them all.) You'll get motel guide books, too—and a log book for recording your trip expenses. Don't forget your Gulf Credit Card, either. It's a must for a well-planned trip. Most everything you need for your car can be charged at your Gulf dealer's. You can travel with less cash throughout the U. S. A. and Canada—by using your Gulf Card for gasoline, motor oil and so many other items all along the way. Ask your Gulf dealer for a free Tourgide request card—and a Gulf Credit Card application, too. Just fill them out and drop them in the mail. Gulf will take care of everything. You just pack. □ *Gulf Oil Corporation.*

GULF CARE MAKES YOUR CAR RUN BETTER

[*Continued from page* 76]
them 23 mental cases. They flew them to state or Veterans Administration Hospitals in safe areas.

Some of the patients were frightened by the move. "You're just trying to get rid of me," one frail old lady moaned. Others were delighted. "I've been waiting to ride in a plane all my life," an 88-year-old woman chortled, "even if I don't get to make the trip back."

Ten National Guard helicopters and planes were poised at the Natchez Air Park, prepared to take off on an instant's notice. One was to follow the drifting gas and radio word of its progress. The others were to streak over the rural regions and warn the residents to flee.

Finally, Colonel Everett announced that the dredging of the sand from one end of the barge had been completed. The raising of the tanks could be started. Now the most dangerous part of the operation was to begin.

At the Public Health Service "CP" in Vidalia, Dr. Cottrell sat tensely by the short wave radio. He alone was responsible for giving the order if evacuation became essential. The newspapers termed him, "The Panic Man."

October 17-26, 1962. There were prayers offered in Natchez churches. Teachers, like Lorna Lambert, took overnight bags to school with them in case they'd have to evacuate with their pupils. The National Guard backed a 20-car train into the Natchez Depot for people who didn't have automobiles in which to flee.

Mayor Nosser's phone never stopped ringing. One indignant woman demanded gas masks for her two dogs. "I love them more than my own children," she claimed. A man asked protection for his chickens.

"I'll do everything I can for your family," Mayor Nosser told him, "but I'm afraid that I can't guarantee the safety of your hens."

Out on the river, Colonel Everett marshaled his forces. He'd brought in two giant wind-making machines and a number of smaller ones from California —the kind used in fighting forest fires— to blow the gas away from the working area, in case it was necessary to make emergency repairs to any of the tanks if they started leaking as they were raised. He'd obtained special equipment for capping any leak that occurred once the chlorine tanks were lifted out of the water. He'd arranged for experts of the Wyandotte Company and the Chlorine Institute, the trade organization in the field, to be available for technical advice. Every worker wore an extra duty gas mask, and on shore a first aid bus with oxygen inhalators stood ready to treat gas victims. A helicopter was stationed nearby for quick evacuation. Another circled overhead.

For 40 miles up and down the Mississippi River, and on the Atchafalaya, Red, Black and Ouachita Rivers which lead into it, Coast Guard cutters were on patrol. They flagged down passing ships and handed out gas masks to the passengers and crews.

Local television and radio stations kept going all night to broadcast reports on the operations to the anxious public.

The first job was to remove a steel platform in the center of the barge which covered the tanks. It required exquisite care. If too much heat were generated by the underwater cutting torches the gas would heat to the point at which it eats away steel, and thus escape.

Brown & Root had assembled 18 of the nation's best divers who worked underwater in pairs. Each checked what the other intended to do before he made a cut, and blond Joe Carroll, the chief diver, checked both of them. The river water was dark as night—"It was like a cup of coffee sitting on your desk with sugar and cream in it," someone said—so the divers could never see what they were doing. They had to work by feel.

"I felt so silly working in the darkness with my eyes open," Carroll remarked, "that I worked with my eyes closed."

Bit by bit, like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, they sliced away at the platform. An explosion shook up one of the divers. A small pocket of hydrogen had been detonated. It didn't do any damage, though, and the work went on. At 8:50 p.m., on October 19th, the last piece of the platform was hauled up to the surface.

The tanks were not accessible yet. They were silted solid with sand, waterlogged trees and other river debris. All this had to be removed. Not until October 23rd could the divers get at one of the two upstream tanks and start firmly fastening in place a "strongback," a 35-ton steel lifting frame that Brown & Root had created.

Carefully, they placed double-thick asbestos blankets between the tanks and the steel straps that fastened the first tank to the barge. Again they made three independent checks to be certain they were cutting in a safe place. By nightfall, they'd gotten through.

At noon on October 24th, the hoisting commenced. The Natchez authorities insisted that it be done while school was in session so the children could be most quickly evacuated. All river traffic was halted for 40 miles in both directions.

Down into the dark waters the divers descended and slipped 12 heavy cables over the tank. Then, two immense derricks mounted on barges started tugging away. They had to do it gingerly lest the chlorine start to slosh around and increase the strain.

Inch by inch, the tank rose. So slowly that one of the tense witnesses on the surface remarked, "This is just like watching grass grow."

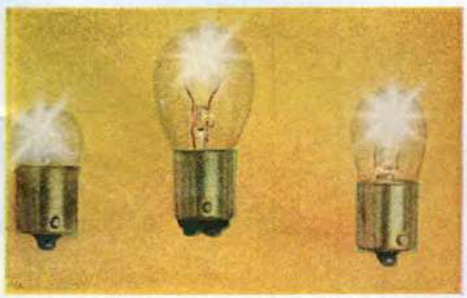
At 3:38 p.m., the tank broke water. Immediately, Webb Kaiser and three other Wyandotte men, wearing gas masks, chemically impregnated suits, and helmets, clambered on it to look for leaks. There weren't any. A barge was nudged under the tank and gently it was lowered into a cradle. The Corps of Engineers motor vessel *Lipscomb* took the barge in tow and started it down the river to the Wyandotte plant at Geismar.

[*Continued on page* 80]

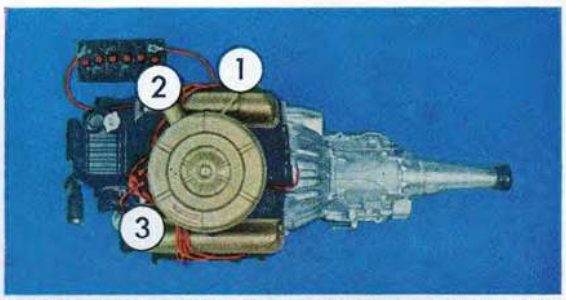
TRUE

"If those were supposed to be the *best* years of your life, then I'm getting out just in time!"

Another way Ford-built bodies are better built—new longer life electrical systems



Bulbs last twice as long. Taillights, stop lights and turn signals have bulbs which last twice as long . . . improve car safety.



Under the hood, new life. Among advances you get: 1. triple-strength ignition cables; 2. longer-life Autolite batteries and self-cleaning spark plugs; 3. extended-life distributor points.

Longer-life everywhere! New vinyls have a 20% thicker face, 40% heavier backing. Fabrics in all Ford-built cars have an all-nylon face. Nylon-rayon carpet is so luxurious you'd be proud to have it in your home.

Because of the increased electrical demands on today's cars, all 1963 Ford-built cars are engineered to give you longer electrical life. For example, wiring is stronger, distributor points last longer. Even the light bulbs last far longer. And the quality of Ford-built bodies shines through in scores of other ways, too . . . like the solid-riding quiet of the "rigidized" body, the careful fit of the double-panel doors. See for yourself why Ford-built cars last longer, need less care, keep their value better.

FORD • MERCURY • THUNDERBIRD • LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

Ford
MOTOR COMPANY

FOR 60 YEARS THE SYMBOL OF DEPENDABLE PRODUCTS

[*Continued from page* 78]

On October 26th, the second upstream tank was successfully raised. "Two Up, Two To Go," a headline crowed.

October 27—November 5, 1962. Rumors were still running rampant. "Those tanks didn't have chlorine in them at all," it was said. "They really were carrying H-bombs." Another report had it that several divers had been killed by gas. A third said that scores of hearses had been driven into Natchez to cart off the many expected corpses.

Countless houses were shuttered, their owners gone. Small children were a rare sight in the streets. Squads of Guardsmen, their gas masks at the ready, patrolled everywhere. By order of Mayor Nosser, no ambulance, fire engine or police car could use its siren. "We can't take a chance on a false alarm," the Mayor stated.

On October 31st, the Engineers finished dredging away the sand from the downstream half of the barge, and the divers went to put lifting devices on the third tank. This was the toughest tank of all to handle. It had to be hoisted out of the barge past some jagged steel railing that threatened to slash the cables. To make things more difficult, the wind was blowing in the wrong direction—straight at Natchez. And the hour was bad. By the time the tank was ready for lifting, the children were out of school. Colonel Everett had to postpone the operation until the following morning.

At 8:30 a.m. on November 2nd, the tank started up. Daintily, the Brown & Root operators shepherded it beyond the torn railing into open water. At 9:52 a.m., it was safely aloft. Three days later, at 9:47 a.m., the last tank was up.

Strangers stopped each other in Natchez and shook hands. There were cheers, and some tears. In Washington, Ed McDermott telephoned President Kennedy the news that the danger was over. "Thank God," the President murmured.

Coming . . .

How the world was hoaxed by "The Birdman of Alcatraz."

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Before long, it was as though nothing had happened. The sick evacuees and the others were back, and the National Guard was gone. Forty thousand of the 43,000 gas masks had been turned in. Not even a buoy marked the site on the swirling, muddy river where the armada of salvage vessels had been anchored.

But they had not forgotten in Natchez. The Board of Aldermen passed resolutions of fervent gratitude to the Corps of Engineers, the U.S. Public Health Service and the other agencies involved in "Operation Chlorine." In fact, Mayor Nosser designated President Kennedy as an "Honorary Citizen of Natchez." Governor Barnett himself, in the midst of serious legal embroglios with the Federal Government, took time out to pay tribute to the President. "Mr. Kennedy was very nice," he declared. "I can say that he cooperated marvelously with us, and we appreciate it."

By the end of the year, Mississippi had asked the Federal Government for $1,015,000 to cover its expenses with the National Guard, and had received a first payment of $450,000. (For those who care about such details, it was U.S. Treasury check No. 50,516,654.) Subsequently Mississippi received $565,000 from the government. Louisiana applied for merely $20,600.

The whole operation cost the Federal Government $3,081,000, and, last January, it brought suit in federal court against the Union Carbide Corporation, the Wyandotte Transportation Company, and the Union Barge Lines, owner of the tug, *Eastern*, to recover this amount.

One problem remained to bother Washington. The director of the Office of Emergency Planning is concerned about an apparent need for legislation for control of the traffic on navigable waterways and public highways. It is taking action in this connection.

As O.E.P. Director McDermott says, "We need new legislation to safeguard the people who live along our rivers. We must make sure that no 'Operation Chlorine' is ever needed again."

—Donald Robinson

Birth Control for Men Only

[*Continued from page* 38]

barrassment of preparation are psychological obstacles to ideal sex relations. A husband feels less irresistible if his attentions are interrupted by a scramble of preparation. A wife may of course take steps in advance, but at a risk voiced feelingly by one woman:

"It's torture to go through that preparation—and have my husband fall asleep early after a grueling day at the office."

All such obstacles would be done away with by foolproof techniques that leave a man always able—and sterile. Perfected methods will require only that a man remember to renew his "sterility" at intervals, if he chooses—by swallowing a pill with his orange juice once a week, or perhaps on the first of every month, or by getting a semi-annual jab of immunization, no worse than a shot of penicillin.

Obviously, these new techniques will stir the agitated attention of sociologists, moralists, counselors of the young, and governments, when these male birth-control agents become accomplished facts. Pills do not discriminate between the married and the unmarried, the teen-ager or the *pater familias*. Some of the most potent arguments against pre-marital intercourse—unwanted pregnancy, disgrace, abortion, shotgun marriage—will be far lessened.

The practical concern of society about pre-marital relations has been ably expressed by Dr. Margaret Mead, the noted anthropologist.

"I believe," Dr. Mead has written, "that the real issue about pre-marital sex relations is the risk of producing illegitimate children who from the start are denied the protection every human society has found it necessary to give."

Virtual elimination of that risk by male pills will have profound effects on morals, customs, and relations between the sexes. As it is, an outburst of pre-marital sex relations scandalizes an older generation. The scope of pre-marital erotic experiment is not known, but the Kinsey report indicated that it is extensive. In fact, Pres. Sarah Gibson Blanding of Vassar felt obliged to lecture her students last year on the desirability of chastity.

Some sociologists think that a considerable degree of conception control is enabling young women to enforce a double standard of morality—"anything a man can do, I have as much right to do, too" —and that thousands are implementing it with enthusiasm. This is a complete backward somersault from the single standard, long the female ideal, which demands that men as well as women remain virginal until marriage. Today's pressures for early marriage are phenomenal. The average American bride is now a teen-ager, 18 to 19 years old. Thousands of young couples, pathetically unprepared for marriage except its physical side, wind up in divorce courts.

Whatever the effects of simple male birth-control pills on public morals, some benefits to society are foreseeable.

The grisly trade of the abortionist would wither. "Shotgun wedding" would become a quaint term. Homes for unwed mothers would dwindle. Some of the pressures for too-early marriage would lessen. Every child would be a wanted child. Better sex relations in marriage would reduce the incidence of divorce. The paternity blackmail business would have rough going when a man could prove that he couldn't have fathered a particular child because he was sterile beyond all doubt.

But the worldwide consequences of simple male birth-control techniques would be far more important. There has been no simple, cheap, acceptable contraceptive to mitigate the "population explosion" in poverty-stricken countries where soaring birth rates press near-starvation, desperation and destitution upon populations that are often illiterate. Oral steroid contraceptives for women cost about $3.50 per month, prohibitive in countries where $3.50 is a week's or even a month's cash income. Male birth-control pills or injections would give a practical means of dealing with a crisis that many scientists think is a far more dangerous threat to world peace than the H-bomb.

Male birth-control injections would be particularly suited to mass use. They do not require any devices, calendar counting, or preparation. Index cards

JUNE—TRUE— EAST., MW, SE, SW

giving dates of immunization could be kept by local health officers in various parts of the world. An official could inform a man that his sterility is about to expire, ask if he wants to renew it, and, if so, could jab a hypodermic needle into him, and send the man on his non-procreative way in a matter of minutes. A single doctor on a bicycle could immunize scores of men each day at their homes or places of work, or in clinics, at insignificant cost and no inconvenience to the patient other than a moment's needle prick.

Coming male birth control methods are too new, and too little is known about them except by a few researchers, for possible religious implications to have been studied. The Roman Catholic Church does not oppose family planning, only "artificial" methods. In practice, this has meant either abstinence or resort to the rhythm or calendar method, described by Pope Pius XII as "natural sterility." By counting the days of the menstrual cycle, sometimes assisted by daily readings of a woman's body temperature, the naturally fertile and infertile periods of the monthly cycle can be estimated.

Many scientists feel that male biochemical techniques induce a form of sterility as natural as the immunity produced by natural reactions of the body to, say, polio shots. Whether the Vatican will accept such temporary male sterility as an alternative to over-population remains to be seen.

How do prospective male birth-control methods work in a man's body?

Basically, since the sperm is curtailed, it cannot fertilize the egg or ovum. Nor are male hormones injured in the least.

The great breakthrough in developing safe, reliable, reversible methods of inhibiting male fertility is very recent. The first tantalizing hints of future possibilities came in 1958 when researchers at Sterling-Winthrop Laboratories in Rensselaer, New York, developed a synthetic compound, bis-diamine, for treatment of amebic dysentery. The drug was tested on rats. Scientists noted a startling and wholly unexpected change. The rats stopped producing sperm. Further animal tests showed that the drug worked *only* on sperm factories of the testicle and left sensitive hormone mechanisms untouched.

Bis-diamine seemed so promising as a completely new kind of birth control agent that intensive clinical tests were begun under direction of Dr. Warren Nelson, medical director of the Population Council, Dr. Carl Heller of the University of Oregon Medical School, and Dr. MacLeod. The first subjects were inmates of Oregon state penitentiary and a southwestern prison. All were volunteers, some with qualms.

"When you're gambling with virility, and you haven't got much else," one prisoner remarked, "you think twice about becoming a guinea pig."

Like the prisoner, many men confuse fertility and potency. Sperm production is not an eroticizing activity. Sexual ability flourishes in men who produce no sperm at all.

Volunteers who took one or two bis-diamine tablets daily for several weeks showed a remarkable drop in fertility, as measured by ingenious medical yardsticks. Under a microscope, sperms look like silvery, self-propelled, tadpole-like wrigglers. They beat their way furiously in desperate do-or-die competition with millions of fellow sperms to embrace the waiting egg. Simple laboratory methods count the number of sperms in a cubic centimeter of semen. Range of movement and percentage of abnormal shapes give other evaluations of male fertility.

"Now, this is my plan . . ."

Dr. MacLeod is a world authority on spermatozoa, semen, and male aspects of fertilization. For years he worked in the same neo-Gothic Cornell University Medical Center building as the late Dr. George Papanicolaou, father of vaginal cytology. The famous "Pap smear" test detects early uterine cancer from studies of cells shed into the vagina. For 24 years Dr. MacLeod's research has concentrated on sperm cells, with indefatigable determination to raise seminal science to the level of vaginal cytology. Many authorities consider a sperm count of 50 to 60 million to be the borderline of male fertility. Dr. MacLeod finds that a count of 20 million is entirely adequate for fertility, if sperms have vigorous motion and there is a preponderance of normal over abnormal forms.

When volunteers took bis-diamine their sperm counts dropped to zero in less than 100 days. Sexual drive was unimpaired and body organs unharmed. When doses were stopped, the sperm count began to climb and regained its original level in about 100 days.

Bis-diamine, cheaper than aspirin and as easily swallowed, looked like a marvelous birth control compound. A group of New York doctors, each of whom was already the father of four or more children, and not concerned about fertility, began to take the drug. One evening one of the doctors took a few beers. He suffered distressing heart palpitations. He thought that he had exceeded his alcohol quota. But other doctors experienced similar frightening symptoms, always after taking a drink. They learned that bis-diamine and alcohol, even a very little alcohol, reacted disastrously on the nervous system. The drug was safe only for teetotalers. The bis-diamine dream collapsed.

"It was heartbreaking," says Dr. MacLeod.

Manufacturers stopped production. But something in the structure of the bis-diamine molecule exhibited unprecedented sperm-depressing activity. Chemists tackled the molecule, and laboriously synthesized many hopeful compounds. One of these, non-committally called Compound X, is under test by Dr. MacLeod.

Animal tests show that Compound X is remarkably effective in inhibiting sperm production, for long periods of time. The drug works through the pituitary gland, but hormone balances are not disrupted and no side effects have appeared.

Currently, Dr. MacLeod is testing Compound X on prisoners at a southwestern penitentiary. Dr. MacLeod visits the penitentiary periodically, consults with the prison doctor, interviews and examines volunteer subjects. Semen specimens arrive almost every day at MacLeod's laboratory, where living sperms are examined and sperm counts, forms, and motility are carefully recorded.

Sperms of individual subjects are, to MacLeod, rather like familiar faces, separable from the herd. A specimen that shows a sharp reduction of sperm count after brief treatment with Compound X brings from him a rapt exclamation, "Beautiful!" An unusual, weirdly distorted cell has been known to cause him to grimace and mutter, "You sometimes see things under the microscope that frighten the hell out of you."

If Compound X continues to work as

beautifully and harmlessly on men as on animals, it should be available as a birth control pill within three years. At first a daily pill may be required, but researchers predict that refinements will eventually reduce the dose to one pill or injection every few months.

Another pill tested by Dr. Nelson of the Population Council, dinitropyrrole, is very close to practical application. Dinitropyrrole acts directly on the testes. It is a very potent sperm inhibitor in animals. Human tests are under way.

"It stops sperm production more quickly than bis-diamine with no apparent side effects," Dr. Nelson says. "It lasts longer and the effective dose is smaller."

Final stages of developing the chemical into a tested birth control pill got under way on April 2 when Dr. Nelson described dinitropyrrole, revealed its chemical identity, and reported on tests at the annual meeting of the American Chemical Society.

Just as startling as male birth control pills are prospective techniques of immunizing a man against paternity by injections.

Natural mechanisms of immunity that keep us from getting measles twice, and make vaccines effective, are enormously complicated. The classic explanation is that a foreign substance (as in a disease germ) causes the body to make antibodies, which thereafter "recognize" the foreign substance and crack down on it when it invades the body with malicious intent.

The science of immunology is taking giant strides. One of these strides has carried researchers into a seemingly fantastic project—immunization of a man against his own fertility. In effect, a man's reactions to injection of a seminal solution would cause a temporary halt of sperm production. The idea is not new. But its extension by a small group of immunologists unquestionably is.

The group, including Dr. Laurence, Dr. Roberto Mancini in Buenos Aires, Dr. Seymour Katsh, professor of pharmacology at University of Colorado Medical School, and Dr. W. H. Stone, professor of genetics at the University of Wisconsin, have produced temporary infertility by injecting animals with seminal solutions. Injections given by Dr. Laurence in his laboratory at New York's Rockefeller Institute have sterilized rats, guinea pigs, and other animals.

The injection contains a solution of semen or testicular tissue combined with an adjuvant that intensifies immune response. It acts only on sperm-making machinery to stop production. Circulating antibodies appear in the guinea pig's blood, but transfer of these to other pigs has no immunizing action. Dr. Laurence discovered by painstaking studies that so-called "cellular antibodies" from the lymphatic system did have potent immunizing action when injected into other guinea pigs.

"We still don't understand the mechanism," says Dr. Laurence. "We only know that it works."

Sperm production begins to stop four days after cellular antibodies are injected into guinea pigs. Sperm count drops to zero in about four weeks and remains at infertile levels for months. Neither the mating proclivities or organs of the animals are affected.

Under Dr. Mancini in Buenos Aires, eight men, over 60 years old and unconcerned about possibly permanent sterility, have been similarly immunized. Thus far the effects on human testes precisely duplicate the sperm-suppressing effects in animals, with no harm to other organs.

Several problems remain to be solved before anti-pregnancy vaccination is available to every man who wants it. A less irritating chemical adjuvant than the one now used must be found. The time it takes for anti-fertility injections to wear off and sperm production to resume must be known more precisely. Fertility returned in 165 days in animals tested by Dr. Katsh. Finally, researchers must identify what triggers sperm-inhibiting mechanisms.

"When we've licked these problems," says Dr. Laurence, "our injection should be ready."

A vast amount of research is the unseen foundation for coming male birth control techniques. In the process, much has been added to biological knowledge.

Millions of parental cells in the testes give prolific birth to offspring that develop into mature sperms. The time it takes a primary cell to mature into a vigorous sperm can be estimated by incorporation of radioisotopes or tracer elements. Dr. Heller estimates that the gestation time of an individual sperm is 64 days. A normal man's production of sperms is continuous and quite enormous. An average ejaculation of semen contains a sperm population on the order of 300 million.

Both the male birth control pills and injections attack sperms at a stage of growth that prevents them from maturing. The equipment that produces sperms is by all present evidence not harmed in the least by the pills or injections. Thus, induced sterility should be reversible, and fertility should return when suppressive agents wear off.

Little-known birth control research is so dynamic that unexpected breakthroughs may come at any time in the three years or so it will probably take to perfect the pills and injections that now are furthest advanced. On the immunization front, a remarkable discovery by Dr. Alfred J. Weil of New York's Bronx Hospital is portentous. The prostate gland and seminal vesicles behind it furnish a fluid in which sperms swim to their destiny. Dr. Weil has found that the sperm cell is wrapped in a substance, probably a protein, that comes from the seminal vesicles.

This exceedingly thin topcoat contains an antigen (an antibody-producing substance) different from that of sperm heads used by Dr. Laurence. The coating is highly reactive to antibodies. Might an injection of this coating-antigen produce antibodies that attack only sperm cells and leave all other tissues severely alone? Research with that objective is under way.

A feasible surgical method of male birth control, but one probably not destined for overwhelming popularity, is being developed by Dr. William Ferber and Dr. Alan Guttmacher of New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital. An assertedly simple incision in the scrotum permits insertion of a tiny clip to clamp shut the ducts that bring sperms from the testicles.

In some dogs, obstructive tissue has grown around the clip, jeopardizing its removal to restore fertility, and Dr. Ferber is designing a new clip. The operation can be performed in a doctor's office under local anesthesia, and return to work is possible the next day. It is conceded that the tissue is too sensitive for repeated opening and closing of the clip, that one operation is the limit, and that the procedure could be a very effective method of birth control for a desired span of time but not as a repeatable on-and-off measure.

Beyond the titanic effects of simple male birth control techniques on men and women and society, new vistas of medical science are opening as knowledge of man's procreative mechanisms expands. Dr. MacLeod, a stocky, round-faced Scotsman with eyes intent and searching from thousands of hours of peering through a microscope, finds that the state of a man's sperms often correlates with his state of physical and emotional health.

Specimens from two prison volunteers puzzled MacLeod for a while. Their semen had been perfectly healthy. Suddenly it swarmed with abnormal cells. The prison doctor reported that the men had had no illness. Persevering, MacLeod discovered that the men had recently given blood donations and suffered a simple reaction affecting their livers.

One sperm donor, a graduate medical student, suddenly showed a very high percentage of immature cells. MacLeod asked about his health. The young man forcefully denied any symptoms of illness. But the grossly abnormal cells persisted for two months. Finally the student admitted that he was receiving psychiatric treatment for acute emotional depression.

Scores of such instances, carefully charted, persuade MacLeod that metabolic disturbances of physical, and even mental, disease can leave detectable imprints on sperms poured out prodigiously from a man's biological factories. If there exists a Rosetta stone to decipher the meanings of specific distortions of a man's sperms, MacLeod will probably be the researcher to discover it. In the future, sperm samples may possibly give early clues to disorders and give men of medicine a new tool for attacking some illnesses in their very earliest stages.

Biologically, perhaps, the sperm is a mirror of the man. —**Lawrence Lader**

Coming . . .

Ian Fleming visits
TOKYO
James Bond's creator describes the "swinging city of the sensuous East."

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

High school graduates:

YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU!

Graduation's coming. Now is the time to think ahead. So think about this: your future is only as secure as your Country's.

In today's world, your home and your family are safe only as long as free nations are alert. This is why the U. S. Army needs men. Good men. Right now, the need for high school graduates is great. Are you ready to serve your Country?

Have a serious talk with your Army recruiter. Let him tell you the choices you have . . . the skills you can learn . . . the travel that awaits you. You'll get an idea of what it takes to feel like a man . . . and to act like one in your Country's behalf.

Remember, in these crucial times your future is only as secure as your Country's. See your local U. S. Army recruiter soon.

The Angels' Tiny Terror

[*Continued from page* 55]

big-leaguer—after which, and upon finally gaining admission, he drove a Bob Turley fast ball 360 feet into the right-field stands for a home run that beat the Yankees, 6-4.

"Make your search and let me into the park," insisted Pearson. "If the war has ended baseball, I'm packing my stuff and going home."

When he continued to get only a derisive horselaugh, he knocked a rifle aside, walked past a gantlet of bayonets and kept going, pushing his way straight ahead through the *jefe* and the quickest pack of killers in the Western hemisphere, until he'd joined his teammates, over by the wall.

Then, and only then, did the revolutionists believe him.

The act was typical of one of the strangest specimens ever to stand at a plate—a brusque, moody, fearless, emotionally-complex 27-year-old who has been up against a stone wall of disbelief since he was old enough to grip a bat. No one, including his father, thought he had a chance to reach the big-time, except Albie. Runts have made it before, from Johnny Evers to Rabbit Maranville to Phil Rizzuto and Bobby Shantz, but none ever came as diminutive as this one. Little fellows of the past have had either thick torsos or piano legs or from 10 to 20 pounds and a height edge on Pearson. He is small all over. Under the pressure of steady play, he has weighed 126 pounds in late season. He wears a size-five baseball shoe, has a 27-inch waist; an ordinary ball cap flops over his eyes.

Reason tells you it can't be so, yet today this black-haired imp is the centerfielder of the Angels who can climb a fence after a ball like Jim Piersall, has a throwing arm compared to Rocky Colavito's and over the 1961-1962 seasons built himself a higher batting average—.275—than such sluggers as Harmon Killebrew, Roger Maris and Frank Thomas. Last season he also led the American League in runs scored (115) and tied the all-time league record for extra-base hits in consecutive games—hammering six doubles and a triple during a series with Detroit. On base nearly 50 percent of his times at bat, Albie possibly is the best lead-off man in the majors. The figure on the chart that counts most with any manager is "runs produced," arrived at by adding runs scored to runs-batted-in and subtracting home runs. Pete Runnels, the league batting champion, has a 214 mark for the past two years; Pearson beats Runnels going away with a 278 mark. No one expects him to be all this and tough, too, but one afternoon Chuck Cottier of Washington hit a clothesline drive that was about to clear a low fence for a home run and Albie, at full speed, leaped up and into the boards. The *thud* of the collision could be heard in the dugouts. He bounced off and fell stunned to the turf, still holding the ball.

One whole side of Pearson turned blue-black and his hand was swollen to double size and Trainer Freddy Frederico of the Angels figured he would be out for at least a week. Albie kept his hand in a bucket of ice water overnight. He put on two yards of tape the next day and he played. He finished the 1962 season with the league's second best fielding mark for centerfielders—only four errors in 160 games.

"Pound for pound," says Ted Williams, "Albie is the best ballplayer in the country. They've made a joke and a freak of him for years, but I've admired this boy since the first time I saw him and let me tell you, I'm damn happy he's shown up the wise guys."

Williams, who once coached Albie when others saw him as a hopeless proposition, is, along with Ike Eisenhower, who calls him "my boy," a leading Pearson rooter—but he's wrong in claiming normalcy for Albie. He *is* a freak. He is so short that in ball parks that feature a high pitcher's mound, he's unable to see over the hill and watch the batter swing, thereby getting an ordinary jump on the ball. Only when he shades the hitter right or left can he see; otherwise, he's fielding blind. His catcher, Bob Rodgers, says, "When I crouch behind the plate in parks with deep, sloping surfaces, I can't see Albie out there. He's so lost in the grass that it's like we had eight men on defense."

One practice afternoon, massive Ted Kluszewski, who then was rooming with the peewee, wanted to borrow a dime from him to make a telephone call from the clubhouse. Albie told the 240-pounder to get it out of his pants hanging in the locker. Kluszewski returned, looking somewhat shaken.

"You find it?" asked Pearson.

"Yeah," returned Klu. "But I couldn't get my hand into your pocket."

Situations such as Albie's boy-size trousers not accommodating Klu's big fist are so improbable that they are demoralizing to full-grown men who can't match his performance, and the general desire around the league is to wring his neck. The contrast is humiliating. When a Pearson hit beats a team, what can anyone say? "That goddam office boy took you apart!" Harry Craft once yelled at his Kansas City A's. In this case, Albie had been ill with the disease kids usually catch: mumps. He returned with his face still swollen to beat the A's with two doubles and a single. Ralph Houk, the Yankee leader, says that everything about Pearson annoys him—"Those little mannerisms of his when he comes to bat. That strut of his. The way he takes it for granted he'll sting you with a hit. Makes a man mad as hell."

Aside from startling strength, Albie's best means of survival is his irritant quality. First you lose Pearson, then you lose your temper, then you lose the game. He's been using his size to upset people since he was the smallest boy of his age on his block, and also in his home town of El Monte, California. Yet he doesn't use it the way most 150-pounders do. He doesn't crouch to make his strike zone, already at an historical minimum, even smaller. He will not choke up the bat, protect the plate and try for singles. Nor does he bunt a lot, or go for walks, or use a light bat built for his hands and weight. He makes none of the orthodox concessions of one his size.

Being both shrewd, full of red corpuscles and pride, Albie irritates them even more by taking a toehold and swinging away. It is almost Holy Writ that a lightweight can succeed only by using the methods of a Nellie Fox or Luis Aparicio—poking the ball through defensive holes, seeking the base-on-balls—but Albie digs in and cockily goes for the long ball with a bat as heavy (up to 36 ounces) as Willie Mays'.

"It's bad enough you forgot the ammo, but do you have to say it so loud!"

"Just the sight of him doing the Babe Ruth act makes pitchers boil," says a teammate. "That's what Albie wants."

Last mid-season, Pearson faced Whitey Ford, who in the sixth inning was working on a three-hitter for the Yankees. And he was getting it from the Yank bench. "What is it—a bug, a worm?" they were yelling at him. "Step on it, somebody, it's moving!"

Ford gave him a low curve outside, and instead of pushing it to the opposite field, as the book says, Pearson, who is a lefthander, pulled it across his body, foul, and into the Yank dugout, scattering his tormentors. He did everything but thumb his nose at them. He waited until Ford came in with his sidearm curve, that sweeps across the plate like a big slider, and his hands blurred as he pulled it down the right-field line and against the fence for a double.

Rarely does Ford lose his poise, but the thought that someone little larger than a jockey had easily handled two of his best pitches was working on him. To rub it in, Pearson was talking to him softly from second base. "Did you let up, Whitey? You tired?"

Ford walked the next batter, Billy Moran. And then he wild-pitched. And wild-pitched a second time. Right there he was finished, as Pearson scampered in with the run that broke up the game for the Angels.

The incongruity of Albie is his main weapon, next to natural talent—(he's collected more doubles and triples the past two seasons than 85 percent of American Leaguers)—and nobody understands this better than does he. But there's something else pushing him.

Not long ago he was driving his red Cadillac convertible from Los Angeles to his home in the nearby town of Riverside, California, and talking about what it's like to go through life unbelieved and set apart—the butt of bad jokes and cruel barbs in every league where he's played. "They never run out of gags with me. And I have to go along with them," he said. "One time in the Texas League a guy got down on his knees before the cameras to pitch to me. When I was with San Jose in the California League, they put me in the bat boy's uniform. I'll admit it was the only one they had in stock that fit me, but then they sewed a big 'O' on my shirt. I hit .334 at San Jose and made the league all-star team, but the zero stayed there all season to give the fans a laugh. When I finally got to the big league, there it was again. The bat boy's suit waiting for me.

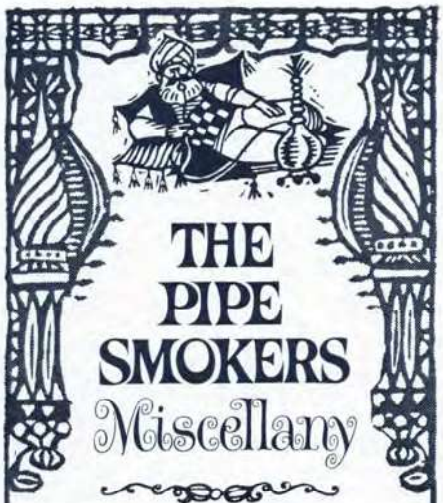
"I've always pretended it didn't matter. But it hurts inside. You see, when anyone kids a little man, there's an underlying element of ridicule in it. You're dead serious and putting out all you've got to prove you belong, and all you do is amuse people."

When Albie was a youngster, a neighbor, who weighed 200 pounds, grabbed him and shoved him around for hitting a ball into his yard. He said, enjoying the memory, "My dad is 5-foot-5 and goes 140, and he clipped this truck driver just once. I can still see the guy going up and coming down on his head. His teeth flew out like he had a mouthful of beans. One punch and it was all over. A knockout.

"You remember these things. My dad told me that when you're little, never stand and argue. They expect you to be scared and to stall, so the thing to do is to attack before they're ready. You'll notice I don't wait around at the plate. I'm swinging while the pitcher is still figuring how to set me up."

As he wheeled his fine new car, Albie was wearing a long-sleeved sport jersey worth $50, made by Sy Devore of Beverly Hills, who dresses movie stars, and tapered, handcrafted slacks. The convertible and the clothes are something Albie couldn't afford until recently. From 1953 to 1961, he was passed around by nine teams in every United States geographical area and mostly treated as a curiosity, a Zip-What-Iz-It with a certain amount of gate appeal. Few managers had enough faith to play him regularly. But expensive things suit Pearson, who never doubted he'd get them eventually. Today he's such a legitimate favorite in southern California that Ike Eisenhower is a one-man Pearson rooting section, they sell 75,000 of his photos annually and fans who can afford box seats crowd into the bleachers back of his station in Chavez Ravine's center field.

Not so long ago, Albie drove 3,000 miles nonstop with his pregnant wife and two baby daughters in the back seat of



THE PIPE SMOKERS Miscellany

Tidbits, Tips & Trivia from the makers of Bond Street

THE JOY OF SMOKING TO THE HEEL

When you reach the dottle —those last shreds of tobacco wedged in the heel—don't think you've had it. Your pipe may mislead you and go out, but light up again for those last sweet puffs.

By smoking the dottle, you do your heel good by caking it the same as the rest of the bowl. And it's easier to empty your pipe when finished.

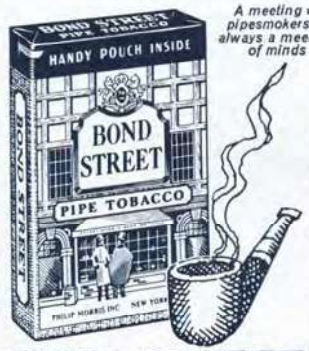
These are just extras, though. Your big advantage is a longer, sweeter smoke, good to the last dottle. Doubly assured when your tobacco is Bond Street.

Give a man a pipe he can smoke... And his home is bright with a calm delight.

THOMSON

THE PIPE TOBACCO THAT STAYS LIT

Bond Street Pipe Tobacco keeps burning because of its old English cut—a combination of flakes for even-burning and cubes for slower-burning. You'll enjoy the pleasant aroma and satisfying flavor of Bond Street's choice imported and domestic tobaccos, too. Make your next pipeful Bond Street.



A meeting of pipesmokers is always a meeting of minds

BOND STREET

A product of Philip Morris Inc.

a third-hand car and did it without sleep, because he couldn't afford a motel room. Now he has a five-bedroom, three-bathroom ranch house in the $50,000 class alongside a golf course in Riverside, his three children attend private school, he owns the Mighty Mite Corporation (maker of sport equipment) and he's a disc-jockey and TV performer on the side. He also has one of the most beautiful wives in the country—who is three inches shorter than Albie and thinks he's stupendous.

When we reached his home, Albie proudly presented his wife, Helen. She is a creamy-skinned, almond-eyed brunette of Rumanian blood, with looks that rival Yvonne de Carlo's.

"Albie was different from every other boy I met," she said. "At our wedding, the vocalist didn't show up. So when I got ready to walk down the aisle, I was surprised to hear someone up in the front of the church singing a song. It was *Because*. I almost dropped my flowers when he went into *Tenderly*. Because it was Albie doing the singing. . . ."

Some 500 attended the ceremony and as one guest remarked, it had everything but Hollywood cameras rolling.

Albie is ambitious but you don't make it to where he is merely on pluck and ambition. With him, it goes much deeper—into the realm of cruelties taken and hated, into the struggle to gain respect and into his lightly-concealed bitterness at those who've lampooned him. The precept that kept him going in his outcast minor-league years was: *Cut them down to size. Prove you can do anything a big man can do.* And one other standby: *Never lean on anybody—be independent.*

One result is that Albie is a loner on the Los Angeles club. "I don't see much of the regulars, socially," he said. "Seems I'm always drawn to the nobodies, the desperation guys, the players just hanging onto their job. If anyone knows how they feel, it's me."

Warned not to get friendly with Bo Belinsky, the Angel pitcher who is deep in the front-office's doghouse for his woman-chasing, Pearson has made a point of cultivating him. When Angel publicists want Albie for a public appearance, often he's not available. It burns up the club executives, but he won't budge. "Maybe if they'd been exhibited as long like a sideshow freak," says a friend of Albie's, "they'd know what goes on inside him."

This one-man-by-himself attitude shows up again on the bench. Hardly the ballplayer lives who hasn't returned to the dugout and cried, "That s.o.b. is throwing at me!" with the request that his own pitcher retaliate with a beanball. "Pearson asks for nothing from no one at any time," remarks Bill Rigney, his manager. "If he has a beef with someone he takes care of it, all alone."

From time to time, pitchers decide they can stop the pygmy by throwing at his delicate ankles, and at Detroit last season they had him skipping rope as a three-game series opened. Albie didn't curse or even look at the umpire, but he—

Drove a Jim Bunning fast ball past Al Kaline against the right-field fence for a double . . .

Chased Rocky Colavito to the left-field corner for another double . . .

Slapped one a mile over Bill Bruton's head in right center for a triple. . . .

He was spraying chalk or denting the boards all over the park and next he sent Kaline to chasing a drive down the right-field boundary—another double. When the series ended, Albie had lost four pounds (down to 134) and had batted for 15 total bases, including six doubles and a triple, which tied the all-time American League record for extra-base production in two straight games. It was such a feat that Leon Wagner, the Angels' home-run king, went down on his knees in the dugout, salaaming to Albie and cried, "Man, you're a *giant!* Show me how to swing like that!"

Home runs are something he can't hope to deliver often, but he lines a ball as hard for 300 feet as anyone in baseball. What everyone wants to know is—where does he get the power? He does what he does mainly by deciding to do it.

For instance, in 1958 at Washington, somebody told Albie that he had a pretty fair locker-room baritone voice. He could have passed it off. But pretty soon, Albie was standing at a field mike, singing a solo for Vice-President Dick Nixon and 18,000 fans. "Then I wind up on the Dave Garroway show with a quartet," he said. "But I'm not satisfied."

Coming . . .

Pat Frank's startling story on WHAT WE'LL FIND ON MARS, AND WHEN!

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

When the Angels acquired him in 1961, he walked into the office of Roger Carroll, a KMPC-Los Angeles disc jockey and said he wanted to record a song. Carroll said, "You're kidding. We don't run amateur night here."

"Listen to my voice first," said Albie, "and then you can throw me out."

The next day, a surprised Carroll phoned Capitol Records and then Capitol signed Pearson to a six-year contract. The firm has released a series of his records, among them the good-selling, *And the Angels Sing*. While he's still a long way from being Vic Damone, the platter experts believe the ballplayer can become an important ballad-singer. Around the league, Albie is called a "hot dog," or show-off, for pushing his way into outside fields. However, his critics don't collect royalties, and not many can match him at anything he puts his mind to, from business to golf.

In another case, shortly before his rookie big-league season of 1958, Albie walked into the National Baseball Players' Golf Championship at Miami Springs, an unknown entrant. This is a cutthroat event among players who border upon professional ability. The registration committee thought he was a caddy.

"No, I'm Pearson and I hit .371 and

led the Texas League in hitting a year ago," he said.

"How do you play golf?" they asked, meaning his handicap.

"Left-handed," said Albie.

It's an accepted fact that lefthanders cannot play top-flight golf, a theory that has been used to discourage Albie since he was very young. He was shown that no lefty ever had become a star. He didn't believe this had to be the case, any more than the presumption that he couldn't reach the baseball big league. In his spare time, he practiced a lot of golf.

In Florida, without working up a sweat, Albie beat the defending champion, Al Lopez, and then won the title in a 19-hole battle with John Gray, a Phillies pitcher who had 12 inches in height and 80 pounds on him.

Today, six years later, he's good enough to play exhibitions with Arnold Palmer, no less. At Palm Springs, where he's shot a number of 66s and 67s, he once had Palmer two-down after 18 holes. In 1962 he teamed with a pro and won the big-time Bing Crosby Invitational at Pebble Beach, after which he had offers to turn professional. "Albie could make money on the P.G.A. circuit right now," says Palmer.

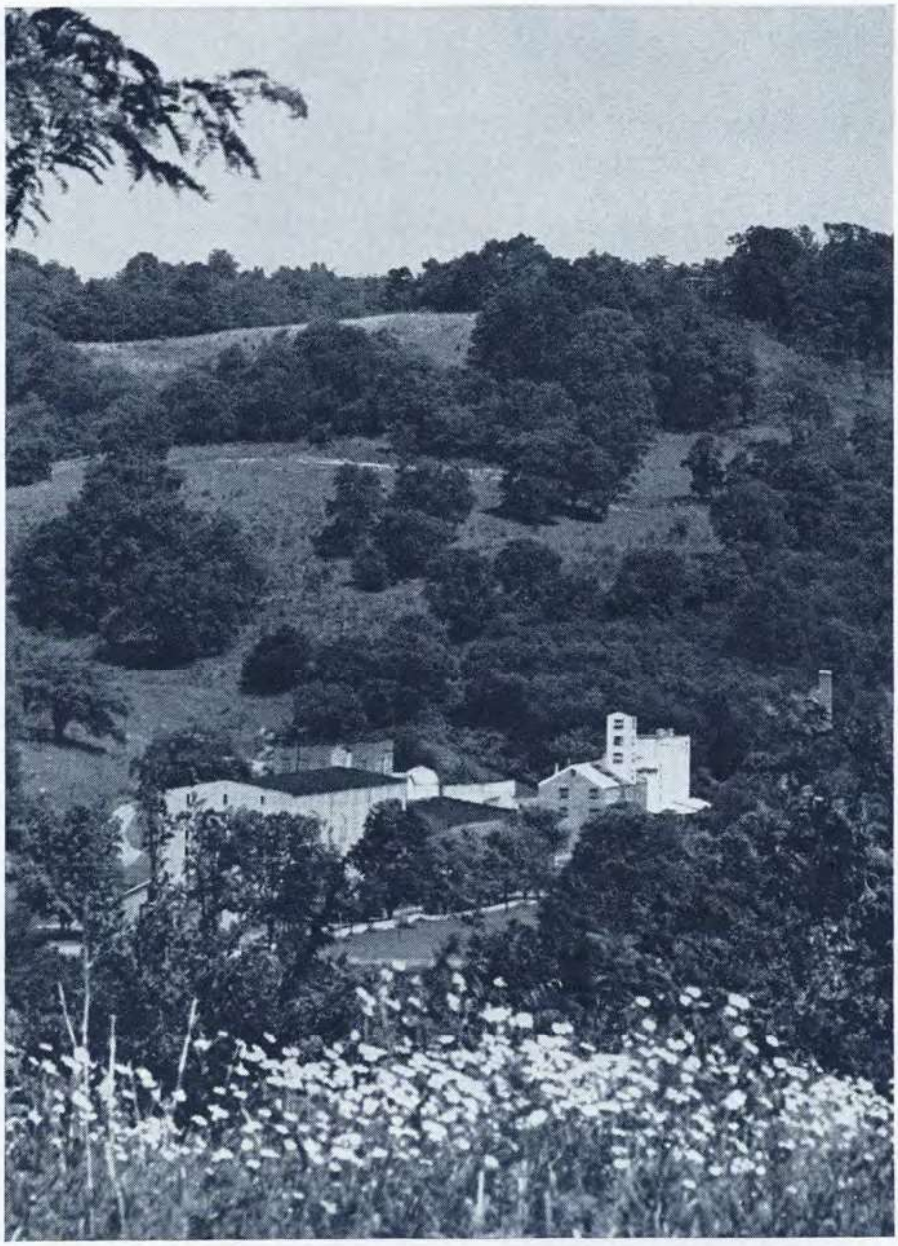
Pearson is a bitter-ender, a die-hard—and a success. Any male of small stature, bothered with ego trouble, can get a thrill out of him, particularly if he knows that as a child Albie was a consuming problem to medical scientists. His grandfather, Baby Harry Pearson, the fighter, stands 5-feet-3 and weighs 118. Albie's father is little larger. His mother is 4-feet-11. And when Albie was 12 years old, he had the physique of a 9-year-old. He then weighed 62 pounds and measured 53 inches. He seemed to have stopped growing altogether. Jeering playmates called him "Tom Thumb" and he cried himself to sleep at night. Doctors found his bone structure to be immature, his metabolism low and even the eruption of his permanent teeth delayed.

A 5-foot-3-inch Beverly Hills, California, doctor, Milton Tobias, is the hero of the piece. When Albie's dad read that Dr. Tobias had worked wonders with undersized offspring of movie stars, he took the boy to him and a long series of hypodermic injections of thyroid began. After a year, Albie had grown only one inch, but had gained 11 pounds. "Please, can you get me up to five feet?" he pleaded.

"I may do better, if your rump holds out," said Dr. Tobias, who three times a week stuck a needle into him. "And if you'll never eat sweets or sugar."

For another year, Albie gave up the delight of candy and ice cream. Tobias added to the treatment a potent pig's hormone. At that, he gained from 4-feet-6 to 5-feet-2 at age 14—enough so that he could enter schoolboy sports.

In another three years, he was a celebrity around El Monte, California, although no big-league scout would get caught talking to him. As the smallest youth in his whole area, he was a pitcher who won 23 and lost 5 games over his high school career, an all-league halfback and a sprinter who ran the 100-yard



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When you head into the rough stuff after the big ones, you don't have to worry about your Merc coming to a steaming stop. A Merc doesn't have a protruding nose on the lower unit to hang up weeds, clog the water pump, and cause overheating.

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Besides that, Merc's one-piece lower unit will take hard knocks that would bust the seams on other outboards. And you don't shear pins, because it has none. Instead, Merc has a live-rubber clutch that momentarily gives with the impact.

Over open water or through weeds and reeds, Mercury gives you more RUN for your money.

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dash in :09.9. Between appearances, he threw a heavy brick around his back yard to build muscle. He chinned himself until a metal bar bent and broke. He was always looking for the equalizer.

No one at all thought he could play any game for money, not at 5-feet-3½ and, typically, Pearson enrolled in a college course in psychology when he graduated. Then he calmly told Tom Downey, a Boston Red Sox scout, "I'm ready. I'll play with my head better than those big guys, and I'll make you look good."

"You'll make me look crazy if I sign you," said Downey. But he decided to take a chance. In 1953 he gave Pearson $250 a month to report to San Jose in the Class C California League.

There it was that Red Marion, manager, handed the kid a suit with a number "0" on the back and Albie became a walking publicity stunt.

The incompetents who make a living in baseball are many. And he met more than his share, beginning then and extending to such towns as Louisville, Albany, Montgomery, San Francisco, Oklahoma City, Havana and Miami. Red Sox scouts continued to tell the home office that he hadn't a chance, despite a better record than most of the $75,000 bonus boys they'd signed willy-nilly. Albie hit .305 at Montgomery, .371 at Oklahoma City (highest Texas League mark in 26 years), and .297 at San Francisco. His reward was to stay stuck in the minors and the unanimous opinion that he should get a job that fit him: say, shining hubcaps for an auto dealer.

Six years later, the Red Sox traded him to Washington, which at least meant he'd get a big-time tryout, and in the spring of 1958 Albie headed for training camp in Orlando, Florida. Albie reached Orlando with $20 to his name, no bed for his family and exhausted.

After 24 hours he was broke, so he went to Drubsdread Country Club, where his new boss, Calvin Griffith, was living it up, and introduced himself. Griffith, having traded for him with Boston sight-unseen, thought it was a practical joke. "Don't kid me," he said. "Boston is sending me an outfielder, not an ad for elevated shoes."

Albie drew himself up indignantly. He was wearing a jacket with heavy padding, so as to seem huskier than his 130 pounds. "They did send you an outfielder, and a good one. Me," he said. "But before I prove it, I need a $250 advance."

With misgivings, Griffith slipped him the $250, and when the season opened, the Senators' owner went around accepting compliments on his skill as a trader. Once given a chance, Pearson hit a 400-foot homer off Skinny Brown, a 352-foot homer off Early Wynn, and had an average up with the league-leaders. But there were setbacks. In Yankee Stadium, Mickey Mantle whaled a ball over his head that landed amidst the center-field monuments to Lou Gehrig, Miller Huggins and Babe Ruth. Albie disappeared. He'd retrieved the ball, but was too short to see over the statues and make the return throw. Shortstop Rocky Bridges, running out to handle the relay, screamed, "Hey, one of you guys—Ruth, Gehrig, Pearson—throw the goddam ball in!"

Cal Griffith had $200,000 worth of athlete on his hands when 1958 ended, for Albie led the team in singles, doubles and stolen bases, got 146 hits, averaged .275 and beat out the Yanks' Ryne Duren for "Rookie of the Year" honors. The next season, a hernia and a flu attack dropped him to Kentucky Derby jockeys' weight, 126 pounds. He couldn't perform and was traded to Baltimore. And there he stagnated. The manager, Paul Richards, couldn't get over the fact that the kids Albie signed autographs for were taller than he.

"Ted Williams took me into a room at Fenway Park and showed me about hitting," says Albie. "He also said I'd have to make my own breaks. That wasn't news. It never had been any other way."

He made a new break for himself, but first he came close to getting killed in Cuba. Needing the $3,500 pay, he signed with the Havana Reds in the Winter League, and before long was trapped in a war when Castro seized power from Batista.

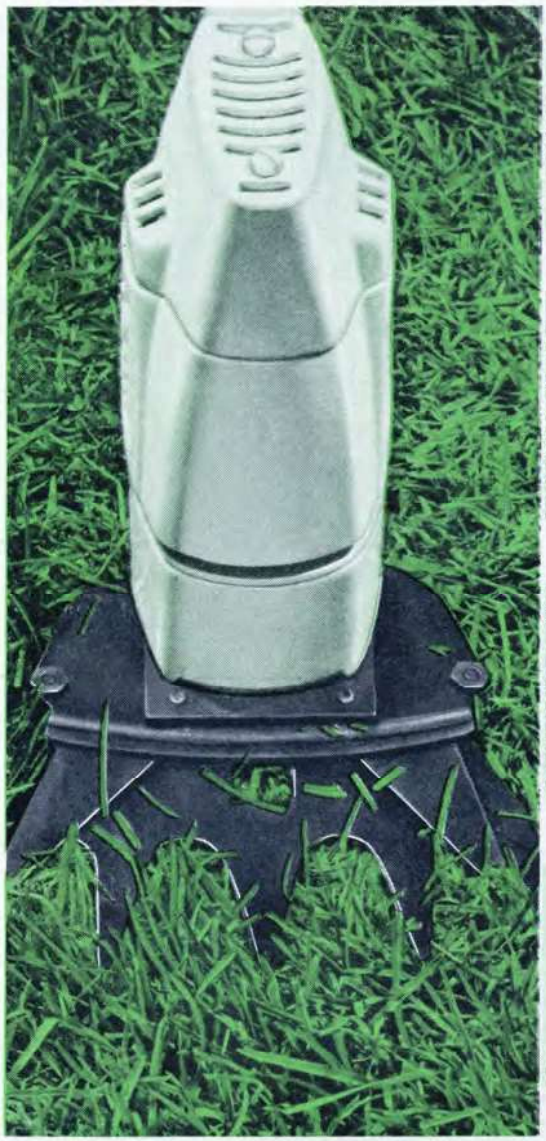
Back home in 1960, Pearson went on the auction block in Baltimore, but he didn't stand around and wait to be sold to some dead-end team like Kansas City. He has the promotional instinct of a Cash-and-Carry Pyle. In Los Angeles, a new club was in formation, the Angels, and to General Manager Fred Haney he sent a wire:

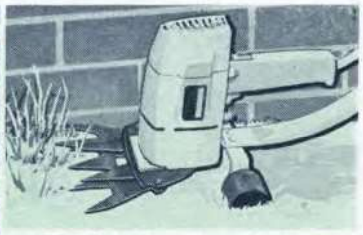
"Owing to the fact that I am not playing regularly, I can be obtained very cheaply. As a native California son with many friends and fans in your area and as a player willing to give everything I've got, I wish you would look into me."

Haney was a 5-foot-7 major leaguer, in his day, and he showed the first clear insight anyone had displayed in eight years to Pearson's potential by drafting him for $75,000. At the present moment, Haney is a Los Angeles hero for this move, and a few others like it. In 1961 Albie led the Angels in hitting average, base-running, fielding and hustle; last season he was one of the main spark plugs of a team that as late as September gave the Yankees a surprise run for the pennant. He came into his own, fully, when Whitey Ford said, "In a tight spot, Pearson is about the last man I want to see walk up there."

When you add it all up, and viewing it against one's own weaknesses, little Albie is an example of what most of us would like to be: the winner over the Big Question—how good am I? Sold short by society, he never doubted himself. And he kept the cap on his personal fear. In the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel last June 16, an elevator carrying 10 Angel players snapped a cable on the eighth floor. The elevator didn't stop until it plunged six floors to the mezzanine, where an arresting device stopped it. They had to go in and practically carry out most of the ballplayers, some of whom were in shock.

Nobody helped one of the players out. He didn't panic, but walked away from it calmly and quietly. "Albie," said an observer of the frightening scene, "looked as big as anyone when he came out of there, didn't he?" —Al Stump





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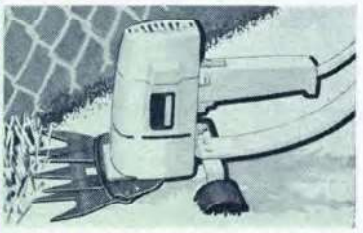

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SKIL POWER TOOLS

Jinx Hunt for the 200th Tiger

[*Continued from page* 50]

During the night a tiger killed one of several buffalo calves that the Maharaja's *shikaris* or hunters had tied out in the jungle as baits. That afternoon we tiptoed into the jungle and settled ourselves along the rim of a 30-foot cliff. Somewhere below and to our right the gorged tiger lay resting from the heat.

There are three ways to hunt such a tiger. One is to creep near the bait, quietly put up a tree platform called a *machan*, or build a little blind on the ground, and sit in it waiting for the tiger to return to its kill. As this is usually a one-man deal—with a good chance that the tiger might not appear until after dark—we didn't consider trying to observe and photograph it.

Often a skillful *shikari* can locate a tiger lying up near the kill without disturbing it, and then leave. Such a tiger can later be stalked on foot and shot, often in the act of charging. This is usually a two-man show and a form of sport His Highness rarely indulges in, so we passed this by also.

Finally there is a drive or "beat" as the Indians call it wherein a long line of noise-making men advance toward the tiger and drive it toward a hidden, waiting gunner. This is Bundi's favorite method since several people can watch, and if there should be *two* tigers His Highness and a guest can each shoot one.

So we waited atop the little cliff for the 50 or more beaters to get into position three quarters of a mile away in the jungle. Bundi sat on a rock with his pet double rifle, a magnificent Royal Grade Holland & Holland .375 magnum in mint condition. He'd bagged something over 80 tigers with this rifle, 16 of them with only 18 shots.

For an hour we wilted in the 114° heat. When the wind blew it was like a belch from a blast furnace. There was little shade. A rifle or camera left in the sun for a few minutes would become too hot to hold so we covered such with leaves, handkerchiefs or whatever was handy.

Suddenly from afar came a faint chorus of shouts. The beat!

A line of men and boys from a neighboring village were shouting, banging pots and drums, blowing bugles, beating tree trunks and bushes with long poles, some of them spear-tipped. Shotguns would be fired, rocks thrown—all to arouse a sleeping tiger and urge him our way.

We waited in growing excitement as the sound of the beat grew louder. A pair of big blue bulls erupted at the edge of a clearing at our backs and gave us a start as they pounded past about 40 yards away. On a previous hunt in India I had twice seen driven tigers approach to within 35 yards of the gun, so I *knew* this would work.

The suspense became almost unbearable. The Maharaja sat bolt upright, rifle ready. Now the noise of the beaters drowned out the shrieks of peacocks put to flight. A band of monkeys went tearing through the bushes below us, their chattering unheard.

Then I noticed the "stops"—men in trees who would turn a tiger toward us by clapping their hands—begin to climb down and I thought, *damnation, it's a bust!*

And so it was. The tiger had wandered out of the area a bit before the beat began. We didn't know it then, but this was the first of the bingo-buggerance tigers.

Before the trip I'd learned that each Maharaja—there are about 200—receives an annual government remittance called a privy purse, the amount depending on the importance of the individual Maharaja. Some, like Bundi, own an income-producing farm that supplements their income. Finally, the government also makes grants for marriages.

I attached little significance to this until I happened to ask His Highness about the marriage of his daughter a month before our arrival.

"Yes, it was a big affair," he told me. "We were feeding about six thousand people for five days at the old palace, and there were gifts of several elephants."

"Good Lord! What did you do with the elephants?"

"Oh, they aren't real elephants any more. Today an 'elephant' gift consists of a piece of brocade, a suit length of silk, et cetera and a thousand rupees."

"What did you do with elephants in the old days?"

"My father had nineteen. They'd be used in processions and for hunting—mostly to track down wounded tigers in heavy cover. And sometimes they'd fight a pair of elephants with a low, wide wall between them so the fight wouldn't get out of hand, with perhaps a mahout or two killed."

"Your daughter is a princess," I said. "Will her children be princes and princesses?"

"Of course. Her husband is the eldest son of the Maharaja of Alwar, and next in line to the title."

"Suppose you didn't have a son to succeed you? What would happen?" I asked. "Are Maharajas dying out in India?"

"I could adopt a son who would succeed. Otherwise the title would go to the next in line." Bundi lit a cigarette and grinned. "We're definitely not dying out. The government doesn't want us to and I don't believe the people do either."

"Didn't a Maharaja recently get elected to parliament?" Roger asked.

"Yes, and by a thumping majority."

We were talking after a late breakfast in camp. Just then an aide came running up and spoke in rapid Hindi to His Highness.

"A tiger!" he exclaimed. "At least, they think it's a tiger. A woman was washing clothes in the river half a mile below camp and saw a reddish-colored animal come to the water and drink. My men believe it is still in the area below some cliffs."

Once again we had a beat as we waited atop a cliff. With the wide river cutting off escape on the one side, and the steep cliffs a barricade of sorts on the other, it looked a sure thing. I got excited when the peafowl, owls and monkeys started boiling past us. And then we were looking down on the beaters—what had happened?

"It was a big leopard," Bundi told us presently. He was quite plainly annoyed. "My men should have put a stop about 150 yards from us where there was a cleft in the cliff, but they thought no animal could get up through there. That's where the leopard escaped."

In the afternoon we had our third drive. There was no kill in the area,

[*Continued on page* 94]

TRUE

"Gesundheit!"

Cornell Aeronautical Lab

man to man ANSWERS

from the staff of TRUE

In test of reactions to extreme glare, driver tries to keep car in painted lane.

As a staunch proponent of all-around male superiority, Leon Terazzo of Los Angeles asks us if he's right in his belief that women have slower reaction times than men.

Well, we have it on the authority of Dr. Leonard Carmichael, of the Smithsonian Institution, a learned gentleman who has studied the results of many tests, that "age for age" the average reaction time of females is definitely longer than that of males. In a situation where a split second makes a difference, the 10 to 25 percent greater speed with which the male reacts makes him better fitted for sports, flying jet planes, or, for that matter, driving a car under certain conditions.

This difference between male and female reaction times is only one fact being turned up by researchers who are checking into how fast you can swing into action. Various space and military scientists are exploring the subject because they know that the speed with which a man reacts can mean the difference between life and death. The Army Chemical Warfare Corps, for instance, was interested in finding out how quickly a man can start holding his breath after he gets an indication that he's breathing a poison gas. The Corps worked out an ingenious back pack that tape-records a man's normal breathing pattern and the exact moment at which he stops breathing after an alarm signal. It takes, the researchers report, 1.4 seconds to stop breathing.

That's a lot slower than the reaction time required for you to slam on the brakes of your car. In tests on driving simulation machines, this runs pretty consistently, for men, at .44 of a second. That is, that's the time it takes for the stop message to travel from your eye to your brain, for your brain to flash a suitable message to the right muscles, and for the muscles to react. In actual traffic situations, the speed is slower. AAA studies indicate that it may run as high as ¾ of a second.

The scientists have been checking up on some basic facts about reaction time. Do you slow down with age? Yes, but if you're average, your reaction time stays pretty consistent up to the age of 60. For some men, because of "different rates of psychological aging," reactions slow down earlier.

It is widely believed that caffein speeds up reactions. Actually, it has little or no effect one way or the other. Alcohol's a different matter. Tests back up the contention of some people that they're not slowed down by drinking. Right after a drink your reactions speed up a little. Later, they're slowed.

Can reactions be speeded up by practice? Air Force tests say "no." Reaction time is governed by the speed with which impulses travel along nerve fibers, and the top happens to be about 200 miles an hour.

Q. Can you tell me anything about a sea monster which is said to inhabit Lake Okanagan in British Columbia? *Philip L. Rife, York, Pa.*

A: This legendary creature is called Ogopogo and is associated with Squally Point, opposite the present city of Peachland, where the lake is unusually rough. The Ogopogo story comes from the Indians who knew the animal as N'ha-a-itk. It may be that the huge sturgeon which live in the lake provide the real explanation of the legend.

Q: How much of the Kingdom of Jordan is desert? *Jack Cramer, Evansville, Ind.*

A: Of the total area of 37,301 miles at least 95 percent is desert. The population of 1,636,000 includes some 50,000 nomads and 120,000 seminomads, many of whom retain tribal organization and still live in tents. Most of the country can be used only for grazing. Sheep, goats and camels are the animals usually raised.

Q: When did a member of the Detroit Tigers last win the American League home run championship? *Glenn Armstrong, Madison, Wis.*

A: In 1944 Hank Greenberg won it with 44 home runs.

Q: What does Alaska's state flag look like? *James Cannon, Atlanta, Ga.*

A: It consists of eight gold stars on a field of blue. The stars are in the shape of the Big Dipper and Polaris, the North Star. The design was chosen in a contest for school children held in 1927. It was created by Benny Benson of Seward who was 13 at the time.

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Q: What automobile company used the slogan "Ask the Man Who Owns One"? *Prentic Aubert, Anacortes, Wash.*

Culver

A: This slogan was coined by J. W. Packard, founder of the Packard Motor Car Co., in 1902. The company used it continuously from that time until it merged with Studebaker in 1954. Although Packard automobiles are no longer produced, the Studebaker Corp. has the right to use this slogan and does, in fact, use it from time to time.

Q: Is it possible to homestead land in New Mexico? *James Gary, Tulsa, Okla.*

A: For all practical purposes homesteading is a thing of the past and is not possible in any state except Alaska. Homesteads can only be considered for lands that are suitable for cultivation. Most of the remaining public land in New Mexico is of low grazing capacity and cannot be cultivated. An applicant, if the application is allowed, must maintain residence on the land and cultivate 1/16 of the area during the second year and 1/8 the third year. Since farming in New Mexico requires irrigation, the cost of developing the land prior to patent would require a capital investment of at least $20,000.

Q: How do one-way mirrors work? *Glenn M. Larson, Albuquerque, N. M.*

A: The glass is coated with a special chrome alloy which, unlike ordinary opaque mirror coating, is transparent. It works most effectively when the reflective or mirror side faces a lighted room and the unseen observer on the other side is in a darkened room. Ideally the light ratio should be 10 to 1 but the mirror will work satisfactorily with a 5 to 1 ratio.

Q: What ever happened to Wes Santee, the U.S. miler? *Bill Scharmaun, Seaside, Calif.*

A: Santee is now in the insurance business in Lawrence, Kansas. He was given a lifetime suspension by the AAU in 1956. It was decided that he had received $1,500 more than allowable under amateur rules as expense money for competing in 22 meets in 1955. During his career Santee ran 48 miles under 4:10. His best effort was 4:00.5 in the Jerry Thompson Mile at the 1955 Texas Relays which set a new American record at the time.

Q: How long can a shark stay alive out of water? *Brian Burrill, Vancouver, B.C.*

A: Some sharks can survive as much as two hours after being boated and could conceivably do serious harm to an unwary fisherman. How long different species can live out of water depends on their individual oxygen requirements. The Nurse Shark has been known to live out of water for two hours and to recover fully when returned to water. On the other hand, the Mako or Great White Shark would be likely to die within a half hour.

Q: What is a guided missile frigate? Is it some sort of destroyer? *Bernard Seymour, Los Angeles, Calif.*

A: Yes. It is the largest of the destroyer-type ships and has an overall length of 512 feet, a beam of 50 feet and a displacement of 5,700 tons. It is armed with Terrier missiles, 5-inch guns, anti-submarine rockets and torpedoes, and the drone anti-submarine helicopter. The Navy has been building these ships since 1955. It now has 29 of them in operation or under construction including two that are nuclear powered.

Q: Did Charles Atlas ever tow a railroad car as I've been told? *Dr. C. E. Thubauville, Whitewater, Wis.*

A: Yes. In 1939, using one rope, he pulled a 145,000-pound railroad car along the rails for 122 feet. Atlas is now 70 years old. He was born in Italy and his name originally was Angelo Siciliano although his present name was established by a legal change.

Q: In curling why do the players sweep in front of the stone? *James F. Hagen, Princeton, B. C.*

A: Curling is a game played on ice. The stone weighs 42½ pounds, is shaped like a teapot and has a handle on it. The player pushes it toward the tee which is a bull's-eye painted on the ice 138 feet away. The stone moves in a large arc toward the target. The players sweep in front of the stone as it moves along. The friction of the broom heats the ice and causes the stone to travel with less resistance. Two brooms in unison are also used to create a vacuum in front of the stone and draw it forward.

Q: Is it true that there is a South American lizard that runs on top of water? ***Peter Mancini, Chicago, Ill.***

A: Yes. It is known as the basilisk and grows to a length of three feet. If it is fleeing and reaches a river it does not hesitate but, running on its hind legs, dashes across the surface. It does not sink because of the great speed it is traveling and because its long, slender tail acts as a rudder and as an aquaplane.

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Q: Who is the Indian pictured on the stamp of cigarette packages? ***Timothy O'Brien, Tulsa, Okla.***

A: You must be thinking of Chief Powhatan who is shown on the strip of blue paper used as a closure on the products of the American Tobacco Co. In 1959 the Internal Revenue Code was amended so that cigarette companies no longer had to place federal excise tax stamps on all packages, although, of course, they have to continue paying the tax. The old tax stamp carried a picture of DeWitt Clinton, an early governor of New York. Manufacturers are now free to use any design they like on the closure or to dispense with it altogether.

Q. What happens to house flies in the wintertime? ***Frank Pisut, Chicago, Ill.***

A: When the temperature drops below 60°, adult house flies seek shelter in buildings and do not come out again until warm weather returns. Most of those that survive the entire winter are fertilized females. They can survive only if they are able to find quarters where the temperature does not go below 20. Since one female lays 500 eggs and the flies become mature in two weeks, house flies can increase extremely rapidly under favorable conditions.

HAVE A QUESTION?

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[*Continued from page* 90]

and no tigers had been seen in it that day, but it was thought to be a good chance. This time we waited in the top of a stone house that had been built just for hunting years ago. No luck.

Bingo-buggerance . . . and I had begun to distrust an aide-de-camp who seemed to be in charge of supplying information on tigers. Not knowing his name, I privately thought of him as Elephant Pants. Probably he was blameless but he looked like a movie heavy and one tends to seek a cause when a hunt seems to be going sour. . . .

That night the talk turned to man-eating tigers. We were sitting on folding chairs on a low circular stone platform in the garden of Bundi's rather incredible "camp." The main two-story stone building was the size of a roomy summer home. Attached to it like a roofed breezeway was an old railway car which served as quarters for His Highness' principal aides. Beyond were other buildings for servants, and a separate cookhouse. Stone steps led down to the river below. Out front a guard of Indian army soldiers challenged all who approached the premises.

"I've only killed one man-eater," Bundi told us, "but he was my most memorable tiger. A few years ago, a tigress with two cubs killed a man in our territory about eighty miles south of Bundi. Well, they ate the man and developed a taste for human flesh.

"In a couple of years they'd become a menace and word of it reached me. I sent my head *shikari* down and he shot the tigress and one of the young. But the remaining tiger continued to stalk and kill people, so I finally decided to go down myself.

"My men found it almost immediately, waiting in some jungle for them to come just a little closer so it could leap out and kill one of them. They smoked and talked for a while to see if it would go away but it didn't, so they withdrew slowly, figuring they just about had it under lock and key.

"We had a beat as quickly as it could be arranged and I sat in a rather low machan, since there were no big trees about. I'd say I was about 12 feet above ground.

"The beat started and I soon heard a rustling nearby which I assumed was a peacock or a monkey. Suddenly the tiger leaped up to my machan edge from beneath. There was no time to aim—I just picked up the rifle and pulled the trigger.

"Fortunately the force of the bullet knocked it down. I'd hit it in the belly. As the tiger rolled on the ground, I gave him the other barrel and broke his back. Then I finished him."

"Was he a big one?" Roger asked.

"Yes, the biggest I've shot so far: 10 feet, 4 inches."

"Hmmm," said Roger. "He could just about have reached you on his hind legs."

"Very nearly," said Bundi with a grin. "I've thought of it often."

A buffet supper had been served on a long table in the garden, brimful with Indian dishes but with European-style cooking thoughtfully provided at one

STAR BRIGHT, STELLA STEVENS—Yes, Stella Stevens, the winsome young actress, is featured in the June issue of CAVALIER, en deshabille. Various other young ladies appear in the same charming disarray on the gatefold and other pages. In contrasting array, an imposing line-up of CAVALIER'S men in motion in a man's world—Representative John Lindsay of N. Y. ("37th President of the U. S.?"), Peter Ustinov in a bristlingly witty interview, Ian Fleming testing the odds at Monte Carlo as our own Bonded messenger, Maurice Zolotow casting a quizzical eye on the jazz cult, James Collier cocking an inquiring eye at call girls and their career motivations, and a young man's view of Atlanta, Georgia. Much more, of course, since CAVALIER every month stimulates the mind, the heart, and the eye with deliberately varied and refreshingly adult fare. On sale at your newsstand, May 10. Cavalier

end for those of us who found some of the curries too hot. We ate under a towering full moon, the evening cool and refreshing after the searing day.

Maybe tomorrow, a tiger. . . .

During the night bingo-buggerance, which had been only toying with us till then, stalked into camp boldly and took gleeful, invisible possession of us while we slept.

There was no kill during the night but Elephant Pants brought news of a positive sighting of a tiger in a certain spot at dawn. A place of caves and deep shade such as a tiger prefers to rest in. And so we journeyed there, to find ourselves at the rim of a deep canyon. It was a brooding, vine-hung vale echoing to the cries of an eagle wheeling above.

A most elaborate beat was staged, converging upon our position with military precision. Eventually they ran the "tiger" past us—a pair of reddish-brown wild dogs.

If they were four or five feet apart in the brush, I suppose they could have looked like a tiger, I thought as we climbed glumly toward the Jeeps.

The next day was worse. There had been a kill during the night and the nearby terrain was such that two machans were put up in trees. There were two tigers in the beat—the fifth so far—but owing to a goof on the part of a beater, who got too far ahead and opened up a hole in the line, neither animal passed within sight of either machan. A sixth beat for the larger of the two tigers also fizzled.

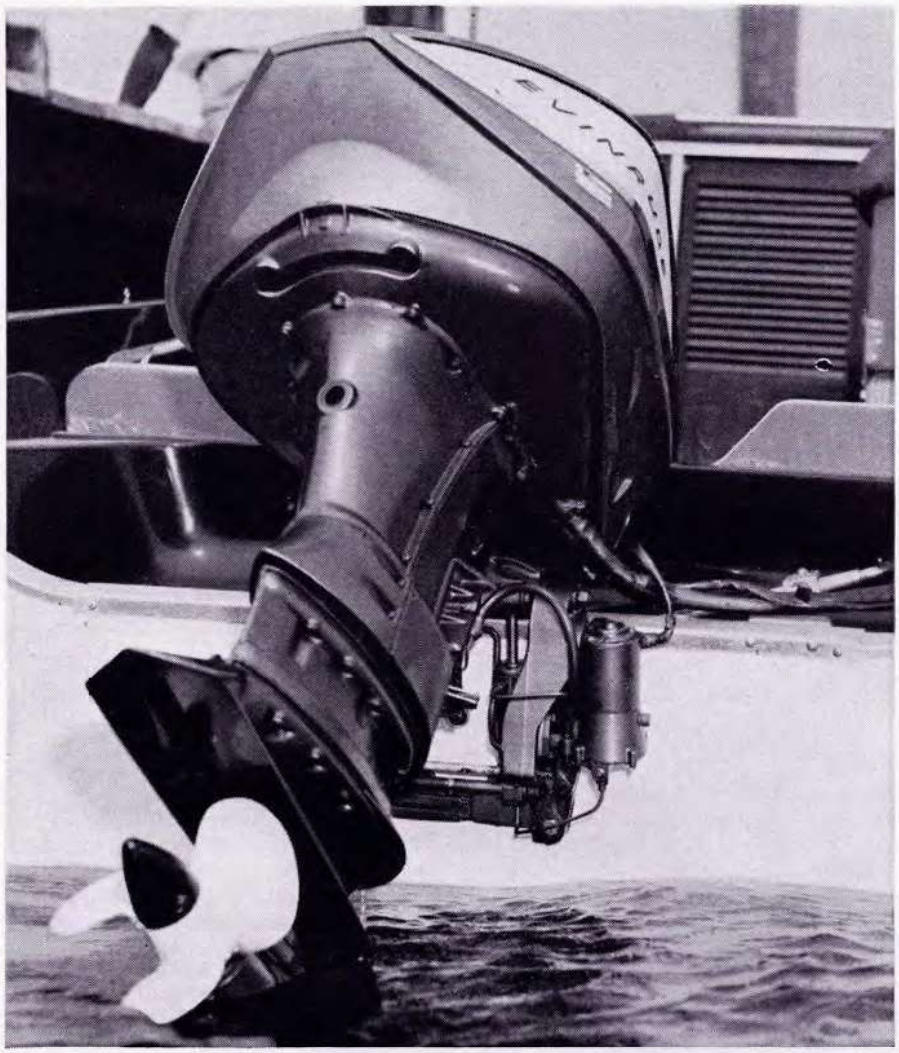
"I cannot understand such a run of bad luck," said Bundi as we drove back to camp in the cool of the evening. "Everything has gone wrong. Surely nothing more can happen—our time is running out."

As twilight fell, game appeared at the jungle edge and in clearings. Three times we stopped while His Highness shot two four-horned deer and Roger an axis deer. . . .

The days had begun to blur for us because we were beset by a bingo-buggerance of our own: too little sleep. We all had late suppers because of coming back late to camp after the day's shoot, which was always followed by a night drive. Afterward we'd go to bed at 2 a.m. or so. Since the ground floor of the main building retained so much of the day's heat, our beds were set outside at the edge of the garden every evening. Here we'd sleep, pleasantly cool.

And here we'd awake without fail every morning between 5:20 and 5:30, when we'd be acrawl with small house flies. They'd get in your ears, up your nose, and they especially liked to camp on closed eyelids until same fluttered awake. We'd brought a well-known American insect repellent in spray cans; stuff that has worked for us at home. Groggily we'd reach for the cans and blast the flies. They loved the cooling spray from these cans. It invigorated them and somehow increased their buzzing capacity by several decibels.

It is a peculiarity of these country flies that they hate height—none went up to the second floor where His Highness re-



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"I'm not sure, but I think I saw him put an olive in it."

posed. And so we averaged few hours' sleep each night.

The ferocious heat was wearing too. We were perpetually thirsty no matter how much liquid we consumed. One day I kept notes of what I drank and I'm still astonished by the total: two glasses of pineapple juice, one cup of tea, two beers, two Cokes, one lemon squash, long drinks from the river twice, 14 glasses of water and several Scotches on the rocks.

Once Roger and I found ourselves in a high machan with one of the Maharaja's aides I called Jimmy Cagney, and they forgot to hand up the water. Since they'd taken away the rope ladder, we were out of luck till the drive was over. It was torture. . . .

We came to know the Maharaja of Bundi as a man of immense patience and understanding. Yet underlying an easy-going exterior was the drive and perseverance of the dedicated hunter. He could sit motionless under the blazing sun endlessly so long as he thought a movement might betray his presence to a tiger that just *might* be approaching at the end of a drive.

He could have let someone else drive his Jeep, but he wrestled it over 70-odd miles daily himself, not wanting to miss any chance of spotting game from the driver's seat.

That Jeep was quite special. He'd lengthened the frame by five inches to achieve a smoother ride and designed a special body that was built for hunting. A .22 Hornet nestled in a rack behind the front seats. Between the two front seats, muzzles cocked forward, were a .375 rifle and a 12 gauge shotgun. Specially built pockets in the dash held binocular, ammunition, cigarettes and other items. We gave the Maharaja a .222 Sako Vixen rifle, handsomely engraved and with a gold boar atop the action, which he said would take the place of the .22 Hornet when he could get the rack altered.

He kept after those tigers relentlessly through no less than 12 drives, and they beat him. Sometimes one got close enough for us to hear a deep growl, like the one that was hidden from us by a bush 40 yards away as it sat and eyed a stop in a tree; or the one that challenged the beaters and leaped toward them, scattering men wildly.

But the real heartbreaker was the ninth drive. A little before it started a tiger suddenly got up about 150 yards from the machan and, exposing itself for only an instant, stepped behind a bush, never to be seen again.

The drive began—a loud, desperate, whacking affair. Elephant Pants must have drilled them hard. It advanced well, the din growing incredibly.

Somehow, a tiger remained asleep under a bush about 30 yards from the machan as His Highness got in it. Perhaps the drive awoke it at last. At any rate, it now gave a leap and landed in a little creek that passed within spitting distance of the machan. Bushes overhung both sides of the creek. In a flash that tiger got under the cover of the bushes and swam downstream *toward the machan.*

Bundi swung his rifle down for a point-blank shot, but all he could see was a flash of the tail or a paw. It was maddening. The tiger passed the machan, continued down the stream until it curved, then got out and ran off unseen.

That was about as bitter a piece of hunting luck as I've seen, but it was to set the stage for a change in the Maharaja's plans. On the following day we had the final three unsuccessful drives and this marked the end of the shikar as originally planned. Roger and Bob Halmi left. Elephant Pants left. But not Bundi.

"I will stay here and kill a tiger if it takes till the monsoon," he told me. "You must keep me company."

Two days passed during which a network of His Highness' hunters combed the countryside for news of a tiger. More baits were put out but none was touched. Finally, on the third morning, a Jeep barreled up to the entrance, threw a loud "Friend!" to the challenge of the guard, and swerved around to the front. A turbaned *shikari* leaped out and ran to the Maharaja.

Bundi's eyes lit up.

"A tiger was seen going into a cave in that place where we saw the two wild dogs! He'll rest there all day, and then—"

It was the "and then—" that had us worried. A *shikari* had remained at the site to watch the cave mouth, so we would know for sure if the tiger was still inside when we arrived. But what if it did not come out until after dark?

His Highness ate a leisurely breakfast.

"It is going to be a long shot," he said afterward. "I'd better use a scope-sighted rifle."

A new Browning .375 with a four-power scope was brought to him. Bundi shot it at a small stone across the river, a bit under 200 yards away. The rifle shot like a dream. Now there was nothing to do but wait out the heat of the day, and sweat out Bundi's guess that the tiger would remain in the cave.

At 5 we crept up to the rim of the canyon. The huge grin on the face of the *shikari* who had been on watch all day told us that the tiger was still taking its ease beyond the black of the cave mouth perhaps 180 yards away.

For the 13th time the Maharaja of Bundi got ready to kill his 200th tiger. Rifle across his lap, he sat watching the mouth of the cave.

Shadows filled the canyon bottom as the sun sank behind the jungle. I wondered if Bundi thought of the party he planned when he finally killed a tiger. Looking into the thickening twilight of the canyon, I could almost hear the flutes and strings of the musicians and the jingle of silver bells on slim ankles. How the colorful gossamer saris would swirl in the moonlight as the girls danced.

A peacock cried hauntingly from far down in the canyon and I thought with a start, *it's evening! The jungle's coming to life.*

We had been watching for almost an hour and a half. In another half hour it would be too dark for shooting. What was keeping that tiger? If I had known about bingo-buggerance then, I'd have despaired.

Then I noticed Bundi stiffen. My eyes flicked to the cave. Looking as if it hadn't a care in the world, a tiger appeared, walked a yard, then paused to stretch with all the casualness of a house cat.

The tiger faced us. Slowly the Maharaja brought the rifle up and rested his elbows on his knees.

Damn, that's a long shot in this light, I thought.

The tiger raised its head as if sniffing the evening air, then turned broadside and began to walk away. At the sudden crashing roar of the rifle the animal gave a sort of half jump and fell on its side. Bundi levered in another cartridge but there was no need for a second shot.

His Highness's 200th tiger lay dead. Bundi was radiant with pleasure.

"I was almost afraid to shoot," he said as we started the climb down into the canyon.

Ahead lay almost 10 feet of bingo-buggerance tiger, the toughest trophy in India.

—Peter Barrett

WHO IS THE ALE MAN?

Eugene Burdick Undersea explorer...Literary man...Ale man. Eugene Burdick is co-author of the best-seller, "Fail-Safe." His knowledge of the Pacific is reflected in another famous book, "The Ninth Wave."

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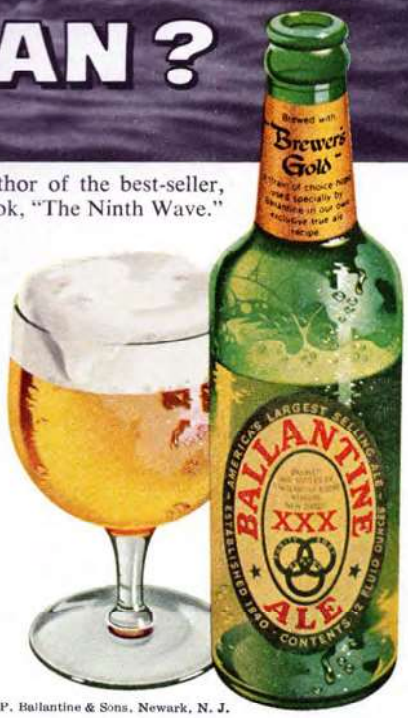

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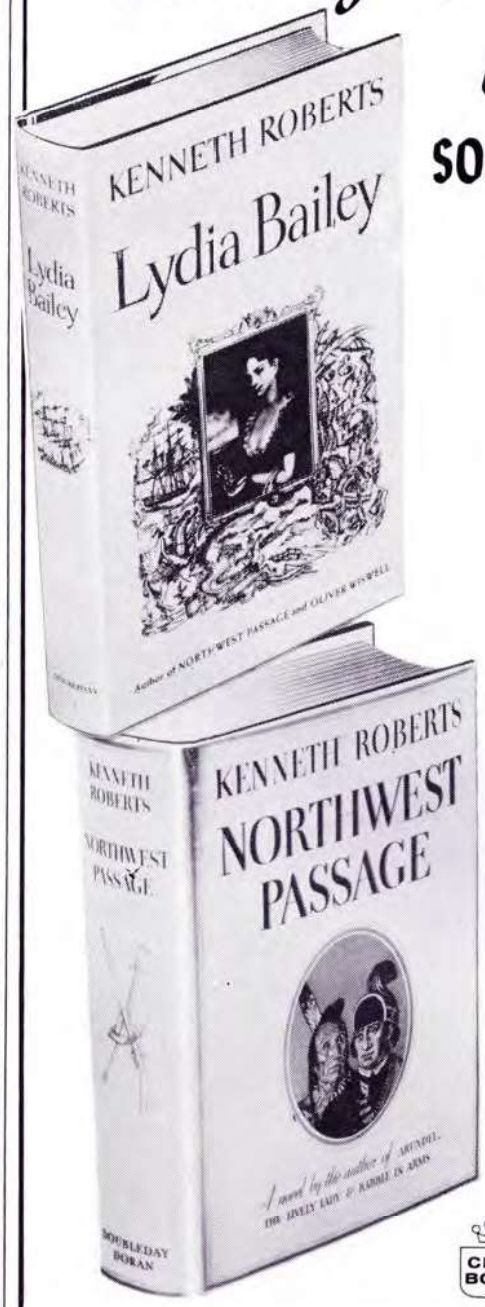

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Solitary Torment of a Tough American

[*Continued from page 32*]

short way to a clearing where two new men approached. One removed his shoes and belt and gave him an injection—it could have been morphine. In answer to Bailey's question about the crash, the other man said, "No survivors."

He then was placed in the back of a jeep and driven over dirt roads to a metal hospital building near an air strip. Bailey had flown over the locale several times and recognized the area as the village of Phongsavan. He was shifted from the jeep to an operating table. White-suited men gave him injections. Suspended bottles dripped fluids into his veins. Medics busily treated and bandaged his ankle and knee, set his left arm, then applied a cast to his chest and arm. He was carried to a metal cot. An hour later he was given a cup of condensed milk diluted with water. A guard stood a yard away from him.

Life had a sudden unreality for Major Bailey. That morning he had been comfortable and secure. He held a satisfying job. Although he was half-way around the world from his home in Laurel, Maryland, he felt very close to his wife Betty and his three teen-age children. Without warning he had been whirled around the roulette wheel of world politics and dropped into a strange hole. He was injured in a remote land and surrounded by remote people. He felt it couldn't be happening to him. But he knew it was.

On the second day soldiers brought a table and chairs to his cot. Three men sat down and began questioning him. What were the intentions of United States policies in this part of Asia? What was the set-up of United States forces in Southeast Asia? What were the plans and scheduled meetings of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization?

To the political and military questions Bailey answered, "I don't know."

"You lie," the leader of the interrogation team said. "We'll come back tomorrow." They cut him off of his only food, the diluted condensed milk, for 48 hours.

During the third day's interrogation Bailey stuck to his routine answer. After several hours the leader stood up and announced, "We will give you another chance to tell the truth. If you don't, you will be killed."

Bailey sweated out the return of the interrogators. Would they return that night? The next day? He thought about his wife and children. He thought about the men who were with him on the plane. He didn't want to die and he was scared. But he had no conflicts; "I don't know" was simply the way it had to be. He expected to be shot.

On the fourth day the three Lao returned, resumed the questioning, received the same answer and repeated the threat: "Tomorrow you will be killed."

Muscles taut with tension, he waited for the interrogators throughout the fifth and sixth days. After falling asleep on the sixth night he suddenly felt hands lifting him up. He was carried to the back of a jeep, driven to a woods and placed under a tent of camouflage netting.

The three interrogators appeared with a kerosene lamp. In a matter-of-fact tone the leader said, "This is your last chance." The men questioned him persistently and patiently. With persistence and patience Bailey kept saying, "I don't know." They arose. For the first time, their ordinarily-impassive faces showed irritation and anger.

After they left, it began raining and water dripped through the netting onto Bailey's face and body. Lying helplessly on the stretcher he thought, *I will be killed and I can't do anything more about it than I can stop the sun from coming up.* He tried to stop thinking about himself. He wondered if his wife Betty knew what happened to the airplane. Did she know whether he was alive or dead?

(On the day after the crash Pentagon officials telephoned Mrs. Bailey and told her that Bailey was missing. Forty-eight hours later she received another call: "We have a report that an Army major successfully parachuted from the plane and Major Bailey was the only Army major on the flight.")

Coming . . .

THE TORTURER'S ART OF MAKING MEN TALK

Some ghoulish aspects of an ancient practice. . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Bailey dozed off and awoke to a humid, foggy dawn just as four soldiers entered the tent. Without a word they covered his face with his sport shirt and carried him to a jeep. He was put on a plane for a short trip, then placed in a canvas-covered vehicle. During the ride a flap blew up and Bailey had a brief glimpse of a temple. He recognized the structure from pictures and knew he was in the town of Sam Neua. After a short ride he was carried into a stucco-exterior European-type home and placed in a bare room. The door was locked.

Unknown to Bailey, this room was to be his world for the next year. It was 12 by 15 feet, with plaster walls and brick tile floor. In one corner stood a fireplace. The single window was covered with tin nailed to the outside of the window frame. At the top of the window the tin was bent away, allowing about a 2½-inch opening for ventilation and a little light. The room was practically dark; at the height of a cloudless day it would be possible to read a newspaper held a few inches from the eyes.

On the following day the guards brought him a sleeping pad, a blanket, two bedpans and a canteen for water. His clothing consisted of the thin, once-white hospital pajamas, a quilted vest and his sport shirt. That morning he had his first solid food in eight days, a ball of rice and a piece of smoked fish the size of his thumb. He was also given cigarettes as part of his daily ration. After he had eaten, a new team of interrogators visited him and resumed the questioning.

His routine was established. Twice a day the guards wordlessly handed him a ball of rice with a small piece of fish, cured meat or a hardboiled egg. Occasionally the rice was supplemented by a two-inch piece of sausage that invariably gave him diarrhea. His only liquid was foul-tasting water. Smoking the cigarettes represented the high points of his day. Frequently he had to insist to the indifferent guards that they empty his overflowing bedpans. Bed-ridden he could do either of two things; keep his eyes closed or stare at the wall or ceiling.

The interrogators returned several times a week. Sometimes they treated him affably and courteously; at other times they were curt and took him off of food for 48-hour periods. In answer to his questions, "Why are you holding me?" and "How long will you hold me?" they were mute and inscrutable. Frequently they closed the interview with the flat statement, "You will be killed."

In the hours and days of continuing, torturing suspense following these threats Bailey's only recourse was prayer. He prayed for his family and his country and for an end to his ordeal. He prayed for the guidance and strength to endure what had to be endured.

He tried to reason with himself: *I must stop wishing and yearning. I must hold on to hope, but hope can't be a way of life. I must face the reality of my imprisonment in this room. It is like losing a loved one. It is unbearable, but it is a fact. To survive, I must accept the position I'm in until something happens outside this room to change it.*

A month after the crash his left leg had healed well enough for him to stand and walk. He began doing calisthenics to restore the tone to his muscles. He studied the floor tiles. Each was an eight-inch square, he estimated; 23 tiles ran the long way, 17 the short way. He explored the fireplace. It was too narrow for an escape route. He ran his hands tenderly over the tin covering of the window. It crackled each time he touched it. He paced, hour after hour, day after day, circling the room to his left in an endless pattern.

In May the interrogations ended without explanation and Bailey no longer had this distraction. Each hour was endless and each day was an endless number of hours. Time and loneliness were unremovable weights on him and he kept seeking ways of lightening the burden before they drove him down into insanity.

While immobilized Bailey kept mental track of the days and his imagined calendar was kept in order by the fact that the Pathet Lao observed Sunday. On weekdays a great gong was struck five times at intervals and a loud-speaker blared forth political sermons and Asian music every morning, afternoon and evening. On Sundays the gong was sounded only twice and the population was spared the canned ideological lectures.

After getting on his feet Bailey worked a picture nail out of the plaster and scratched a monthly calendar on the wall. He dreaded having this reminder of pass-

ing time staring him in the face, but the ceremony was worth it. He awoke in the morning, savored the job ahead of him, walked to the wall and, with great deliberateness, carefully scratched a number.

His clock was a tiny spot of light that came through a nail hole in the tin window covering. When the sun rose above the horizon, the spot of light was fixed on the wall opposite the window. As the sun moved across the sky the spot slowly traveled down the wall and across the floor tiles. Bailey's first ball of rice usually was handed to him when the spot hit the fifth floor tile. The moment the spot of light reached the seventh tile Bailey prepared to indulge in the first cigarette of the day.

He was conscious of the duration of each second, and each second involved the effort to keep his mind outside the cell. He busied himself trying to remember the names of the 50 states. As he recalled each state he went to the wall and spelled it out with his nail. "I turned it into a big, big deal. I wrote MICHIGAN. Then I told myself to stop. Go slow. Let some time pass. Then I went to the wall and scratched KANSAS. I had no trouble remembering 49 states. But that last one. . . . It took me three days to remember Iowa."

Then he scratched the names of the Presidents. He tried to reconstruct his entire life. He spent hours in intense concentration, struggling to remember the name of the boy who sat on his right in the 5th Grade. He recalled boyhood conversations, the joy of games, the words of teachers. He re-lived the holiday dinners at the home of his grandparents in Waycross, Georgia, and, in his imagination, he tasted the turkey and dressing and smelled the aroma of apple pie. He recited poems, like Joyce Kilmer's *Trees,* that he had memorized in school. He went back through the years and tried to recall the character and plot of every movie he had seen. Bailey always had been troubled by an inability to remember names. He now conjured up faces from his distant past and, through concentration and association, recalled all the names, a feat that pleasantly astonished him.

In the endlessly agonizing effort to occupy his mind and body he made a ritual out of cigarette smoking. The guards apparently had been instructed to give Bailey 10 cigarettes a day. Sometimes he got 10, sometimes only three and, at times, none. If he had only three, he held a little conference with himself: "Now, I won't smoke the first one until the dot of light reaches the eighth floor tile. That will leave me two. No, actually three. I'll have three butts that I can break open and I can use the paper from the cigarette pack to roll a fourth. But maybe I should hoard one cigarette in case they don't give me any tomorrow. Well, I'll wait until the afternoon to think about that."

His chief occupation, however, was pacing. Hour after hour, for days, weeks and months, he circled the cell to his left. He slowly began to associate time with his pacing. Time no longer was a law of nature. Its passage depended on his pacing. It stopped when he stopped moving. When he tired and lay down on his pallet to rest, he couldn't relax, knowing that time was at a standstill. Tension built up to enormous proportions inside his head, until he arose and resumed his walking to nowhere.

As he walked his way through the months, he thought. He considered the briefness of man's life compared to the eternity of time. He appraised his size, just the tiniest speck in the vastness of the universe. Was this all he was, he asked himself, was this all man was? No, he concluded, man had a spirit, and the scope and consequence of this spirit was limited by neither his physical dimension nor physical duration.

On four occasions, when he thought of his wife and children, he felt himself choke up and begin to cry. "But I fought back self-pity," he recalled. "Somehow I was able to draw on a force to stop it. I knew it would be bad for me to break down. Once I allowed myself to break down, I would succumb more easily the next time, and it was bound to affect my will to survive."

At times he sank into deep pits of hopelessness, but he refused to stay down for long. "I told myself that I must not give up. What exists, is. But that didn't mean that the future had to be like the present. Time must pass. Time will pass. Fifteen minutes from now this feeling of hopelessness will be in the past. I will still be alive."

His despair invariably was relieved by his routine of prayer. Before arising from his sleeping pallet in the morning he said the Lord's Prayer. After an hour of pacing he went to his prayer corner and prayed for the members of his family who had passed on and for the men who had been on the airplane. He then prayed for his living family and the leaders of his country. He prayed that God would reach the souls of his captors. "Then, I prayed selfishly, asking for the strength to undergo my fate." At night, before trying to fall asleep, he uttered the prayer said by his children: "Now I lay me down to sleep. . . ."

To bolster himself, Bailey set goals. "Now, 178 days have passed and I have survived. If I have to, I can survive for more weeks and months. Anyway, I certainly will survive until Thanksgiving. I love that holiday and I'll celebrate it."

On Thanksgiving morning, 1961 he opened his eyes and thanked the Lord for giving him this day. He was keyed up. The guards must know this was a special day for him, he thought, so perhaps they would add a little something to his ration. He waited. He patiently watched the spot of light move across the floor tiles. The hour for his first meal passed. Bailey banged on the cell door. The guards opened the door.

"Food!" Bailey demanded in Lao.

They laughed at him, then one guard left and returned with a ball of rice.

"No fish?" Bailey asked.

"No fish," and they laughed.

"A little meat?"

"No meat."

"My cigarettes," Bailey said.

They laughed at him and closed the door.

"This is my Thanksgiving!" Bailey shouted through the door. "You dirty sonsofbitches, we wouldn't treat a dog in America the way you treat me."

He felt utterly demolished as a human being. At such times, he realized he was not a person to his captors, but a thing. The thing had to be kept alive. It had to be fed and watered. If its bedpans overflowed at times, let it live with its own excrement. Don't let the thing inconvenience anybody. Just keep it locked up in isolation and darkness.

The most insignificant incident or slightest distraction became a tremendous event for Bailey. After six weeks of imprisonment the guards finally answered his repeated requests for wash water. He peeled the dirt like scabs off his skin.

In June his cast was removed. The broken bone had been badly set, however, and his left arm was more than a half-inch shorter than his right.

Shortly after his left arm was freed he took an old face towel that had been used to wipe off the interrogators' table and an old rag left by a guard and fashioned them into feet coverings which he bound with two pieces of radio aerial wire that ran along one side of the room. Later, a guard gave him another rag, which he tore into strips and used to bind his "mules." The two wires enabled him to occupy his hands. Hour after hour, he plaited and unplaited them.

Every few months he became ill—terrible bouts of chills and fever, dysentery or intense stomach pains. He asked for a doctor only if he was too weak to rise from his pallet. Each time the guards brought the same man, a sullen fellow with dirty clothes, filthy hands and most of his teeth missing. No matter what the illness, he never varied his treatment. He stuck a needle on a syringe, gave him a shot and handed him two white pills. Bailey always worried about the needle; if it were unsterilized he could be inoculated with a serious infection.

The first true event in his imprisonment occurred on October 18, more than seven months after the crash. A strange Lao in civilian clothes entered the cell and handed him carbon copies of two Red Cross cables. The brief messages were from his wife and his mother, both reporting that the families were well and expressing the hope that they would see Bailey soon.

Bailey wondered why the cables were delivered on that day. "Is the war over?" he asked hopefully.

"No."

Coming . . .

Bonus Book Condensation
Ralph de Toledano's shocking narrative of
HOW RUSSIA STOLE OUR ATOM SECRETS

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"Can I be allowed out of the room for a period each day?" He had a heartbreaking yearning for light, for the feeling of sunshine. His skin had turned as white as paint.

"I'll ask the authorities."

On Sunday, November 5, the same Lao returned with two pieces of mail; one a birthday card—his birthday was May 24—from his children and the other, a letter postmarked June 5, from his cousin in Georgia.

Again he asked, "Is the war over?"

"No."

"Did you ask about my being allowed out of this room?"

"I'll take it up with the authorities."

He never saw the man again.

The letters occupied him for several days. At the height of day, when the room was in least darkness, he held the messages close to his eyes and read them repeatedly, studied them, stared at them, memorized them.

The second great event occurred at the end of November. On this night he slapped the door and asked the guard for a light for his cigarette. The soldier gave him a match. Then, as he had done hundreds of time previously, Bailey gestured to the outside. The guard inexplicably nodded and motioned him out with his rifle. For the first time in nearly nine months, Bailey stepped out of the room. He was numbed with surprise. He saw relief guards playing cards under the hall light and he stood transfixed by the glow that came from the bulb. Two guards arose from the game, picked up their rifles and flanked him. They walked him down the hall, out the rear of the house and into the yard.

"I breathed," Bailey said. "I looked up and had a full view of the night sky. It *was* there." In two minutes the guards motioned him back to his cell. A few months later the brief nighttime episode was repeated.

Bailey's only clue to what might be happening in the outside world was the behavior of the guards. He interpreted everything they did. He assumed the war was going well for them when they answered his request for a match; brought him a little extra, like boiled pumpkin, a cucumber or a piece of leafy vegetable; or gave him a few cigarettes from their own ration. Once a guard gave him a large piece of brown wrapping paper and Bailey spent many hours folding it into various designs and figures. Then he slowly and meticulously tore the sheet into pieces, allotting most of it for toilet tissue and the remainder for rolling cigarettes from broken butts.

One bleak, cold January day Bailey knocked on the door and asked for a light. He was ignored for an hour. Then, the door flew open and five guards marched in with wood in their arms and built a fire in the fireplace. One soldier also carried a worn, torn, soaking-wet pair of tennis shoes and he presented them to Bailey with a big grin. Another soldier handed him two cigarettes. Then the group warmed themselves around the fire and chattered away in a gay mood. For Bailey, this was the social highlight of the season.

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The war was going badly for the Pathet Lao, he reasoned, when the guards took a half-day to bring him his first meal, ignored his request for a cigarette light and responded to his questions with sullen silence. About every two months a guard played a hilarious joke on Bailey. As he handed him his ball of rice through the door he grinned and said, "War finished. You go home tomorrow."

On the night of March 3, 1962 he was dozing off to sleep when six guards entered the room. With rifles at ready, they said, "Go!" and motioned toward the door. They led him down the hall, out the front door and into the street which was lined on both sides with suntan-uniformed soldiers. "I was curious, not scared," Bailey recalled. "I was happy that something was happening."

He stopped and stooped to tighten the wires that held the ragged sneakers to his feet. The guards yelled at him to keep moving.

He shouted back, "You can wait a damn minute while I tie these things." While adjusting the wires he looked up at the sky. He felt overwhelmed and thrilled by its beauty.

The escorting soldiers led him 40 yards to a low building, motioned him into a cell and slammed the door. The next morning Bailey was exhilarated to find that the cell, although smaller than his previous prison, contained two small barred windows which admitted some light. Another surprise came shortly after dawn when a guard unlocked his door and ushered him out of the cell to an outhouse. Bailey hoped this would be a daily routine, but he was disappointed. The privilege was granted him about once every 10 days, and never did the guards permit him to linger in the outhouse more than one minute.

Bailey resumed his nervous, endless pacing. He knew he had lost a large amount of weight; his bones were sticking out and he could visually count his ribs. And his stamina was progressively diminishing. The pacing exhausted him and forced him to lie down an increasingly number of times each day. His deterioration worried him; he now faced the struggle to survive until something happened in the outside world to liberate him. "I established a date to live to," he said. "I chose July Fourth. And, if I was still in prison on that holiday, I made up my mind to live through the fall, because that was my favorite time of year."

March 22 closed out a year of imprisonment and on that afternoon a guard opened the cell door and gave him a stack of mail. It included 45 letters and cards from his family and friends, as well as several copies of *The Laurel, Maryland, Rotary News and Views*. He luxuriously ran his fingers over each piece of mail. He examined the postmarks and return addresses. He separated the letters from his wife and arranged them in chronological order. He began opening the earliest letter from his wife, then stopped. Suppose one of the letters contained bad news? Suppose something had happened to one of the children? He felt he couldn't bear such news. It would be too much. Minute after minute he wavered, speculated, debated with himself. Then, realizing that daylight was waning, he tore open the letters and hungrily read the news that his family was well, except for their longing to be with him. He was interrupted once by the guard who brought him a pencil and several sheets of writing paper. When darkness fell, he lay on his pallet, knowing that the morrow would be a great day for him. He lay awake most of the night.

During the next three days he studied his mail and wrote long, carefully-worded letters to his wife and his mother. After finishing his letters he called to a guard and asked for envelopes. The guard shook his head in refusal. He tried to hand the guard the letters, but again got a shake of the head.

The Rotary newsletters were mimeographed on one side of the paper and Bailey began thinking of the best way to use the blank sides. He weighed the possibilities for several hours, then made a decision: "I made up my mind to design a house. A good, practical, beautiful house. A house where Betty could have all the kitchen space she needed. A house with a dining room big enough to accommodate our children and our future grandchildren on holidays."

In that filthy, stinking cell, seemingly a million miles from freedom and home, Lawrence Bailey, his body encrusted with dirt, his hair matted, his beard itchy and his bones protruding, began designing and drawing his dream house. After making a preliminary draft of the house, he paced off the dimensions in the cell and visualized the rooms. If the proportions of a room were bad, he erased that part of the sketch with the rubber sole of his sneaker and re-drew the plan. Most of his effort was concentrated in the kitchen, which required innumerable changes. He struggled to provide enough counter space between the sink and the table-top stove. The refrigerator had to be moved to a less obtrusive position, which meant altering some of the counters. Then the door to the kitchen had to be situated to avoid traffic through the kitchen work area to the breakfast corner. The window had to be placed to enable Betty to see the garden while she worked and cooked. He landscaped the property. The task consumed several weeks. While he stepped off dimensions and debated aloud with himself, the guards gazed at him as if he were crazy.

By the end of June, deprivation and sickness were fast draining Bailey's remaining strength. Diarrhea so enervated him that he couldn't stand up. On several occasions the guards gave him hope by reporting that the three princes of Laos were conferring with the aim of reaching peace through a coalition government.

On June 28 a French-speaking Lao officer entered his cell with a blanket. He opened it at Bailey's feet, said "For you," and pointed to the contents—canned fruit, canned sweet cream, socks, sweater and underwear.

Bailey stared at the luxuries. "It was like Christmas," he said. On the next day the officer returned and said, "The war is finished. The three princes have signed an agreement."

"Does this mean I go free?" Bailey asked.

"Soon. Maybe a month."

Bailey was afraid to believe he would be released. The guards had played too many jokes on him. If his imprisonment was to continue, he knew he couldn't emotionally afford the let-down of a disappointment. His suspicion also was aroused by the fact he had been intermittently hearing aircraft and antiaircraft fire.

On August 6 a soldier entered the cell, told him, "You go home soon," and

"Well, how about it? Is 'Custer's Last Stand' *still* your favorite painting?"

handed him fresh trousers, a shirt, new tennis shoes and a mosquito netting. The netting shocked Bailey. Why did he need the netting if he were going home? Was it all another joke? Maybe they simply were going to transfer him to another prison. He felt like a child being told that Christmas was coming . . . coming . . . coming . . . but not quite yet.

Three days later a guard entered the cell, told Bailey he was going to leave by airplane at 10 a.m. the following day and offered to cut his hair with a pair of scissors. He cut off all the hair on one side of Bailey's head, then called in his buddies to see the ludicrous handiwork. After a good laugh, he finished the job.

On August 10 Bailey arose at dawn and began pacing. The sky was overcast. He waited, paced, smoked, kept checking the sky, queried the guards. They shrugged and said, "Tomorrow." He paced for most of the night. His emotions kaleidoscoped through hope, fear, apprehension, anticipation, doubt and mistrust. He tried to sleep, but couldn't. He kept thinking, *Why the mosquito netting?*

The following day also was heavily overcast. The next day, Sunday, the guard told him, "No airplane on Sunday."

"It's never going to end," Bailey told himself. "Never, never. But I must wait for good weather. I must wait for a clear flying day to let them prove what they say."

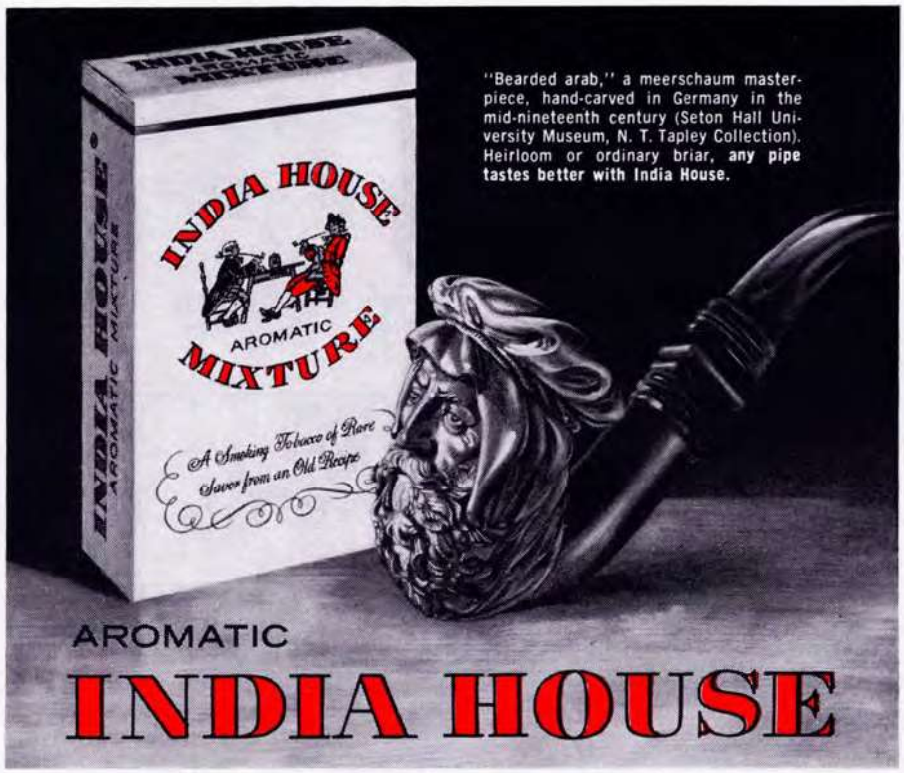
Late Monday afternoon the skies cleared, but a guard told Bailey, "Tomorrow."

On Tuesday morning a guard told him, "You leave at 10 a.m." That hour passed. Another guard said, "Noon." Shortly after noon Bailey heard an aircraft come in for a landing and the guard said, "Two o'clock you go."

Shortly after 2 Bailey was driven to the Sam Neua air strip, then flown by Russian plane to Xieng Khouang. He spent another three days in prison before being flown to freedom in Vientiane. After a few hours stop-over he was flown to a United States military hospital at Manila. During his 17-month imprisonment Bailey had lost 70 pounds, and his weight was down to 116 pounds. While undergoing nearly a week of medical treatment he was asked the same question that President Kennedy later was to put to him. In presenting him with the Bronze Star, one of the highest awards available to a soldier, the President asked Bailey why his captors had subjected him to such cruel isolation. Bailey, who had futilely asked himself a thousand times, "Why are they doing this to me?" could only answer, "I don't know, sir."

On August 24 Bailey was flown into Andrews Air Force Base, Washington, D. C. He was carried on a stretcher down the steps from the aircraft and he saw his wife Betty waiting for him and he knew that now the past was truly past. She leaned down and kissed him. He looked up at her, grinned, and said, "My, you're pretty." For 17 months he had taken threats of death, degradation, semi-starvation and cruelty, and taken them without losing his dignity as a human being and his honor as a soldier for this moment. He was home.

—Joseph P. Blank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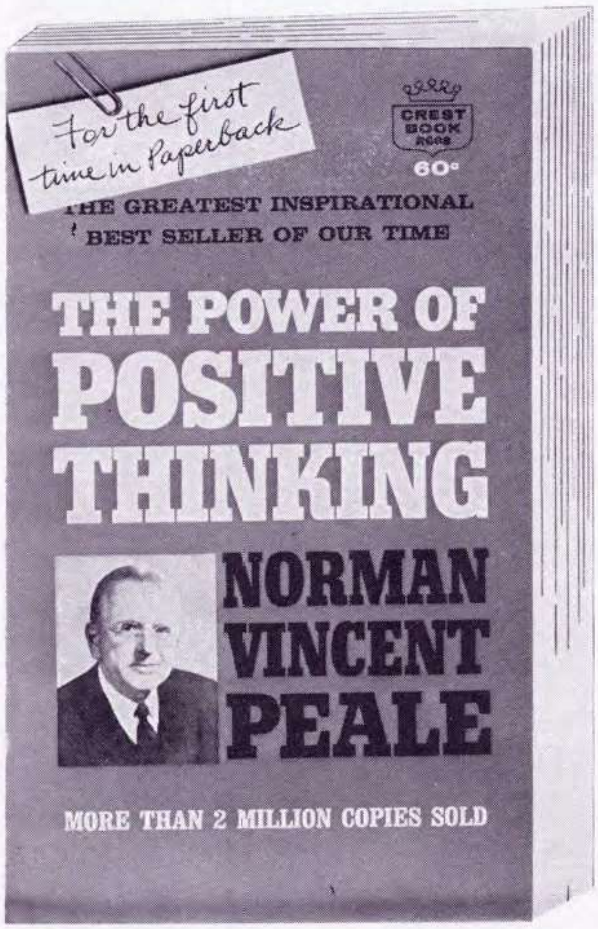
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Lightning on a Leash

[*Continued from page 37*]

but as he carried both Blue Cross and Blue Shield I don't see what he was so sore about. I'd been aiming at a post in the middle of our pasture. I never did come anywhere near the post.

Then I went to Buenos Aires. While soaking up local color in such tourist attractions as *La Cabaña, Calle Florida,* and the *Hipodromo,* I kept a sharp lookout for anyone swinging a bola but just as I'd suspected the whole business was a fake. It was not until I got to the Duke Jones' *estancia* outside Bariloche that I discovered there really was such a thing.

The Jones' *estancia,* or ranch, is a simple little place not much bigger than the state of New Jersey but to the Joneses it's home. The country is either absolutely flat (pampas) or perpendicular (the Andes). The Joneses were originally a Texas family who arrived in Bariloche some 50 years ago by way of Chile, over the Andes. Their home is a Victorian mansion of the early Charles Addams period, complete with gingerbread curlicues, every stick of which had to be brought in by pack horses over the mountains. It looks incredibly out of place in the middle of some of the world's most magnificent scenery and the furnishings, which consist largely of boars' heads, stag horns, spurs, whips and lassos, do nothing to dispel the illusion of a mild case of the D.T.'s.

Everything in the house has a story behind it—including the Joneses. Here were the *facones* (long knives) with which the Jones boys kill wild boar, riding the animals down, jumping off their horses, and stabbing them. Here were the silver-handled *rebenques,* a sort of heavy quirt, they used for breaking wild horses. Here were the heavy wool ponchos they used as coats, blankets and sleeping bags. Here were also the bolas, some bound in silver, others with strands of twisted cougar hide, still others light enough to entangle a duck on the wing. There was a whole armory of them.

Mrs. Jones showed me around. There are several "Mrs. Joneses" in the clan including one grand old lady in her 80's who can remember Indian raids across the Chilean border. My hostess was a slender lady in her 40's who was able to ride any horse on the *estancia,* shoot a gun or throw a bola. She told me something about the strange instruments.

"We call them 'boleadoras,'" Mrs. Jones explained, taking one down and twirling it expertly around her head. "There are still wild horses on the *estancia* and the men hunt them when they begin to run off our domestic stock. You aim for the horse's front legs and generally catch him by the rear ones. A horse who has been hit like this before and managed to escape gets very cunning. Instead of kicking and fighting, he stops dead and sometimes the boleadora will fall off his legs. We also sometimes use them on the wild cattle in mountains."

The cords used for the boleadoras were spiraled from the neck of a guanaco, a llama-like animal. The balls were small, round stones in leather bags made of

guanaco hocks or the neck pouches of rheas, the South American ostrich. Some of the balls were old billiard balls and others were simply sacks filled with buckshot.

"Frankly, we don't encourage the gauchos to use boleadoras too much," Mrs. Jones explained. "They like to play a game with them. One man rides at full gallop while a friend boleadoras his horse by the front legs. The horse turns a complete somersault and the rider has to land on his feet. You use up too many horses doing it—gauchos too."

As is usually the case with supposedly simple weapons, a boleadora is more complicated than it seems. It's really composed of two lengths of rawhide, not three. One length has two balls of equal size tied at the ends. The second cord is half as long and is tied to the exact center of this strip. The ball at the end is smaller than the other two and somewhat egg-shaped. This cord is called the "mañeque."

Meanwhile, several of the Jones men had come in from riding the range. They were big, soft-spoken fellows very quiet in their manners and I'd have as soon kicked an infuriated bull elephant in the teeth than have offeneded one of them.

I offered to give the Joneses a demonstration of my prowess with a boleadora and we adjourned to an open field so I would have plenty of room. Several gauchos returning from a hard day on the pampas joined us while Mr. Duke Jones explained to them that I was a famous *norteamericano* expert with the instrument. The gauchos and the Joneses formed a respectful group while I wound up like a pitcher on the mound and then suddenly let go.

Well, I don't like to boast but I showed those Argentinians a thing or two about boleadoras that they'll remember to their dying day. The truth is, those fellows aren't as tough as they look. Duke Jones dove into the nearest ditch, the gauchos fell flat on their faces, and Mrs. Jones ducked into a nearby cabin and slammed the door.

Duke Jones handsomely admitted that I'd given a demonstration of the use of the boleadora such as he'd never suspected possible. "Frankly, our technique down here is a little different," he explained while the gauchos were getting me untangled. "We're not so much interested in catching ourselves as we are in catching something else. Here, let me show you."

For the first time I learned how to use a boleadora. The operator holds the small, egg-shaped stone (I'd been holding it where the three cords join in the middle) and swings the boleadora first vertically and then horizontally around his head to get his aim. When the two large balls are behind him, he throws the small ball directly at the target as if he were throwing a baseball. The boleadora revolves slowly and does not open out until it hits the target.

"The great advantage of a boleadora over a lasso is range," Duke Jones told me. "You can throw even a comparatively light boleadora 40 yards while about the maximum range with a lasso is 30 feet.

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Also, you don't have to get your horse into position for a throw with a boleadora as you do with a lasso. The disadvantages? Well, there's too much chance of hurting the animal to use it on prime stock. Either the animal is hopelessly cut up fighting the cords or a ball hits him on the leg and breaks it. If you're after wild horses and don't mind killing a few or if you're trying to get a half-wild range steer for butchering, they're all right."

The traditional quarry for boleadoring is the rhea. These miniature South American ostriches stand about as high as a man and weigh about 70 pounds. A good horse with a sudden burst of speed can get a man within boleadora distance of a rhea for a few seconds. In those seconds, he has to throw the boleadora, aiming for the bird's neck.

When I was in Patagonia, I had a chance to talk to gauchos about rhea hunting and even go on a hunt.

Their principal recreation, aside from carving each other up with *facones*, is using the boleadora on passing rheas. This sport combines business with pleasure. It's a real test of a gaucho's skill to get his horse within throwing distance of the racing birds without ending up in the hospital—which, as there aren't any hospitals, is an important consideration. Also, every part of the rhea is useful. The gauchos eat them, make tobacco pouches of the neck pouches, sell the feathers for dusters, use the skin for wallets and belts, and take the pepsin out of the stomach for medicine.

A rhea has three-clawed toes on each foot (an ostrich only has two) and a cutting, downward blow from the foot of an infuriated rhea is no poke. One man said a rhea had even attacked him while he was on horseback. "I was coming over a little rise and the horse nearly stepped on a cock bird sitting on his nest," he told me. "The cock jumped off the eggs and went for me. My horse reared so badly I was left sitting on the eggs."

There was a reserve near a lake where a small flock of rheas were allowed to run wild but not molested. A gaucho promised to round up the birds and let me see how the boleadora was used. Not being able to stay up with him on horseback, I was posted at a strategic point and told to lie down and watch.

Rounding up rheas is quite a job and it was a long time before the first birds appeared. There were three of them, a cock and two hens. They came skimming across the ground with their wings out like ships under full sail. They had the wind behind them and although they cannot fly, their open wings helped to carry them along.

As the birds came closer to me, the rider suddenly bent forward and putting spurs to his horse, burst into a gallop. Until then, the birds had been trotting along, going only fast enough to keep an appreciable distance between them and the horse. Now they closed their wings and went into full stride, their legs moving so fast that they blurred like the blades of an electric fan. But it took a few seconds for the rheas to build up to their maximum speed and in those seconds the rider was able to get within throwing distance. As he began to swing his boleadora, the cock broke away from the hens and shot off at an angle. The gaucho kneed his mount and the trained horse swung to cut off the bird like a cow pony following a steer. Suddenly the rhea opened one wing, dropped the other so the primaries nearly touched the ground, and spun around, "turning on a dime," to double back. As he swung, the gaucho flung his boleadora. It was at least double the distance at which he could have used a lasso.

The triple cords flashed through the air like a flying octopus and caught the bird around his outstretched wing and one leg. The rhea seemed to explode. He must have been keeping his feathers close to his body while running and the sudden shock of the striking boleadora caused him to shoot out every feather at what seemed to be right angles to his skin. For an instant he looked five times as big as he had before. Then he went down with the boleadora wrapped around him.

The gaucho slid his horse to a Number 11 stop, hitting the ground before the animal had stopped moving. The sight of the man galvanized the struggling rhea to a supreme effort. Struggling to his feet he managed to take off again in spite of the boleadora. The gaucho swung back into the saddle and took after the now crippled bird, uncoiling his lariat, but before he could catch up with him the bird had reached the lake. Without pausing, the rhea plunged into the water. Using his long legs and paddling with his free wing, he seemed fair to escape but before he could go far, the long rope had shot out and the noose dropped around his body. The gaucho hauled him in, hand over hand.

I helped to get the boleadora free. It was a surprisingly tough job. The rhea fought with his powerful legs and dagger-sharp claws while the guanco-hide cords of the boleadora twisted themselves into such a hard knot it looked for awhile as though they would have to be cut. Finally by tying the cock's legs together with the lasso and having me hold the head to keep the rhea's potent beak out of action, the gaucho was able to get the tangled cords free. The bird was uninjured and departed at a 30-mile clip after his harem.

Later, I talked to the gauchos about their peculiar weapon, which is found nowhere else in the world. The origin of the boleadora is the "bolas perdida," often called "the most primitive weapon in the world." It was developed by the early South American Indians many centuries ago and consisted of a round stone tied to a single rawhide thong. To keep the thong from slipping off, the Indians would carve a groove around the stone and then tie the wet rawhide in place. When the rawhide dried, it contracted so tightly nothing could loosen it. Some of these old bola stones with their grooves still occasionally turn up like arrow heads.

"When an Indian went into battle, he'd carry a number of these bolas with him," I was told. "He'd whirl a bola around his head by the thong and then let it go toward the enemy. When the Spaniards came, the Indians would sometimes tie burning grass to the bolas and use them to set fire to houses or wagon trains. As you lost a bola when you threw it, like throwing a stone, they are called *'bolas perdida'* or lost bolas."

In 1882, the Manzanos and the Vuriloches made their last stand on Mt. Villegas against the Spaniards, defending themselves with bolas. They did considerable execution with them but the firearms of the white men eventually triumphed.

The modern boleadoras can also be used as weapons. I was shown a set with very heavy stones called "las tres Marías." "The cords on this one are made of cougar hide which stretches and ties into such tight knots that it cripples whatever it hits," they told me. "Boleadoras like this were used in war, usually to trip the enemy's horses. About the only way to escape was to hold your poncho by one end and swing it back and forth behind your horse. Then the boleadora

TRUE

"I do not pay more attention to him. I pride myself on being absolutely impartial!"

caught the poncho instead of the horse. General José María Pâz who led an uprising against the Argentine dictator, Manuel Rosas, in May, 1831 was thrown from his horse by a boleadora like this and captured."

"Sometimes in the old days two gauchos would fight with their boleadoras," another man added. "Did you ever read 'Martín Fierro'? That's a famous poem about the gauchos and gives a description of a boleadora fight."

Later, I looked up the poem. Martín Fierro was a gaucho who came across an Indian tying the wrists of a white woman with the entrails of her baby preparatory to raping her. Martin had a *facon* and the Indian a boleadora which he used as a flail before throwing it. Here's the account, paraphrased:

"One of the balls grazed my arm; a hair more and it would have broken the bone. The balls whizzed like bullets. The Indian would feint with the right hand ball and then strike with the left. Suddenly, as I tripped, he threw it. I went down and the Indian fell upon me. But the woman was able to push him off. Standing up, I managed to cut one of the cords with my *facon* and free myself. Then the Indian was helpless and I went in with the knife."

When I left Patagonia I took with me a collection of boleadoras. Although we're fresh out of rheas in Pennsylvania, I intended to practice on my wife's horses.

I outlined this plan to my spouse but regretfully withdrew it after having to repair the hole she made going through the ceiling.

For awhile it seemed as though my hard-won experience with boleadoras would go to waste. But one afternoon while strolling through the quiet halls of the University Museum in Philadelphia, I paused thunderstruck before a case of Eskimo weapons, one of which was the damnedest looking bola I'd ever imagined. It was composed of eight ivory balls, each no bigger than a large marble, all fastened by individual rawhide cords about 30 inches long to a central core surmounted by a cluster of feathers like the bird used in Badminton. The cords were looped together in an elaborate series of slipknots for some reason I couldn't imagine.

I asked to speak to the curator of Eskimo artifacts, and a very pleasant lady opened the case and got the device for me. "These are used by the Point Barrow Eskimos for wild fowling," she explained. "During the spring migration, you never see an Eskimo without several of these hung around his neck. Even the women and children use them. The balls are made of walrus ivory and, as you can see, are slightly egg-shaped. Each has a hole drilled through the small end to hold the cord. There's one length of sinew for each pair of balls; that is, a ball is tied at each end of one cord which is then doubled. The doubled ends are fastened together with several lashings of sinew and the feathers attached to make them fly straight. The bola is held at the base of the feathers, swung around the head and then thrown. Up to a distance of 40 yards, it's quite effective."

"Why are they looped up with those slipknots?" I asked.

"That's so a man can carry several bolas at one time without having them take up too much room. The knots are very ingeniously tied so a man has merely to jerk both ends of the bola simultaneously to have all the knots open together. Observe me closely. One quick pull is all that's needed."

She gave one, quick pull.

Two hours later, five members of the staff were still trying to get that motherlovin' bola untangled. Heaven knows, I did all I could to encourage them by keeping up a constant stream of questions such as, "Why did you pull it in the first place? How much longer do you think it will take you to untangle it? Why don't you keep all the museum displays in constant functional conditions? Don't you think you're making it worse instead of better?" Although I'm grateful to the staff for their time and help, I have one serious complaint to make. There's a poltergeist loose in that museum. Every time I turned my back, a Malay kriss, a blowgun dart, or an Indian tomahawk would go whistling past my ear. They ought to get that place exorcised before somebody gets hurt.

From my brief acquaintance with our feathered friends, trying to lasso one with eight balls struck me as impractical. It was, therefore, by sheer chance that I happened to broach the subject to Jake Homer who was once a professional duck hunter and lives near Havre de Grace on the Susquehanna. Thirty years ago, Jake could average a kill of 1,000 ducks a season but nowadays, if you even saw that many ducks on the Susquehanna, you'd lay off the stuff. Jake is retired and devotes his time to carving decoys out of white cedar which sell for $30 each and he's two years behind in orders.

One evening Jake and I were discussing unusual hunting techniques and Jake mentioned a method he was willing to bet a bottle of Jack Daniels I didn't know. "I read about it in an old Dan Beard book when I was a kid," he explained, thus reluctantly admitting that during a misspent youth he'd wasted valuable time reading which could have been devoted to shooting. "By Golly, I think the thing's still around here somewhere." Searching in the recesses of his work shop, he produced a true Eskimo-type bola. The balls were made of one-inch ball bearings encased in leather bags.

"You can actually catch a duck with this article," he explained whirling it around his head. "I practiced on a neighbor's muscoveys. It worked fine but it didn't do the muscoveys any good so pa told me to quit."

"Do you ever try it on a wild duck?" I asked.

"No, but all you'd need to do was to find a duck that was blind, deaf, dumb and flying backward."

I told Jake that the Eskimos did it regularly and he expressed doubt.

"I'm not saying that you couldn't do it with green wild fowl that haven't been burned out." He meant birds that had never been shot at. "But where are you going to find birds like that around here?"

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I had seen plenty of them in Tierra del Fuego. The Emperor geese there will let a man get within five yards of them before flying but our native wild fowl have gotten too smart.

Still, the idea appealed to Jake. "It's illegal as hell but we might try bushwacking a pair of Canada geese nesting around here just to see if it could be done. Only the gander, of course. The female would be on the eggs anyhow. As this isn't gunning season, he wouldn't be on the alert and we could scull up close to him. But I wouldn't want to hurt the old character."

I'd brought back some very light boleadoras that couldn't possibly hurt a goose. They were true boleadoras—three ball jobs. I decided to tie two of them together and experiment on a wild goose.

A few days later, Jake and I set out at dawn in his bushwacking boat. It had a high bow to hide the men and a strong flair amidships where we sat, or rather lay. Jake was in the stern, working the sculling oar and lying on his left hip. I lay in front of him with my head against his right knee, the bola in my hand. The sculler must keep the bow of the boat toward the quarry until the last instant and must take care not to scull faster than driftwood would normally float to avoid alarming the game. These boats are the only way of reaching ducks rafted up on a seaway although today seldom used.

A low mist hung over the river, sucking away to the sides as the high bow of the boat knifed through it. The marsh where the geese were nesting was on the other side of the river and by the time we reached it, the mist had begun to lift. Lying on my back, I saw a flight of mallards pass overhead, already beginning to set their wings for the pitch, but they saw us and flared off, quacking loudly. I twisted around to look at Jake but he shook his head.

"You'd never get those things," he whispered. "Even if you caught 'em on the water. All you have to do is move a finger and they're off."

I sank back again. The boat was entering the mouth of a narrow creek with high mud banks on either side. Jake sent the boat ahead by a steady twisting motion of the oar that was absolutely noiseless. The creek had begun to widen now and the water was shallower. Masses of arrowhead and tall reeds began to appear. The sun was sucking up the mist like a vacuum cleaner.

Jake nudged me slightly with his knee. I turned my head slowly. This was a flooded area with bushes growing half submerged in the water. On our left was a small island where some stunted pines grew. From what Jake had told me I knew this was where the goose had her nest.

Something was gliding slowly among the bushes. I saw a flash of the typical white cheek marking and knew it was the gander. At the same time, Jake gently swung the bow of the boat toward the bird. Still lying prone on the bottom, he forced the boat forward.

I could no longer see the gander; I could see nothing but the sky. From the motion of Jake's hands, I knew we must still be going forward. Jake kept inclining the bow toward the left. Then he nudged me again.

As slowly as possible, I lifted my head. The gander was only a few yards away, swimming toward us. He was suspicious of the boat and had come over to investigate.

Jake stopped sculling and allowed the boat to drift. The gander was only about 10 yards away now. He seemed half angry, half fearful of the boat. Then he decided that he'd had enough. He began to turn away. As he turned, I straightened up and swung the bola.

Instantly the gander gave an angry hiss and, kicking with his webbed feet and beating with his wings, tried to take off. Still in a kneeling position, I gave the bola a last whirl and let fly. Even as I threw it, I knew that I'd miscalculated the distance.

But I hadn't counted on the extraordinary properties of the strange weapon. As the bola flew through the air, it opened like a charge of shot, the spinning balls covering an area six feet in diameter. Even so, it was due to miss the gander, passing just behind him. But the bird panicked as the strange object rushed at him. He flared to one side, striking at it with one wing. The long flight feathers grazed one of the balls. The effect was magical. Instantly the whole apparatus seemed to change course and swing toward the gander as though it were magnetically attracted to him. The balls spun around his wing, tail and body. The terrified bird came crashing into the water.

"You got him!" yelled Jake and standing up, put his full force on the sculling oar. I scrambled to the bow, leaning over to pick the struggling bird out of the water. But the gander was still able to swim. As I reached out, he dove, came up again a few feet away, tried to fly. Even crippled, as he was, he could go faster than the boat.

If I'd had another bola with me, I could have caught him easily enough but I hadn't thought to bring a spare. It was nearly an hour later that we got him cornered among the bushes and jumping overboard up to my waist in mud and water I was able to grab him. The bird was unhurt but we had to cut the bola to get it loose.

Since then, I've made up a couple of light, Eskimo-type bolas for use around the farm, using ¾" wooden balls as anything else is too heavy and liable to damage the quarry. Although I doubt if the bola will ever take the place of the shotgun as a hunting device, it comes in very handy for catching ducks, chickens and guinea hens either in the spring when a female has a clutch of young and you want to put her in a coop or in the autumn when you want to catch certain individual birds for butchering. It's the most practical way I know of catching a semi-tame bird alive at 20 yards or so. The only trouble is that sometimes the bola only wraps about the bird's neck or body and she flies off with it. You'd be surprised how tough it is to get within throwing distance of a bird a second time. What I mean is, those things learn fast.

—Daniel P. Mannix

A Chain Gang Killer Remembers

[*Continued from page* 53]

just a baby he moved down near Marianna, Florida, to work for a sawmill. I never did get much schooling. By the time I was 10, I was doing odd jobs around the sawmill and hiring out to farmers. That's how I got my first pistol. I chopped cotton for a week for a man named Rowley, and on Saturday afternoon when it came time to pay me he said, "Pat, I hear you been telling folks you want a gun." In those days everybody carried a gun.

Mr. Rowley took a .38 pistol out of his pocket. "I'm kind of short on cash this week," he said. "I'll swap you this for your work."

I must have been about 13 then, redheaded, and already getting tall and skinny. And it must have been about this time or not long after that I began to spend more and more time in Marianna and less and less time working. I was finding out I could make more money playing pool than I could chopping cotton.

One night I got to playing pool with a fellow named Clarence Sinn. He was a lot older than I was, and he had four brothers that were older than him. After awhile they got in the game, too. We were all drinking. About 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning I had won all the money they had, nearly $250. I left them and started walking home.

Two or three miles out of town something slammed me in the back of the neck. It knocked me clean off the side of the road into the ditch.

What had happened was they had laid a ambush for me, four of them in front and one a little behind the others. When I got between them, Clarence—the one behind—let me have it with a shotgun load of buckshot. As I fell over in the ditch the other four came running out into the road.

I could see them jumping around up there in the moonlight, but the ditch I was in was filled with weeds and they couldn't see me. So I just took steady aim at one and shot him, and then I took aim at the next one and shot him.

The other two ahead were still shooting. I pulled down on one and then on the next. They weren't 20 feet away, and I couldn't miss.

That left Clarence with the shotgun. He blasted at me again. I couldn't hardly see him in the shadows. I just pegged a shot at the sound chiefly.

Then there wasn't any more sound. I don't know how long it was, but sometime after daylight I heard a horse and buggy, and then I heard a Negro's voice saying, "Lord God! Look at the dead white folks!"

I was in the hospital for two weeks, and it was three or four days before I could even speak. But by then I knew I wasn't going to have any more trouble with the Sinn brothers.

A coroner's jury ruled self defense, which it was, and I went back to playing pool in Marianna. I got into several little scrapes, including some fist fights with a boy my age named Rooster Pendleton, who was the sheriff's son. I don't think the sheriff liked it. About sundown one day he drove up to my house in a buggy.

"I'm going to take Pat to jail," he told my daddy. "I've got a warrant for him."

"What for?" daddy asked.

"Killing Ira Holman," the sheriff said.

I couldn't believe what I heard. I knew Ira Holman, but I didn't know he was dead until I heard the sheriff accuse me of killing him.

It turned out Ira had been shot sometime the night before while he was walking down a road the other side of Marianna, but just what time nobody knew for sure. And I'd been at a bootlegger's house that night buying moonshine.

At the trial my daddy testified that I was home sleeping off a drunk, but a couple fellows swore they seen me near the place Ira got shot. And Rooster's daddy was mighty anxious to see me hung.

I got life instead.

I was just about 15, maybe 16, years old then. I thought I was pretty rough. I found out I hadn't seen anything.

In those days (this was around 1900) the Waters Land and Timber Company leased prisoners from the state to work in the turpentine woods. They paid the state $8 a month for a prisoner.

In the early 1900's turpentine stills used to be all over south Georgia and Alabama and north Florida in the big pine forests that covered all that country. A company might lease 100,000 or 200,000 or more acres of virgin pine timber, bleed the trees dry in three to four years, and move on, leaving the lumber companies to cut the wood down.

This turpentine camp I was first sent to was in west Florida. I got there late one afternoon, riding in a wagon with two other prisoners, all of us handcuffed. We saw first three or four wooden shacks, for the captain and the various guards. Then there was a little barbed-wire fence, not more than a hundred yards square, like you might put around a barnyard. In the middle of this was a long tent, and on the other side of that a smaller cook tent. I didn't see any prisoners.

The three of us were taken to one of the shacks and told to strip. Then we were each given a cap, a shirt, a pair of trousers and two shoes. The shirt and trousers were made of heavy cloth almost like canvas, with stripes running around it. One of my shoes fit pretty well, but the other was a good two sizes too big. I was about to mention this when one of the other fellows spoke before I did.

"Mister," he said to the man who'd given us the clothes, "I can't wear these shoes. They—"

He had his back to the guard. The guard hit him with the butt of his rifle, right at the base of the neck. He went down like he'd been shot. The guard looked at him a minute, and then kicked him, not hard but just sort of casual, right in the face.

"Put on those goddam shoes," the guard said. "And maybe this'll help you learn to keep your goddam mouth shut."

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Wearing our stripes, we were taken to the blacksmith shop and there a 9/16-inch iron rod with a hole in each end was riveted around my right ankle. Fastened to the rod was a chain about eight inches long with a ring on the end.

The three of us were set to work cutting fire wood. We worked for an hour. It was getting dark. And still there weren't any other prisoners around. It must have been 8 o'clock.

Finally I heard them. Not voices, just the sound of steps running through sand, a lot of them. The prisoners came into the compound trotting. First there were two trusties holding lighted fat-pine splinters, then came a line of six prisoners, all handcuffed to a short length of chain. Then a guard with a gun, only he stopped outside the compound. Then came two more trusties with lights, and six more prisoners, and guard, and so on. There must have been about 40.

Inside the compound the men were unchained by one of the trusties. The guards stood outside, around the fence. The prisoners marched through the cook tent and got supper. There were two small chunks of stale cornbread and a big spoon full of sour white navy beans and about a one-inch square of hog fatback. This was all dumped in a dinner bucket.

After supper we were put to bed. The bed was in the long tent in the middle of the compound. There were no sides, so the guards could see in. Down the middle of the tent ran a long chain, fastened at each end to a pine stump. Some straw had been thrown on the ground on both sides of the chain, and on this was a piece of doubled canvas with holes in it. You lay on one part of the canvas and pulled the other part over you for cover. A trusty unfastened the long chain from one of the stumps and threaded it through the rings on the short chains fastened to the men's ankles, then locked it back to the stump again.

For a toilet there was a five-gallon can that had to be passed up and down the line. Only it wasn't quite that easy.

I was just getting to sleep when I heard somebody muttering. It was the same fellow the guard had knocked down. He floundered around and stood up. "Where's that can?" he mumbled.

One of the prisoners yelled at him. It was too late.

There was the crack of a rifle and the fellow spun around and fell. From outside the fence a guard yelled, "The next bastard wants to get up better call me and ask permission."

The bell rang at 4 in the morning. It was still cold dark outside when a trusty unchained us. He and another trusty carried the dead man out. In 15 minutes they had stripped him, buried him, turned his clothes over to one of the guards and were back eating breakfast with the rest of us.

By 4:30 we were chained in squads of six and on our way to work. It was still dark. We didn't walk; we trotted. A good steady dogtrot. In front of each squad were the two trusties with the lighted splinters. These were not so we could see our way, but so the guards could see us.

We never stopped, though twice they let us walk for a minute or two to catch a breath. Then we trotted again. We trotted about five miles. The chain dangling from my ankle kept tangling in the bushes, and the iron rod around the ankle had rubbed it raw. I could feel the blood running down into my shoe.

This time when we quit trotting it was daylight. Not sun-up, just daylight. Then we were unchained, and somebody put a puller in my hand.

A "puller" and a "hack" are just about the same, except that the puller has a long handle—six or seven feet—and the hack has a short one—about 18 inches. The blade on the end of each is U-shaped, with the rounded part of the U kept razor sharp. A "box" is the deep hole cut with an ax in the base of the tree. The hack is used to cut the bark in V-shaped gashes above the box, so the sap will bleed into it. Every week or two, new gashes are cut farther up. And when they get so high above the box that you can't reach them with the hack, you use the puller. Each man was supposed to pull a "crop" of 10,000 boxes every week, but the way we worked you pulled between 16,000 and 18,000, or the captain came down on you with Black Annie, a leather strap about four inches wide and thick as the sole of a shoe.

The trouble was that for the past year, year-and-a-half, I'd been playing pool and poker instead of plowing or chopping wood. My hands had got pretty soft. And I already had blisters from chopping wood the afternoon before.

The blisters on my hands broke. Then the raw flesh under them began to bleed. When I raised my arms to pull a gash in a tree, the blood ran down my forearms. I couldn't hold the puller tight, and it would slip and not cut the bark the way it should. So I'd have to do it again, and get behind, and run harder to catch up. My ankle was bleeding from the chain ring, and the blisters on my right foot broke and bled.

At 12 we had a half hour to eat dinner and smoke one cigarette. Dinner was the same as supper had been: beans and fatback and cornbread.

I don't know what time of the afternoon it was. All at once the word was whispered, "The captain's here." I had never seen our captain, but I already knew he was the man who carried Black Annie, just like I knew that the best way to get a whipping was to stop work, or look at or speak to him.

Only at this point I didn't care. So when the captain walked past me I took off my cap and spoke to him.

"Please, Cap'n," I said, "I need something to put on my hands." I held them out, as bloody and raw as a piece of fresh beef.

He stopped and looked at me. Maybe he was feeling good that day, or maybe it was my being only 15 or 16 that saved me. Then he glanced at my hands and grunted what seemed just a contemptuous comment.

I thought he meant it only like, "To hell with you." Later, when I had to relieve myself, the guard yelled, "Didn't you hear what the cap'n told you?"

I reckon it's the acid in the urine, or something. It stung like hell at the mo-

ment, but it toughened my hands faster than you'd think was possible.

There is no need of going into the rest of that first day. I lived through it, and through a hell of a lot more after it. And I learned that more prisoners got killed during the first days or weeks than any other time.

Like a kid I saw beat to death at a logging camp in north Florida.

I reckon this youngster never had done any hard work. He was thin and pale, and they put him to work toting slabs from the saw to the fire. Some of them were 15 feet long or more, six inches thick at one end and maybe four at the other.

It was about his second or third day the captain whipped him for not keeping up with his work. He got a quarter crop. (A quarter crop was 25 lashes with Black Annie; a half crop was 50, a full crop was a hundred.) A few days later he got a half crop. And it was the next day, carrying a slab to the fire, that he fell down and didn't try to get up.

The guard picked up a stick about four feet long and started hitting him across the back. The kid didn't move.

He lay there all afternoon. He was alive for a while. His eyes were open. Then one of the guards passed by and kicked at him, and said, "This sonofabitch is dead."

Seeing this boy beat to death happened after I'd been in a long time. I'd got to where it didn't affect me much. It was not like a killing I saw at a new camp back during my first term.

A turpentine camp never stayed too long in the same place. We worked out a stretch of woods and moved on. When it was a long move they loaded us in boxcars, 40 or 50 in the same car like a bunch of cattle.

The new camp was near Ocala. We had a guard there that for pure meanness was the worst I ever knew.

One of the fellows in my squad was a boy no older than I was. So we got to be as friendly as you can get on a chain gang. This guard had him whipped twice in one week, and I knew he was planning to run away if he got the chance.

Anyway, this day he was working hard and getting a little ahead of the rest of us. Maybe he did try to run. I don't know. But I heard the shot and I saw him running, then stumbling for maybe another three or four step before he fell.

The bullet had gone in his back and come out through his gut. It takes a while to die when you are gut shot. As we worked closer I could hear him moaning.

"Pat," he said, "get me some water."

I took my cap off and turned around to the guard. "He wants some water."

"---- him," the guard said.

So I went back to work.

Our noon dinner was brought to the woods in wagons. I ate, and smoked my cigarette. Then we marched back to work again and I had to go past him. I could see him watching me.

I didn't stop. But I told him, not loud enough for the guards to hear, "I can't get you any water. But I promise you, I'll kill that sonofabitch for you."

He died sometime that afternoon. We

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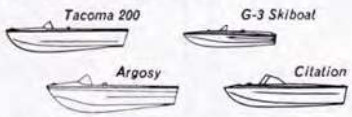

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left him there, naked, for the coons and buzzards and woodrats.

It was several years before I had a chance to keep my promise. By then I had killed another man.

I had been transferred to a camp over near the east coast, near Cocoa. The captain there was a huge, black-haired man. He loved to use his whip more'n any man I ever saw, before or after.

I was transferred to this camp late one Saturday. That night the captain whipped five prisoners after they came back to the compound.

I decided right then this captain wasn't going to whip me if there was any way I could keep him from it.

I was a trusty then, but this day the other trusty on my squad was so sick they left him in camp. So I was working on both sides of the squad. I'd work one side until I got a little ahead; then I'd run back and catch the line on the other side.

Once while I was trotting across to the other side of the squad, the captain rode up. "How long you been in this camp, boy?" he asked.

I told him about a month.

"And I ain't whipped you yet? No wonder you slacking off. Come over here."

He was still sitting on his horse. I walked over. I was waiting for the guard, who wasn't more than 30 or 40 feet away, to say something. He knew I had been doing two men's work all day. But he didn't say a word.

The captain swung down off his horse. "Drop your pants," he told me, "and lay down across that log." Then he turned his back on me and began to uncoil Black Annie from his saddle horn.

I still had my puller in my hand—that U-shaped blade on the end of a six-foot handle. The captain got the whip off the saddle and started to turn.

I hung that puller alongside his neck and shut down, like I was pulling a tree. It took out a good part of his neck and some of the backbone along with it.

I didn't try to run. I just figured I was dead, but this sonofabitch was dead along with me, and I didn't much care. I turned and looked at the guard.

He was laughing, like what had just happened was the funniest thing he ever saw. When he quit laughing he asked me, "Is he dead?"

"I reckon he is," I said.

I asked if he wanted me to go back to pulling boxes. And I still remember his answer. "Hell, yes," he said. "You ain't getting the day off just because you killed that bastard."

The captain's body was put in the dinner wagon and sent back to camp. That night when I was taken into one of the houses to explain to the sheriff and a whole crowd of others what had happened, they listened politely enough. The guard had already talked to them. The decision was justifiable homicide, and there never was even a trial.

In fact, it wasn't more'n six weeks later I got a full and free pardon. I also got from the state a gift of $3, a pair of overalls and a blue shirt, which was what every prisoner got on release.

I went back to Marianna and found my mother had died while I was on the chain gang, and the law hadn't even let me know. My daddy wasn't going to live much longer. When he died, I went west for awhile and worked on a ranch, and then came back to Florida and got a job in a sawmill near Jacksonville. All this time I was remembering my promise to the boy who'd been gut-shot by that guard. I knew he was in that section and I had a feeling I was going to meet him. I bought me a horse, and on Sundays when I wasn't working I took to riding around the county.

And one Sunday I rode up on him, on a country road in the pine woods. I don't think he knew me, not at first. I asked if he remembered the time he gut-shot a young convict and left him laying in the sun begging for water. "Why, hell yes," he said. "Who could forget a thing like that?"

"I couldn't," I said. Then I pulled my pistol and shot him twice, through the gut.

I left him laying there and rode into town and told the sheriff.

This guard had been in trouble in Jacksonville and Tampa and almost everywhere in between. The coroner's jury found I killed in self defense.

I went back to Marianna, and before long I got to going with a girl who worked in a whorehouse in town. There was another fellow after her, too. He got to telling around town what he was going to do if he caught us together.

And he caught us all right. We were busy in her bed one night and he came banging and kicked the door down.

He had a gun under his shirt. His mistake was he didn't pull it before he kicked the door down. My gun was on the table right beside me.

That time I came close to getting hung. But the girl told them the truth about what had happened. I got another life sentence and went back to the chain gang. I was right around 23 years old then.

I served five years and eight months on this second life term. That may not sound like long to you, but on top of my first term I reckon it was long enough to wipe out just about any chance I'd ever had of getting along outside of prison. I figured

the only way in this world a man could show he was a man was to take a swing at anything that got in his way. So I cut up one fellow with a knife and killed another with a gun, and it wasn't long before I was back in the turpentine camps again.

I was there when a boy named Martin Tabert got killed—not in the same camp with him, but I heard about it. This Tabert was a kid from somewhere up north who was wandering around Florida and got picked up in Leon County in December, 1921. He was sent to the Putnam Lumber Company Camp near Clara, and he hadn't been there a month when a guard named Higginbotham beat him to death with a stick. Lord knows how many others had been beat to death before that, but this time it was different. It turned out Tabert's family had money and they got detectives and one thing and another to find out what had happened. Then they started to scream. The newspapers got onto it. Higginbotham was tried for murder and convicted, but he never did serve any time. The way I heard it he just disappeared.

The Florida real-estate boom was just starting about that time and nobody down here wanted all that bad publicity. Maybe that was it. Or maybe, as I'm beginning to think sometimes of late, there are people who don't want any human beings, not even convicts, treated worse than they would treat animals. Anyway, in 1923 the legislature did away with leasing prisoners to private business.

Of course, when the state quit leasing prisoners it didn't actually do away with chain gangs. They were just transferred to the roads. I worked on them, too, and for awhile they were just about as bad as the turpentine camps. And I did time back of the bars. I figured prisons were prisons and convicts were dogs no matter where. But I learned to get along in prison, even if I couldn't get along outside. Most of the time I've been a trusty, which is how I got sent to this place, the Avon Park Correctional Institute. What they call a minimum-security prison.

I think it was Mr. R. O. Culver, along with Mr. Louis Wainwright, our superintendent, who was responsible for starting this place. They admitted it was an experiment and a lot of the success or failure would depend on the prisoners. And I know that even here there are some guards who want to see it fail, and who hope we'll have a riot or something so they can go back to chains and Black Annie.

When I was brought here I couldn't hardly believe it for awhile. It seemed like something was missing—and I don't mean just the guns. There's not a gun in this place. The real change is something else. It's the way the men who run the place speak to you. Like you were a human being and not a dog to be kicked.

Not that it's any country club where I want to stay forever. With time off for good behavior I'm due out of here in 1965. I'll be 80 years old. But I always been able to look after myself and I figure I can keep on. The one thing I can't do is pull another prison term.

—James E. Parnell & Wyatt Blassingame

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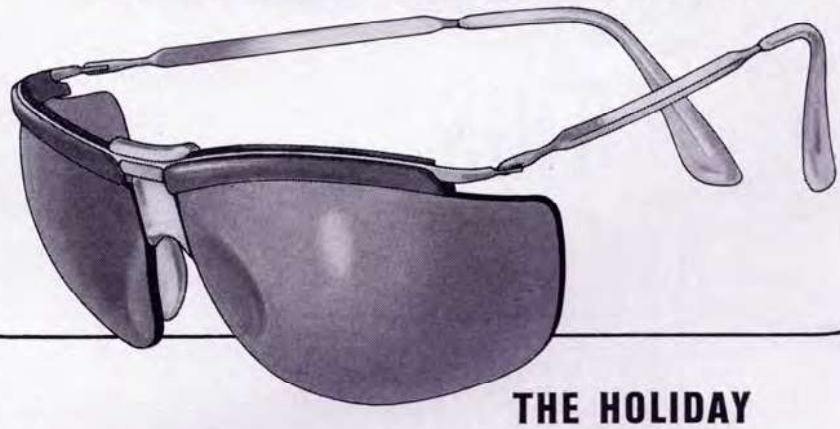

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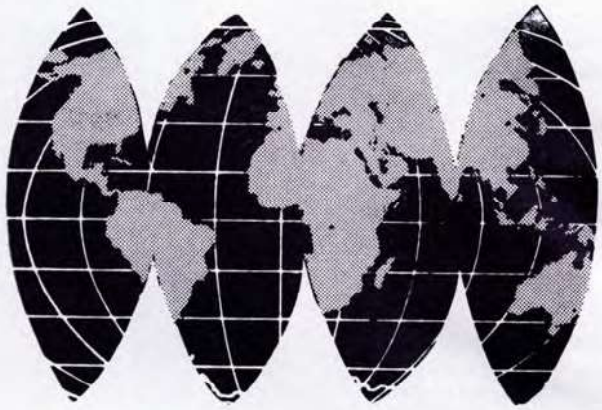

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Hong Kong—Bargain Town by the China Sea

[*Continued from page* 47]

simply must read my book. My companion went off to sleep hogging more than his share of the arm-rest.

Bahrein is, without question, the scruffiest international airport in the world. The washing facilities would not be tolerated in a prison and the slow fans in the ceilings of the bedraggled hutments hardly stirred the flies. Stale, hot air blew down off the desert and there was a chirrup of unknown insects. A few onlookers shuffled about with their feet barely off the ground, spitting and scratching themselves. This is the East one is glad to get through quickly.

Up again over the Arabian Sea with, below us, the occasional winking flares of the smuggling dhows that hug the coast from India down past the Aden Colony and Protectorate and East Africa, carrying cargoes of illegal Indian emigrants on their way to join fathers and uncles and cousins in the cheap labor markets of Kenya and Tanganyika. Without passports, they are landed on the African continent anywhere south of the Equator and disappear into the bidonvilles that are so much more hospitable than the stews of Bombay. From now on, we shall be in the lands of baksheesh, squeeze and graft, which rule from the smallest coolie to the Mr. Bigs in government.

Ten thousand feet below us a baby thunderstorm flashed violet. My neighbor said he must get a picture of it, groped under his seat. Consternation! $400 worth of camera and lenses had been filched! Already the loot would be on its way up the pipeline to the bazaars. The long argument with the chief steward about responsibility and insurance went on far across the great black vacuum of India.

More thunderstorms fluttered in the foothills of the Himalayas while B.O.A.C. stuffed us once again, like Strasbourg geese, with food and drink. I had no idea what time it was or when I was going to get any sleep between these four- or five-hour leaps across the world. My watch said midnight G.M.T. and this tricked me into drinking a whisky and soda in the pretentious airport at New Delhi where the sad Benares brassware in unsaleable Indian shapes and sizes collects dust in the forlorn showcases. Alas, before I had finished it, a pale dawn was coming up and great flocks of awakened crows fled silently overhead toward some distant breakfast among the rubbish dumps outside India's capital.

India has always depressed me. I can't bear the universal dirt and squalor and the impression, false I am sure, that everyone is doing no work except living off his neighbor. And I am desolated by the *outward* manifestations of the two great Indian religions. Ignorant, narrow-minded, bigoted? Of course I am. But perhaps this extract from India's leading newspaper, boxed and in heavy black type on the back page of the *Statesman*, will help to excuse my prejudices:

10 YEARS' PRISON FOR KIDNAPPING.

New Delhi, Nov. 16.

A Bill providing deterrent punishment for kidnapping minors and maiming and employing them for begging, was introduced in the Lok Sabha today by the Home Minister, Pandit Pant.

The Bill seeks to amend the relevant sections of the Indian Penal Code, and provides for imprisonment extending up to 10 years and fine in the case of kidnapping or obtaining custody of minors for employing them for begging, and life imprisonment and fine in the case of maiming.

—P.T.I.

Back on the plane, the assistant stewardess wore the Siamese equivalent of a *cheong sam*. Five hours away was Bangkok. One rejected sleep and breakfast for the splendor below and away to port where the Himalayas shone proudly and the tooth of Everest looked small and easy to climb. Why had no one ever told me that the mouths of the Ganges are one of the wonders of the world? Gigantic brown meanderings between walls and islands of olive green, each one of a hundred tributaries seeming 10 times the size of the Thames. A short neck of the Bay of Bengal and then down over the rice fields of Burma to the heavenly green pastures of Thailand, spread out among wandering rivers and arrow-straight canals like some enchanted garden. This was the first place of really startling beauty I had so far seen and the temperature of 92° in the shade on the tarmac did nothing to spoil the impact of the country where I would advise other travelers to have their first view of the true Orient. The minute air hostess, smiling the first true smile, as opposed to an air hostess smile, since London, told us to "forrow me."

In spite of the mosquitos as large as Messerschmitts and the wringing humidity, everyone seems to agree that Bangkok is a dream city, and I blamed myself for hurrying on to Hong Kong. In only one hour, one still got the impression of the topsy-turvy, childlike quality of the country and an old Siamese hand, a chance acquaintance, summed it up with a recent cutting from a Bangkok newspaper. This was a plaintive article by a high police official remonstrating with tourists for accosting girls in the streets. These street-walkers were unworthy representatives of Siamese womanhood. A tourist had only to call at the nearest police station to be given names and addresses and prices of not only the most beautiful, but the most respectable, girls in the city!

Back in the Comet that, after 6,000 miles, seemed as fresh and trim as it had at London Airport, it was half an hour across the China Sea before one's clothes came unstuck from one's body. Then it was only another hour or so before the Chinese communist-owned outer islands of Hong Kong showed up below and we began to drift down to that last little strip of tarmac set in one of the most beautiful views in the world. It was nearly 5 o'clock and just over 26 hours and 7,000 miles from London. Twenty minutes late! Take a letter please, Miss Trueblood.

But I was at the first of my thrilling cities.

"Is more better now, Master?"

I grunted luxuriously and the velvet hands withdrew from my shoulders. More Tiger Balm was applied to the finger tips and then the hands were back, now to massage the base of my neck with soft authority. Through the open French windows the song of bulbuls came from the big orchid tree covered with deep pink blossoms and two Chinese magpies chattered in the grove of casuarino. Some-

"Mister, can we use your raft when you're through with it?"

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where far away turtle doves were saying *coocoroo*. Number One Boy (number one from among seven in the house) came in to say that breakfast was ready on the veranda. I exchanged compliments with the dimpling masseuse, put on a shirt and trousers and sandals and walked out into the spectacular, sun-drenched view.

As, half-way through the delicious scrambled eggs and bacon, a confiding butterfly, black and cream and dark blue, settled on my wrist, I reflected that Heaven could wait. Here, on the green and scarcely inhabited slopes of Shek-O, above Big Wave Bay on the southeast corner of Hong Kong Island, was good enough.

This was my first morning in Hong Kong and this small paradise was the house of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Barton. Hugh Barton is perhaps the most powerful surviving English taipan (big shot) in the Orient and he lives in discreet accordance with his status as chairman of Messrs. Jardine Matheson, the great Far Eastern trading corporation founded by two energetic Scotsmen almost 150 years ago. They say in Hong Kong that power resides in the Jockey Club, Jardine Mathesons, the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, and Her Majesty's Government—in that order. Hugh Barton, being a steward of the Jockey Club, chairman of Jardine's, deputy chairman of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank and a member of the Governor's Legislative Council, has it every way, and when I complained of a mildly stiff neck after my flight it was natural that so powerful a taipan's household should conjure up a comely masseuse before breakfast. That is the right way; but, alas, how rare for powerful taipans to operate. When, the night before, I had complimented Mrs. Barton for having fixed a supremely theatrical new moon for my arrival, I was not being all that fanciful.

Apart from being the last stronghold of feudal luxury in the world, Hong Kong is the most vivid and exciting city I have ever seen, and I recommend it without reserve to anyone who possesses the fare. It seems to have everything—modern comfort in a theatrically Oriental setting; an equable climate except during the monsoons; beautiful country for walking or riding; all sports, including the finest golf course (the Royal Hong Kong) in the East; the most expensively equipped race-course, and wonderful skin-diving; exciting flora and fauna, including the celebrated butterflies of Hong Kong; and a cost of living that compares favorably with any other tourist city. Minor attractions include really good Western and Chinese restaurants, supremely exotic night life, cigarettes at 18¢ for 20, and heavy Shantung silk suits, shirts, etc., expertly tailored in 48 hours.

With these and innumerable other advantages it is, therefore, not surprising that the population of this minute territory is over 3 million, or 1 million more than the whole of New Zealand. The fact that 650 million communist Chinese are a few miles away across the frontier seems only to add zest to the excitement at all levels of life in the colony and, from the governor down, if there is an underlying tension, there is certainly no dismay. Obviously China could take Hong Kong by a snap of its giant fingers, but China has shown no signs of wishing to do so, and when the remaining 34 years of our lease of the mainland territory expire, I see no reason why a reduced population should not retreat to the islands and the original territory which we hold in perpetuity.

Whatever the future holds, there is no sign that a sinister, doom-fraught countdown is in progress. It is true that the colony every now and then gets the shivers, but when an American bank pulled up stumps during the Quemoy troubles in 1958, there was nothing but mockery. The Government pressed on inside the leased territory with the building of the largest hospital in the Orient and with the erection of an average of two schools a month to meet the influx of refugees from China. The private Chinese and European builders also pressed on, and continue to press on today, with the construction of 20-story apartment houses for the lower and middle classes. Altogether it is a gay and splendid colony humming with vitality and progress and pure joy to the senses and spirits.

Apart from my host, my guide, philosopher and friend in Hong Kong, and later in Japan, was "Our Man in the Orient," Richard Hughes, Far Eastern correspondent of the *Sunday Times*. He is a giant Australian with a European mind and a quixotic view of the world exemplified by his founding of the Baritsu branch of the Baker Street Irregulars—Baritsu is Japanese for the national code of self-defense which includes judo, and which is the only Japanese word known to have been used by Sherlock Holmes.

On my first evening he and I went out on the town.

The streets of Hong Kong are the most enchanting night streets I have ever trod. Here the advertising agencies are ignorant of the drab fact, known all too well in London and New York, that patterns of black and red and yellow have the most compelling impact on the human eye. Avoiding harsh primary colors, the streets of Hong Kong are evidence that neon lighting need not be hideous, and the crowded Chinese ideograms in pale violet and pink and green with a plentiful use of white are entrancing not only for their colors but also because one does not know what drab messages and exhortations they spell out. The smell of the streets is sea-clean with an occasional exciting dash of sandalwood from a joss-stick factory, frying onions, and the scent of sweet perspiration that underlies Chinese cooking. The girls, thanks to the *cheong sams* they wear, have a deft and coltish prettiness which sends Western women into paroxysms of envy. The high, rather stiff, collar of the *cheong sam* gives authority and poise to the head and shoulders, and the flirtatious slits from the hem of the dress upward, as high as the beauty of the leg will allow, demonstrate that the sex appeal of the inside of a woman's knee has apparently never occurred to Dior or Balmain. No doubt

there are fat or dumpy Chinese women in Hong Kong, but I never saw one. Even the men, in their spotless white shirts and dark trousers, seem to have better, fitter figures than we in the West, and the children are a constant enchantment.

We started off our evening at the soldiest bar in Hong Kong—the sort of place that Hemingway liked to write about, lined with ships' badges and other trophies with, over the bar, a stuffed alligator with an iguana riding on its back. The bar belongs to Jack Conder, a former Shanghai municipal policeman and reputed to have been the best pistol shot there in the old days. His huge fists seem to hold the memory of many a recalcitrant chin. He will not allow women in the bar downstairs on the grounds that real men should be allowed to drink alone. When the Japanese came in 1941, Conder stayed on in Shanghai, was captured and escaped. He took the long walk all the way down China to Chungking, sleeping during daylight hours in graveyards, where the ghosts effectively protected him. He is the authentic Hemingway type and he sells solid drinks at reasonable prices. His bar is the meeting place of "Alcoholics Synonymous"—a group of lesser Hemingway characters, most of them local press correspondents. The initiation ceremony requires the consumption of 16 San Migs, which is the pro name for the local San Miguel beer —to my taste a very unencouraging brew.

After fortification with Western poisons (I gather that no self-respecting Chinese would think of drinking before dinner, but that the fashion for whisky is invading the Orient almost as fast as it has invaded France) we proceeded to one of the finest Chinese locales, the Peking Restaurant. Dick Hughes, a hard-bitten Orientaloque, was determined that I should become Easternized as soon as possible and he missed no opportunity to achieve the conversion. The Peking Restaurant was bright and clean. We consumed seriatim:

Shark's fin soup with crab,
shrimp balls in oil,
bamboo shoots with seaweed,
chicken and walnuts,
with, as a main dish,
roast Peking duckling,
washed down

with mulled wine. Lotus seeds in syrup added a final gracious touch.

Dick insisted that then, and on all future occasions when we were together, I should eat with chopsticks and I pecked around with those elegant but ridiculous instruments with clumsy enthusiasm. To my surprise the meal, most elegantly presented and served, was in every respect delicious. All the tastes were new and elusive, but I was particularly struck with another aspect of Oriental cuisine —each dish had a quality of gaiety about it, assisted by discreet ornamentation, so that the basically unattractive process of shoveling food into one's mouth achieved, whether one liked it or not, a kind of elegance. And the background to this, and to all my subsequent meals in the East, always had this quality of gaiety—people chattering happily and smiling with pleasure and encouragement. From now on, all the meals I ate

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in authentic as opposed to tourist Chinese or Japanese restaurants were infinitely removed from what, for a lifetime, had been a dull, rather unattractive routine in the somber eating-mills of the West where the customer, his neighbors and the waiters seem subtly to resent each other, the fact that they should all be there together, and very often the things they are eating.

Dick Hughes spiced our banquet with the underground and underworld gossip of the colony—the inability of the Government to deal drastically with Hong Kong's only real problem, the water shortage. Why didn't they hand it over to private enterprise? The gas and electricity services were splendidly run by the Kadoorie Brothers, whose record had been equally honorable in Shanghai. There was a grave shortage of hotels. Why didn't Jardines do something about it? Japanese mistresses were preferable to Chinese girls. If, for one reason or another, you fell out with your Japanese girl, she would be dignified, philosophical. But the Chinese girl would throw endless hysterical scenes, and probably turn up at your office and complain to your employer. Servants? They were plentiful and wonderful, but too many of the English and American wives had no idea how to treat good servants. They would clap their hands and shout "Boy!" to cover their lack of self-confidence. This sort of behavior was out of fashion and brought the Westerner into disrepute. (How often one has heard the same thing said of English wives in other "colored" countries!)

The latest public scandal was the massage parlors and the blue cinemas (with color and sound!) that flourished, particularly across the harbor in Kowloon. The *Hong Kong Standard* had been trying to clean them up. The details they had published had anyway been good for circulation. He read out from the *Standard*, "Erotic dailies circulate freely here. Blue films shown openly. Hong Kong police round up massage girls." The *Standard* had given the names and addresses: "Miss Ten Thousand Fun and Safety at 23 Stanley Street, 2nd floor. Business starting at 9 a.m. . . . Miss Soft and Warm Village. . . . Miss Outer Space, and Miss Lotus of Love at 17 Café Apartments, Room 113, ground floor. (Opposite the French Hospital. Room heated). . . . Miss Chaste and Refined, Flat A, Percival Mansion, 6th floor (lift service)." And more wonderful names: "Miss Smooth and Fragrant. . . . Miss Emerald Parsley. . . . Miss Peach Stream Pool (satisfaction guaranteed)," and so forth.

The trouble, explained Dick, was partly the traditional desire of Oriental womanhood to please, combined with unemployment and the rising cost of living. Increase in the number of light industries, particularly the textile mills, the bane of Lancashire and America, might help. Would I like to go and visit the latest textile mill? I said I wouldn't.

It was a natural step from this conversation to proceed from the Peking Restaurant to the world of Suzie Wong.

Richard Mason, with his splendid book *The World of Susie Wong*, has done for a modest waterfront hotel what Hemingway did for his very different Harry's Bar in Venice. The book, though, like *A Many-Splendored Thing* by Han Suyin, read universally by the literate in Hong Kong, is small-mindedly frowned upon, largely I gather because miscegenation with beautiful Chinese girls is understandably an unpopular topic with the great union of British womanhood. But the Suzie Wong myth is in Hong Kong to stay, and Richard Mason would be amused to find how it has gathered depth and detail.

It seems to be fact, for instance, and perhaps the only known fact, that when he was in Hong Kong Richard Mason did live in a waterfront establishment called the Luk Kwok Hotel, transformed in his book into the Nam Kok House of Pleasure, where the painter, Robert Lomax, befriended and, after comic, tender, romantic and finally tragic interludes, married the charming prostitute Suzie Wong.

As a result of the book, the Luk Kwok Hotel, so conveniently placed near the fleet landing stage and the British Sailors' Home, has boomed. Solitary girls may still not sit unaccompanied in the spacious bar with its great and many-splendored juke box. You must still bring them in from outside, as did Lomax, to prevent the hotel becoming, legally, a disorderly house. But the whole place has been redecorated in deep battleship gray (to remind the sailors of home?) and one of Messrs. Collins' posters advertising Richard Mason's book has a place of honor on the main wall. Other signs of prosperity are a huge and hideous near-Braque on another wall, a smart Anglepoise light over the cash register, and a large bowl of Siamese fighting fish. (It is also a sign of fame, of which the proprietor is very proud, that the totally respectable Prime Minister of Laos and his Foreign Minister stayed at the Luk Kwok on a visit to Hong Kong.)

If you inquire after Suzie herself, you are answered with a melancholy shake of the head and the sad, dramatic news that Suzie's marriage failed and she is now back "on the pipe." When you ask where you could find her, it is explained that she will see no other man and waits for Lomax one day to return. She is not in too bad a way, as Lomax sends her regular remittances from London. But there are many other beautiful girls here just as beautiful as Suzie. Would you care to meet one, a very particular friend of Suzie's?

I don't know how much the sailors believe this story, but I suspect they are all quite happy to put up with "Suzie's friend," and I for one greatly enjoyed exploring the myth that will forever inhabit the Luk Kwok Hotel with its neon slogans: "GIRLS, BUT NO OBLIGATION TO BUY DRINKS! CLEAN SURROUNDINGS! ENJOY TO THE MAXIMUM AT THE LEAST EXPENSE!"

Dick Hughes misunderstood one author's delighted interest in the brilliance of another author's myth, and protested that there were far better establishments awaiting my patronage. But by now it was late and the after-effects of jet travel

"Martha, you shouldn't carry a heavy load like that. Make two trips."

—a dull headache and a bronchial breathlessness—had caught up with me, and we ended our evening with a walk along the thronged quays in search of a taxi and home.

On the way I commented on the fact that there is not a single seagull in the whole vast expanse of Hong Kong harbor. Dick waved toward the dense floods of junks and sampans on which families of up to half a dozen spend the whole of their lives, mostly tied up in harbor. There hadn't used to be any seagulls in Shanghai either, he said. Since the communists took over they have come back. The communists have put it about that they had come back because they no longer have to fight with the humans for the harbor refuse. It was probably the same thing in Hong Kong. It would take an awful lot of seagulls to compete for a living with 3 million Chinese.

On this downbeat note I closed my first enchanted day.

Incidental Intelligence

Hotels. By tradition and probably correctly, the *Peninsula* (the *"Pen"*), on the Kowloon peninsula, is regarded as No. 1 hotel for visitors to the colony. It now has an annex, *Peninsula Court*. Rates are from about $12 (single) to $17 (double). Very colonial, comfortable, proper. It is generally booked fully for months in advance. Next come the *Miramar* (behind the *Peninsula* geographically, but livelier and overtaking it by enterprise and expansion) and the *Gloucester* (on the island). *Miramar* rates range from $6 to $13, the *Gloucester*, $7 to $13.

If you are holidaying, the *Repulse Bay Hotel*, across the island and fronting a reasonable beach, is recommended. About $5 to $16. This is set in lovely gardens and the local beauties, wives and concubines offer a dazzling display at the Sunday afternoon tea-dances. The food is better than at the *Peninsula* or the *Miramar*. But it takes half an hour to cross the island to the business, shopping and social center of Hong Kong (officially called Victoria).

The *Luk Kwok*, Suzie Wong's original official address, encourages a livelier clientèle. Single room (an interesting aspiration), about $2; double (virtually *de rigueur*), up to $6.

Eating. For Western food, the *Marco Polo* in the *Peninsula Court* is the most expensive restaurant and can sometimes be the best. *Caddi's*, off the *Peninsula* ground-floor marble lobby, is also recommended. On the island, the *Parisian Grill* (the *"P.G."*) is the oldest and best-known restaurant, jam-packed at lunch; but standards and prices at *Jimmy's Kitchen* and the *Gloucester* (now operating a rejuvenated kitchen) are roughly equivalent. *Maxim's* and the *Café de Paris* charge slightly more. More Chinese go to Maxim's than to the *"P.G.,"* and there is dancing in the evening; Hong Kong's feminine elegance glitters at *Maxim's* at the cocktail hour. You can get bear's paw—overrated—at the *Gloucester*. (N.B. The best and the biggest Martinis in the colony are served in the Mexican bar in the *Gloucester*.)

All visitors want to eat on the floating restaurants at Aberdeen. As this venture involves a 40-minute taxi haul from Victoria, the earnest diner might care to break his journey at the *Repulse Bay Hotel* and brace himself with a few shots on the veranda around sunset before tackling the next 15-minute stage to reach the floating restuarants at twilight.

Dinner at the *Carlton*, four miles out of Kowloon on the main road to the New Territories, unfolds one of the world's most memorable panoramas: the jeweled lights of Kowloon, the harbor and the island.

—Ian Fleming

Next month, Ian Fleming takes you to another fabulous port of call: TOKYO—SWINGING CITY OF THE SENSUOUS EAST

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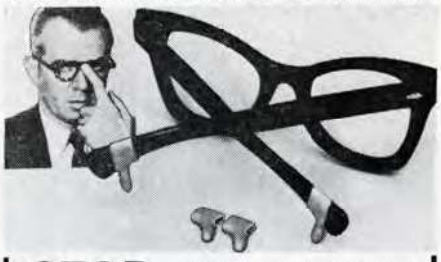

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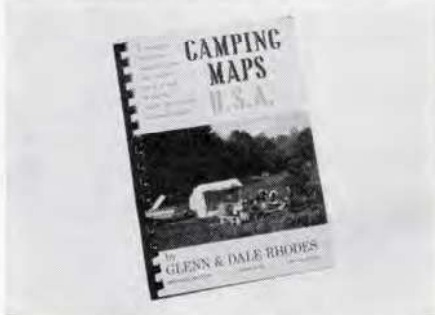

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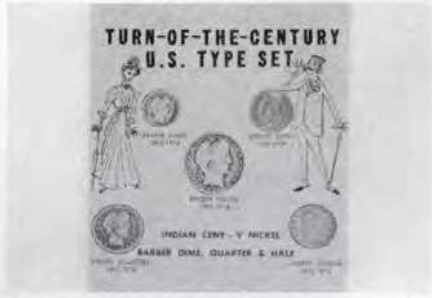

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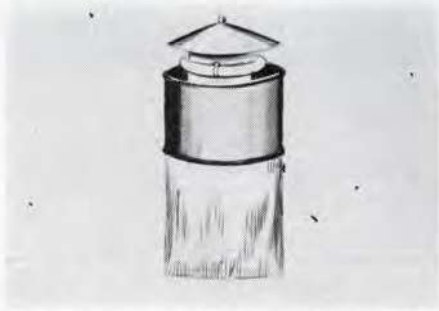

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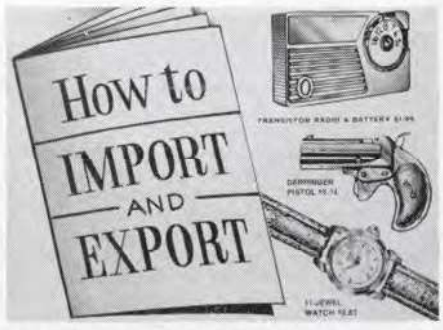

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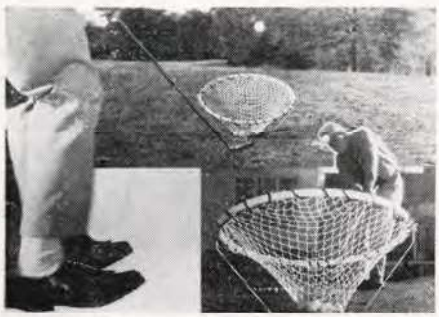

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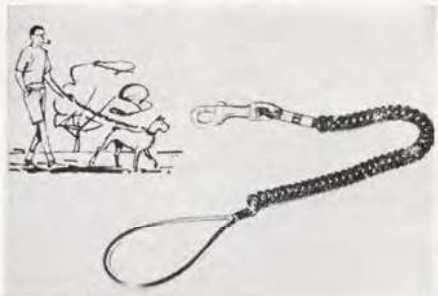

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Diamonds In Paradise

[*Continued from page* 60]

actually smile. The shirt is the gift of civilization most appreciated by the natives.

I had often tried to imagine what sort of person Mundo would turn out to be, but none of my conjectures came anywhere near the mark. He was a tough, suspicious, strong-willed character, and—which I found most unexpected of all—profoundly antagonistic toward all white men. This unwelcome discovery chilled my overhasty hopes of winning his sympathy from the start. To judge from his present attitude, there was every reason to fear that he might well send me on my way again, minus the rifle he had confiscated. Without either weapons or escort I had no hope of getting safely back the way I had come.

Mundo took good care to make me realize that my status was that of a prisoner—his prisoner. He buckled on my cartridge belt, stuck my knife through it, and with my rifle in his hand declared: "This gun mine."

If I was to avoid the complete ruination of my plans, I simply had to display a little firmness at this point myself.

"It will be yours," I retorted, "but only when I have completed my mission and am ready to return to my own great and powerful country."

"You leave when I say you leave. You thank your God you still alive. If you had been carrying gun when you met my warriors, you would be feeding fish of Rio Blanco now. I give order: kill all white men with guns."

This was the gist of the harangue that Mundo made to me in his broken Spanish, with a depth of sullen rancor the motive for which I very soon learned: it appeared that his only son, named Alabimu, had been killed by Europeans when on an expedition to carry off women from another tribe, 10 days' march to the south. He and his companions had been surprised by a group of armed miners, who came to the assistance of the tribe they were raiding. Alabimu had failed to return.

"Listen, Mundo," I told him, "I have not come here to make trouble. I want to help your people. This territory of yours contains certain stones that are of very great interest to the white man. Perhaps the time is not far off when Europeans will come here in their hundreds, in their thousands even, and then you will be helpless to protect your people against these foreigners. They have enough guns to wipe you all out in the twinkling of an eye."

"I know, I know," Mundo said testily. "That is why I want no white men here. We want to live in peace, as our fathers did before us. I should kill you here and now."

"If you allow me to stay, no other white men will come here—and one day your people will have all that they could ever want. By helping me you will help your people. And the great chief Cardona will bring you many presents."

Cardona's name had more effect than all my threadbare rhetoric.

"When Cardona coming?"

"I do not know. But I do know he is interceding on your behalf with the Great White Chief. Maybe we will see him again very soon."

"You sleep here," was Mundo's only reply, and he marched out of the hut wearing my clothes and hung about with my weapons.

Fires had been lit out on the threshing floor in order to smoke the meat brought home by the hunters. This would give the tribe about three weeks' reserve. Lolomai was not among the women there. I went back to the hut and sat brooding over the situation. Presently Mundo reappeared, with some *casabe* and a portion of roasted meat. He stretched himself out on a mat without saying a word. Then, after contemplating the roof for a little while, he remarked: "My nephew Antu is ill. He was well when he came back from hunting with me. Now he will not eat, and he is cold even close to the fire."

Clearly he had a fever.

"Do you want me to look at him?"

"No. The Sapulí will not allow it."

"But the boy is your nephew. The medicine man cannot object, surely?"

"He is his son," Mundo said, "his son by my sister."

"Ah. Then he is Lolomai's brother?"

He looked sharply at me, frowning with suspicion.

"When have you seen Lolomai?"

"Yesterday. Taivan told me her name."

"I had a son," Mundo said, "tall, strong, brave son. They killed him. They killed my son."

"I'm sorry, Mundo. I'm truly sorry about your son."

"I married twenty wives," he cried, raising clenched fists. "I wanted sons, many sons. But I have sired only daughters. I am ashamed."

"But that's not your fault," I said, foolishly. He gave no sign of having heard.

"When Lolomai was born," he went on, "we betrothed her to my son. But my son is dead and I shall not live much longer. So then Antu will be chief in my place. Antu is very wise and very brave. He has taken my son's place in my own heart, and with the whole tribe. Now he is sick, and I am afraid."

I slipped silently into my hammock. Mundo still lay there, staring up at the roof.

When I awoke the next morning the sun was already well up above the horizon. Where Mundo had been a big snake now lay coiled. It might possibly be one of those domesticated snakes that Cardona had told me about, but I could not be certain, and I hoped someone would appear and remove so irksome a hazard for me. But finally I got tired of lying there staring at the thing, so I slipped on my boots as fast as I could and hurried out. The snake never stirred.

Some of the women were still busy smoking meat on the central square. Others were pegging out the hides to dry in the sun. The whole village lay wrapped in primeval peace. I went down to the river to freshen up.

On my return I found the villagers all clustering around two Indians who had that moment arrived. Something serious must be in the wind, I thought: Mundo was in a thoroughly bad temper, and making no attempt to conceal the fact. With obvious irritation he snapped out several orders, and then stumped off to his hut. He aimed a vicious kick at the snake, which looped sluggishly out into the open.

"What's happened?" I asked him.

"Our people," he replied. "Two hours' march from here. Plant yuca."

"But what happened?"

"Kaicusé come last night, kill a woman."

Kaicusé is the name given by the Indians to any big cat.

"This the third time," Mundo said. "If Kaicusé once taste human flesh, he never stop. We must kill him."

As he spoke he had laid his hand on my rifle.

"It will be better if I come with you," I said. "The gun is dangerous. You do not understand how to work it. I will help you kill Kaicusé."

When we arrived, all eyes were turned hopefully on my rifle. Panic-stricken, the villagers showed us the remains of the third victim, which lay where the jaguar had left her, abandoning its prey when it heard men and dogs approaching.

"Mundo," I said, "if you send out men and dogs into the forest, Kaicusé will hear the noise they make and run far away. Then, when you have gone, he will come back and claim more victims. You must find another way of dealing with him. For instance, you can make him come here to you. If we carry the old woman's remains back to the spot where he left them, Kaicusé is bound to return to finish his meal—and then we will shoot him."

Mundo was instantly convinced by my argument. I knew from experience gained hunting elsewhere, in Siam and Cambodia, that the great cats have a very poorly developed sense of smell, though they are very keen-sighted and acute of hearing. All we had to do was conceal ourselves about 10 yards away from the body, in such a position that we could not miss our target; our success would then depend simply on keeping quite still and quiet.

I had a trench dug at the edge of a thicket, and lined the bottom of it with cut grass. Then we waited till night fell, doing our best to reassure the women and children of the little community, who wanted to abandon their homes and return to the main body of the tribe.

When evening came we took up our position and lay wait-

ing. I placed great reliance on Mundo's keen sense of hearing, and we had agreed that at the first rustle he was to put one hand on my shoulder. Despite the gathering darkness the old woman's remains were still clearly visible.

After a while I began to feel slightly less tense and expectant, and my mind strayed back over the events of the past few days, picking up fragmentary memories, though I was not really calm enough to recall any one of them in its entirety. Then, suddenly, Mundo tapped me on the shoulder. I strained my ears, but could hear nothing. Mundo's hand pressed harder. I turned my head. He indicated with a gesture that the beast was behind us. I kept quite still. After a second or two Mundo bent forward and whispered: "He's here."

Next morning we found his tracks. The jaguar had been no more than seven or eight yards away from us. One faint noise, and we should have been done for.

After an hour or two of sleep I awoke with the satisfied feeling of one who has found the right approach and now merely needs to perfect its details. I arranged for another trench to be dug on the opposite side, at a point that gave me complete coverage of the ground close to the old woman's remains.

This time we did not have long to wait. It was little more than an hour before I felt a slight pressure on my thigh. I too had caught a slight rustle from the direction in which my gun was pointing. A moment later I glimpsed a gray shadow moving behind the thicket where we had lain the previous evening. I had never expected the creature to be so enormous. It circled the remains at its leisure, then slowly approached them, crouched down, and began to eat.

I held my fire, waiting for the best possible chance, anxious not to run the slightest risk of missing my target. There are few more lethal things in the world than a wounded jaguar. Finally I saw the glint of its eyes, and pressed the trigger three times in quick succession. The gray shadow gave a great sideways leap and vanished. Mundo sprang up behind me, bow drawn and ready. Not a sound was to be heard from the direction in which the jaguar had taken off. Then the dogs all began to bark, and the men from the village came tumbling out with torches in their hands. A little way off, in the middle of the thicket, we found an enormous jaguar stretched out in the immobility of death.

There followed an orgy of singing, shouting and dancing. The beast was slung from a pole by all four legs and carried to the village, where we received a tremendous welcome. The dancing continued around the corpse.

I retired to my hut, suffering from the usual sick reaction that came over me after killing any creature. A thoughtful gesture of gratitude on the part of the village headman, later that evening, successfully eliminated my nervous tension, however. I was lying stretched out on the matting, unable to sleep, when a young woman slipped in through the doorway and stood waiting beside me. She was one of the headman's four wives, and he had assigned her, according to local custom, to entertain the guest of honor. It was weeks since I had been to bed with a woman, and this one proved both passionate and accommodating. There was no question of her wanting to get it over in a hurry, either; she stayed with me till morning.

Soon after dawn Mundo called for me. Everyone else was already up. The jaguar had been strung up in the middle of the village threshing floor: he was certainly a magnificent specimen, over six feet long, with a tawny, black-striped pelt. Mundo, acting as interpreter, told the headman that I would like to keep the skin for myself.

On our way back I decided that the right time had come for me to ask Mundo to be allowed to stay on with them: I could hardly have a more favorable opportunity. He replied that he would personally escort me to a village of Brazilian miners, one week's march to the south. Plain obstinacy is always a disconcerting hazard; it requires a great deal of finesse and patience to overcome it. But once again I had luck on my side.

When we reached the village there were no signs of that excited rejoicing which normally greets the destruction of a man-eating jaguar. The only expression on people's faces was one of alarm and distress. Poor Antu, it turned out, had taken a turn for the worse, and now lay hovering between life and death. The medicine man stood on the threshold of his hut, uttering frenzied invocations to every quarter of the heavens. From the interior there came wails of suffering and despair.

Mundo hurried in to see him, and I was left there alone, biting my nails in impotent frustration. I might well still be able to do something for the boy, but a barrier of ignorance and superstition stood between us. Around and around the hut there whirled a dancing procession of men bearing staves hung with amulets—animals' teeth, fishbones, skulls; and the medicine man himself swayed like a tree in a gale, howling and brandishing his wand, beseeching Mauri, the Kindly One, to come down and enter the hut.

Finally Mundo, who had himself joined in the dancing, staggered back to his own hut and flung himself down, panting, on one of the mats.

"How is he?" I asked.

"He'll begin to get better soon," Mundo said. Clearly he believed it. Either he had faith in the medicine man's exorcisms, or else he preferred to convince himself of their efficacy rather than sit by helpless and await the worst.

I showed him an ampoule of penicillin solution. "This can save him, Mundo. Speak to the medicine man. Tell him."

He still needed to consider the matter: it was some time before he finally made up his mind. Then he went out and was gone for quite a while. I raged against the stubborn respect for tradition that all these natives had, and which kept my hands tied in a crisis: every lost minute lessened the chances of saving Antu. It was almost dusk before Mundo returned.

"Come," he said resignedly.

It was indeed a near thing. The boy lay there on his matting, with nothing but an animal-skin over him. He was shivering convulsively. Lolomai knelt beside him, trying to make him swallow some small morsels of *casabe*. The medicine man's four wives were there, too. The medicine man himself had withdrawn to his personal hut in high dudgeon.

I pointed to Antu's mother, indicating that she should stay, and begged Mundo to get rid of the other women. Then I went to work. I took Antu's temperature and found it was over 105° F. I sent for my *chinchorro* and put him into it, having first wrapped him up in my woolen blanket. It was not a difficult diagnosis: the boy obviously had pneumonia. I gave him an initial injection of penicillin and also made him swallow some aspirin tablets.

We sat up with Antu all night: at regular intervals Lolomai would change the cold compress on his forehead. He sweated profusely, and his system responded to my treatment in the most remarkable way. From the way in which Lolomai carried out my orders I could tell she trusted me. Mundo was behind me, and I felt his eyes boring into the back of my neck throughout; Antu's mother crouched in a corner, weeping continuously.

At dawn the following day rumor reached us that the medicine man was organizing another of his tribal dances. Antu had fallen asleep, and it was absolutely essential for him not to be disturbed by the din this operation would involve. I asked Mundo to tell the medicine man that the spirit of the great Mauri had entered the body of his son and was driving Canaima, the evil one, out. By this device I managed to avert more noisy ritual taking place around the hut.

I remained by Antu's side all that day and the following night. Lolomai nodded off from time to time: she was nearly dead from lack of sleep. When she awoke she would look at me in a bewildered way, and then her eyes would light up with an expression of gratitude. Antu's fever had dropped, and he slept peacefully. At dawn on the second day I went back to Mundo's hut and sank into a deep sleep. When I awoke, some hours later, I perceived Mundo himself stretched out beside me, dead to the world.

I went back to have a look at Antu, who half opened his eyes and smiled weakly when he saw me. Mauri had accomplished his miracle; the boy's tough constitution had done the rest. Mundo was deeply moved. When he appeared from his hut he remarked to me: "The medicine man wishes to perform a ceremonial thanksgiving to Mauri. He will also have to thank him for delivering us from Kaicusé, and for your own presence in our midst. It is my hope that you will never leave us."

So even this old Taurepán headman had his moments of sentimental weakness.

"I have given orders to build a new hut for you, beside my own," he went on.

"Thank you."

"You will need a wife, too, if you are going to stay here."

I said: "Lolomai would suit me very well."

Mundo was clearly put out by this. He would not meet my eye, and went off without saying a word in response. But though this first request of mine seemed to have fallen on barren ground, nevertheless my most serious obstacle was now overcome: the Taurepán tribe had accepted me.

All the inhabitants of the village where we had killed the jaguar assembled for the ceremonial feast, together with folk from another community in the neighborhood, of which I had no knowledge. Among the guests was Kalamai, the young woman who had spent the night after the jaguar's death in my company. She appeared to retain a lively memory of our encounter.

A great silence fell on the assembled crowd as the medicine man slowly advanced to the center of the square, and everyone else formed a large circle around him. Then he raised his arms to heaven and gave thanks to the venerable and ancient Mauri, thrice-greatest of gods, creator of all things, who had deigned to hear his prayers and grant him a favorable response.

All the natives chorused at this point: "Thou hast heard us, O Mauri! Thou hast heard our prayers!"

When the thanksgiving ceremony was over, Mundo conducted me into the middle of the ring where everyone could see me. Then he proclaimed that henceforth I was one of them, that I would live with the tribe, that I was free to come and go as I pleased, and that if ever I stood in need of succor all were bound to come to my aid.

At one side of the great threshing floor, on a series of huge palm leaves, the feast was spread out—fish and meat dishes, turtle eggs, roasted grubs, and fruit, together with huge wooden bowls of *cachire*. Everyone eagerly began to eat and drink. But I could not take my eyes off Lolomai. In her palm-leaf skirt she looked even more attractive than usual, and even when she was pirouetting to the quick rhythms of the dance her breasts remained firm and high. I realized that my advances were not likely to be rejected, and that if I was so inclined I could have her that very night, since all the men, Mundo and the Sapulí included, were fast becoming drunk. But I preferred to bide my time.

The custom of the Taurepán as regards women and marriage I found extremely reassuring. No one would dare to touch a girl who was eligible for a husband, and since any man could take himself four wives, every girl automatically became a potential bride. Any man who flouted this law was exiled from the tribe and condemned to wander through the forest without food or weapons. His chances of survival were extremely slender.

Equally rigorous was the law concerning adultery. A husband had the right of life and death over his wife, and very few chose to be merciful over infidelity. The wretched woman's body was burned, and her ashes scattered in the river. On the other hand it was a great honor for a wife to be delegated by her husband to warm some distinguished guest's bed.

Women got married when they were about 9 or 10, and if they had sisters these too became wives of the eldest one's husband, and moved into his hut. Sometimes a bride's sisters were mere infants, and on more than one occasion I heard a man say, pointing to some tot of two or three: "She my wife. Me bring her up."

If a bride had more than three sisters (which meant that the total number exceeded the legal maximum of four) those over and above the quota remained in their father's house. If on the other hand she was an only child, or had less than three sisters, the husband was entitled to take any girls subsequently born to his in-laws. Women did all the work apart from fishing, hunting, and housebuilding.

They had discovered a certain plant that guaranteed them painless childbirth. When a Taurepán woman went into labor, her friends would gather the leaves of an herb that they call *mekurá,* pound them to shreds, and leave them on the boil for about three hours in a large caldron full of water. The resultant liquor was given to the expectant mother, who sipped it down a little at a time, and duly had her baby without feeling any discomfort. There was another root that they ground up in a makeshift mortar and boiled the same way for the purpose of producing sterility. A woman who was anxious to have no more children took two small doses of this decoction every day. The effect was to render her sterile for a period of two years. At the end of that time she could, if she so wished, do it again.

During this period I developed a close friendship with Antu, who often used to come around and visit me in the hut that had been built and put at my disposal. It was beyond doubt one of the best-equipped homes in the entire village, complete with door, window, and even a bath. Antu gave me lessons in the Taurepán dialect, which I found comparatively easy to pick up on account of its small vocabulary. I taught Antu some Spanish, and our conversations soon became pretty fluent.

I found this life much to my taste: it offered not only an abundance of all one needed but also absolute freedom in which to enjoy it. Yet in my leisure I still could not forget the motives that had brought me where I was, and on more than one occasion I discussed my plans with Antu. A few days after the feast I also confided in Mundo and the medicine man, who granted me permission to take the boy with me on an expedition. This pleased me very much, since Antu was a tough, adventurous character, with sharp wits to match, who knew the forest and all its perils like the back of his hand. He had given me a young puppy as a present—its father had been killed in a fight with a jaguar—and I christened it Kaicusé. We decided to take it with us on our trip.

The day before our departure I felt the time had come to tell Antu that I very much wanted to marry his sister. I was nervous about his possible reaction to this proposal, but he greeted it with a welcoming smile. Since we intended to be away till the beginning of the rainy season, that is, for the next three months or so, I saddled him with the task of formally asking his father's permission on my behalf. If it was forthcoming, I would marry Lolomai on our return.

Antu did not keep me in suspense for long. He hurried off right away, and shortly afterward was back with the answer. Lolomai was willing, but his father wanted to sleep on it.

That evening Lolomai came around to my hut with a present of wild pineapples, which was her way of telling me that she now considered herself my woman. I took her in my arms. But I had to keep myself well under control, as Taurepán law—and Antu's presence—required.

Next morning, before the rest of the village was stirring, we set out on our journey.

The canoe moved out from the bank, swinging with the current. Dawn was breaking, and the air had a humid smell. Nothing broke the deep stillness of the forest except the sound of our paddles thrusting through the water. Just for a moment, the thought of myself aboard this frail craft, with one Indian and a dog for company, and no experience at all of diamond prospecting, struck me as utterly absurd. God alone knew what I might be up against before I ended this journey.

We traveled a good way without exchanging a single word. The sun was already high in the heavens by the time we reached the juncture of the Uai-parú with a small tributary. Here we disembarked and unloaded the canoe. Next, we immediately set about building a rudimentary hut out of broad palm leaves, a simple *tarimba,* in which we had room to sling our hammocks and store our provisions and tools. Then I went off in search of those close-packed stretches of gravel known to prospectors as "diamond-bearing formations," and came upon three of them. I decided to concentrate, to begin with, on the one farthest upstream.

The first step in the operation is to divert the stream and drain the area under scrutiny. Any sand and other detritus covering the formation must be removed, and its hard outer crust broken up. This upper layer of gravel must then be shoveled away, till you reach the deepest stratum of all. Every shovelful has to be passed through the *suruca,* the triple sieve. When the top sieve is full you immerse the *suruca* in water and set about the process of washing the gravel, moving the *suruca* sideways and up and down alternately. The center of the

sieve is slightly concave, and any diamonds there may be will collect in it.

The uppermost riddle has a coarse mesh, and sorts out stones of three carats and over; the middle one catches those of one carat or more, while the bottom one collects sand and gold dust. To pick up the latter one requires yet another instrument, known as a *batea,* a wooden basin about 18 inches in diameter, tapering to a conical bottom. But gold prospecting was not included in my program.

During this first washing stint we sieved about a cubic yard of gravel, and when we knocked off on the evening of our second day there all we had found were some paltry specks of gold: not the slightest hint of a diamond. Antu, who had no very clear idea of what prospecting entailed, was sadly mortified by this setback; it was as though he personally had been responsible for it.

The next day we moved on and tackled the second formation, quite close to the mouth of the stream. We worked here till late afternoon, but without anything to show for our labors. However much I told myself that such initial disappointments were without significance, I was beginning by now to feel a little uneasy myself. But once again events were to convince me that optimism has its uses.

The moment when I saw the gleam of my first diamond is not one I shall easily forget. I think I shouted aloud in my excitement. It lay glittering in the middle of the second sieve, a fine diamond of about two carats. So I *had* picked the right spot, after all! Carried away with enthusiasm, I embraced Antu, who beamed contentedly. To complete the picture Kaicusé began to scamper around us, jumping up and barking wildly. I turned the stone this way and that in my fingers, trying to stifle the vague sensation of foreboding that filtered into my triumphant excitement.

Before that evening four more smaller diamonds turned up in the fine-meshed sieve.

By the end of the next day another dozen or so small diamonds had accumulated in the bottom sieve. We spent four days in all working this first stream, and then on the morning of the fifth we re-embarked and traveled on till we found another, which had only a poor trickle of water in it but was rich in diamond-bearing formations. I therefore decided to make my trial digs as close as possible to the infrequent pools (these being indispensable for washing) which here occurred at intervals of about 200 yards.

So three months passed, and together we learned something of the art of diamond prospecting. We found some in almost every dig, and on both sides of the main river.

We pressed on upriver, till one morning we found ourselves facing a high precipice, with a cave at its foot from which the river debouched. This rocky barrier looked as though it was set there expressly to prevent us from going any farther: I felt a curious uneasiness at the sight of it. But to my suggestion that we might be well advised to turn back Antu replied that we still had a month to go before the rainy season, and it would be silly to waste it. He was, of course, quite right.

Ordinarily we built our hut as soon as our new prospecting site had been settled. This time, however, we spent some time looking around the place in a curious state of indecision. Even the dog wandered uneasily from one side to the other, then stopped and looked up at us with an interrogative air. Our eyes kept turning back persistently to that steep bluff ahead of us. It was an odd affair, bare of trees but rank with tropical vegetation and a mass of bright flowers, for all the world like a huge speckled pincushion dropped in our path.

To dispel this dangerous feeling of panic I walked across to the mouth of the cave from which the water poured out. The entrance was low, and we had to stoop down to get inside. After a little the roof got a bit higher, but still not high enough to let us stand upright. A few yards farther on it began to get steadily lower again, and we could advance no farther.

There was a sound of barking from outside, and Kaicusé came bounding in to make sure we were still there. He then dashed out and began barking again. When our eyes had accustomed themselves to the half-light, we looked down into the limpid water at our feet and perceived a bottom of ribbed and glittering sand. To probe this on the spot was one further way of breaking the magic spell that the whole place seemed to exert. We had hardly begun washing the gravel when I saw something shine through the contents of the top sieve. It was a diamond, all right, and the first one that had been big enough for the largest mesh to catch: a 36-carat beauty.

I at once thanked God for His goodness. One's feelings at the time of a really important find such as this are always extremely confused: there are so many contradictory impulses thronging one's mind. I had often heard it said, too, that when a diamond of really outstanding size is discovered, something out of the ordinary always happens soon afterward.

By early evening our hut was ready, and we spent four days washing the gravel in the cave. Then we shifted our attentions to a small nearby stream. Beginning at its mouth, we took up a cubic yard of its bed every 200 yards or so. Finally we reached its source, which lay close to the ridge of the watershed. Down the farther slope we found a second stream, which joined the river before it vanished under the hill en route for the cave that we had already explored.

Since the first stream had produced a generous yield, it was well worth while probing the bed of the second one, too. We left the hut early in the morning, and did not get back till evening. It was a back-breaking task, but since we were soon due to get back to the village we could not waste time building a new shelter. As future chief, Antu had the welfare of the tribe at heart and wanted to be home a little before the rains broke: there were roofs that needed repairing, and they could do with an extra pair of hands for getting in stores.

So when we had finished washing this final formation we decided to pack up for the return journey. Normally we lit a fire at night to keep nocturnal prowlers away; but for once we felt too exhausted to collect leaves and sticks and go through the tedious business of getting them alight. We had a quick dip in the river, ate the fish we had prepared earlier in the day, and went straight to bed. The dog settled down between my hammock and the entrance to the hut. He was to pay dearly for his imprudence.

We got down to the river bright and early to begin the day's sifting. It was only when we were actually in the water that we realized Kaicusé had vanished. We called him repeatedly, but without result. Then we went back to the hut. It was Antu who first spotted the tracks of two big cats outside, and by studying them we saw that the female (who left shallower imprints) had paused a yard or two away, while her mate advanced to the threshold of the hut, broke poor Kaicusé's spine with one quick swipe of his paw, and carried him off without making the slightest sound. Even Antu, whose hearing was extremely acute, had failed to detect anything at the time.

We followed the tracks and found our poor dog beside the river, half eaten and buried in sand.

Antu knew very well what sort of cat had done this, but could not convey this information to me, since his rudimentary tribal vocabulary had only a generic name for all of them. However, we both instantly decided, without a word being exchanged, just what it was we must do. About 20 yards away from the remains of the dog there stood a big tree. We quickly put together a sort of makeshift platform, and hauled it up to a point at which the main trunk spread out into three thick branches. We fixed it in this triple fork, and then camouflaged it with leaves and brushwood so that we could watch unobserved.

When evening came we climbed up into the tree, armed respectively with rifle and bow. We had before us the prospect of spending several hours at least in complete silence and immobility: any time between dusk and dawn might see our quarry appear, and the least whisper or rustle could scare them off.

Antu sat clasping the rifle. I had little confidence in his ability as a marksman, but he had insisted on having the gun: he wanted to exact personal revenge for Kaicusé's death. Yet in point of fact whenever I had let him take a shot he had hit the target, and I could only hope and pray that he would not miss it on so crucial an occasion as this.

Time crawled by: it seemed as though the night would last forever. Then the moon rose, and we had a clear view of the scene before us. At last there came a faint rustle in the undergrowth. We held our breath, muscles tensed. About 20 yards beyond the remains of the dog, the heads of two black panthers peered out from the undergrowth.

A few interminable seconds ticked by, and then the male advanced a foot or two, momentarily blocking our view of his companion. He took another cautious step, and then stopped, peering around to see if the coast was clear. Finally both of them padded over to the body of the dog. I had my heart in my mouth at this point, terrified lest Antu should miss the best moment to fire. But a second or so later the boy let fly, and his first shot took the male fair and square: it reared up on its hind legs and then rolled heavily over on its side. He fired again, almost immediately, and scored a hit on the female too, sending it toppling behind the body of its mate, without uttering a sound. To be on the safe side, Antu let her have a third shot. But the beast was craftier than we had anticipated. It seemed to recover itself suddenly, and with one tremendous bound disappeared into a nearby thicket. Instantly Antu fired again, straight through the quivering stems. There followed a total and decidedly reassuring silence.

We reloaded, and I had some trouble in preventing Antu from climbing down on the spot to get the situation under control. We passed the remainder of the night up on the platform, and only left the tree when dawn broke. The male panther lay there, his skull shattered. From the blood-soaked trail that his mate had left it was plain that she too was mortally wounded. We found her stretched out a hundred yards or so away, under a clump of bushes.

We buried the remains of the dog in the shade of the tall tree that had served us as a hide. Two hours later we were aboard the canoe, together with all our gear—including a pair of panther skins.

After several days the first village huts came in sight. Some women who were washing clothes by the river saw us, waved, and passed the news on to the rest of the tribe. By the time we disembarked everyone was there to meet us. Mundo had a smile for us both, and the old witch doctor did not lose the opportunity of thanking Mauri, in a loud voice, for bringing his son safely home again.

Lolomai stood somewhat apart from the others and waved to us cheerfully.

The whole tribe was a hive of activity, feverishly working to prepare against the onset of the rainy season and the specter of famine that accompanied it. During the four months of the *invierno* (the rains normally began in June, and sometimes lasted until October) the forest was quite impassable, and the continual downpour made fishing and hunting alike out of the question.

Antu set to work and built a hut next door to mine, but of a very different sort from that normally found in a Taurepán community: he wanted to show how well he had assimilated the knowledge I had imparted to him during our trip together. He was going to marry Lometai, the daughter of Astru, who was headman of another village a little farther downriver.

Antu was exercising his undoubted marital privilege by taking to wife not only Lometai herself, but also her three sisters, the youngest of whom was three years old. Lometai herself was 10. The fact of his marrying four wives did not, of course, mean that he would at once have sexual relations with them all, including the youngest: each would await her turn. The natives were in the habit of justifying their polygamy on the grounds that it was essential for the preservation of the race; but in my opinion this explanation was simply one way of establishing a moral basis for the violent sexuality common to all those whose natural habitat is in the tropics.

The wedding ceremony had been fixed for the time of the full moon, and this was now only a few days ahead. It was vital that the preparations should be carried out with all possible speed, since once this lunar phase was past, no one could be married till another four months had elapsed. If on top of the tedium of the rains we were also doomed to physical continence, those four months would be worse than a stretch inside a monastery.

At last the great day came. From midmorning onward guests began to stream in from the neighboring villages, all decked out for the ceremony in their palm-leaf skirts. The women brought presents—fruit, honey, a brace of wild fowl—which were put into a common pool for the great banquet.

Such festive occasions were rare, and this one would certainly be the last before the rains set in. Everyone was determined to have a really good time, to eat, drink, and dance till they dropped from sheer exhaustion.

As soon as dusk fell all the villagers and guests gathered around Mundo—all, that, is but the two brides, who were making their own preparations and would appear only in time for the actual ceremony. A solemn silence fell as the Taurepán chief stood there in the glow of the firelight and declaimed the outstanding events of the tribe's history, from the far-distant past down to recent times. This was how the record of ancient glories and noble deeds, mighty hunters, mass migrations, struggles, and sufferings was handed down intact from father to son. Even I now formed part of their history: toward the close of his recital Mundo spoke of the warrior who had come from a far-distant land, and had been admitted to the tribe after wrestling with Canaima incarnate in the shape of a ferocious *kaicusé*.

When the moon was high the witch doctor arrived, hung about with all his bones and teeth and amulets and animals' tails, and marched out into the center of the square. Here he stood facing the hut from which Lolomai and Lometai, together with their mothers, would shortly appear, and began to chant some weird litany.

As our brides appeared, Antu and I went forward to meet them, took them by the hand, and advanced toward the witch doctor, who chanted louder the nearer we came, his recitative gradually turning into a sort of wordless ululation, a baying of the moon.

Two large straw baskets were now brought out, and into them the medicine man dropped a number of ants, which he shook out of a rolled-up leaf. Then, half naked as we were, the four of us were lifted up bodily by those performing the ceremony and made to sit inside the baskets, a helpless prey to the ants, which bit every part of us within range. Those excluded from this delicious feast began to swarm up our clothing toward our upper bodies. We were expected to bear this torture in silence for several minutes. It symbolized the adversities of life, which we and our wives would have to surmount together.

Then we were lifted out and given a little water by way of refreshment. The witch doctor's chant had now taken on a melancholy tone. I heard him pronounce our two names, and fancied that he was linking them with those of the gods in his native pantheon, entrusting us to their divine protection. Finally all the men, young and old alike, filed past the two girls, staring them straight in the face as they went. From that moment on Lolomai and Lometai were set apart, and no man except their husbands might approach them. When this procession was over, the Sapulí's chanting stopped too, and Mundo gave the word for the feasting to begin.

While everyone else set about the food and drink with a will, I took Lolomai by the hand and led her down to the river, where we tried to ease the pain of our ant-bites by dousing them in cold water. Then, clasping her close to me, I skirted around the edge of the village square, and together we entered my hut.

Three days after our wedding a sharp wind got up and sent vast black clouds scudding across the sky, heavy with rain, blotting out the sunlight. The treetops bowed down in a whirl of falling leaves, and the squalls whipped the surface of the river into a froth, till it came slapping over the banks. Dust storms swept across the village square, catching up wisps of straw, dry leaves, cinders, crumbling earth, and specks of grit in their turbulent, eddying course. A layer of grime settled on everything, so that the place looked even more poverty-stricken than it was. The *verano*—that is, the dry season, as opposed to the *invierno*, or rainy reason, there being no change (naturally) of temperature—was now well and truly over.

The Indians accepted the change with their usual lack of emotional complication, and their equally characteristic unconcern. Even during these long months of enforced idleness cheerfulness would keep breaking through. The women did the bare indispensable minimum of domestic work, just enough to keep things going, but no more. As for the men, they had one way, and one only, of passing their time. It was seldom that one passed a hut, by night or day, without hearing unmis-

takable noises—panting, creaking, and the like—going on inside.

In order to occupy my leisure I tried to introduce one or two innovations into these local customs. Unlike the natives, I was incapable of sitting still and doing nothing. I began to make brooms, and shelves for the storehouse, and ladders, and various other articles that I felt might be of general use to the community. I taught the men how to construct drums with the skins of animals. The idea proved a great success, and they all wanted one. I made up a dress for Lolomai from one of the panther-skins.

Every day she became more fully a woman. When she caught me looking at her, she would blush deeply, and at once launch herself into my arms, clinging to me with arms and legs and hugging me tight around the neck. She would remain in this position till I picked her up bodily and carried her to our bed. Even then I had to take care not to leave her too soon, unless I wanted her to fly into a passion and scratch me. In a very short time she had become insatiable.

It rained continually, without the shortest respite, and yet life went on well enough. One evening I found myself wandering through the village at something of a loose end. For one reason or another, I forget exactly why, I had stopped outside the house of one of the witch doctor's wives, and it was abundantly clear that someone was busy making love inside. It seemed impossible to me that the aged Sapulí could still have the strength to play this kind of game, and so I went a little nearer, to make sure my ears had not deceived me. But no, I could distinctly hear the fast breathing of a man and the woman's moans of ecstasy. It simply couldn't be the witch doctor, I told myself. Yet this hut indisputably belonged to one of his wives, and he was the only man permitted to enter it. I put my ear close to the wall, only to receive ample confirmation of what I had previously suspected. The suspicion then dawned in my mind that despite the severity of the tribal laws, the witch doctor's wife was amusing herself with some young gallant. Consumed with curiosity, I concealed myself in the vicinity, determined to see just who the courageous fellow might be that was cuckolding my father-in-law in such fine style.

An hour elapsed, and throughout that time the sighs and groans continued without a pause. Finally someone appeared on the threshold of the hut. It was, indeed, the witch doctor. Holding himself erect, radiating energy, he strode purposefully toward the hut of his second wife. I thought I must be seeing things. I followed him discreetly, and listened. The sighs and rhythmic movements began all over again.

Now I began to doubt the evidence of eyes and ears alike. Was it possible that so wrinkled a veteran, who apparently found even dancing too much for him nowadays, could perform so vigorously with one woman—for a good two hours, moreover—and then start straight in again with another? This seemed too much like magic to me—even for a magician.

I returned to my own hut absolutely flabbergasted, and told Lolomai what was bothering me. She seemed astonished that I should find it at all out of the ordinary. Obviously as far as she was concerned this was a quite normal phenomenon.

I found it impossible to stick indoors with such a marathon going on, and returned to my observation post. Shortly afterward I saw the witch doctor come out, and then make off without delay in the direction of his third wife's hut.

I could hardly believe my eyes. I crept up after him and managed to open a small crack between two of the palm leaves in one wall. By the light of the central fire I could see the old fellow bent over his third wife and riding her with quite terrifying vigor. Monstrous shadows flickered across the far wall.

By now I was convinced, willy-nilly, and I simply had to find out what on earth the village made of this sex-fiend in its midst. I went back to Lolomai, but could not convey to her the sheer amazement (not untinged with admiration) that the old boy's performance had aroused in me. Finally I dropped off to sleep. When I awoke it was still dark, and since Lolomai was sleeping peacefully still, I got out of bed and silently padded along to the hut of the witch doctor's third wife. All was still inside: he's finished at last, I told myself, with a certain relief. But scarcely had this thought crossed my mind when lo and behold, those all-too-familiar noises started up once more, this time from the hut of the Sapulí's fourth wife, which stood close by.

This time I made up my mind to stick it out and learn the full truth of the matter. I hid myself and waited patiently. It was not till dawn had broken that the witch doctor—drained, bent-shouldered, tottering on his feet—emerged from the hut and made his way to his own quarters in the middle of the enclosure. I allowed a few minutes to pass, then tiptoed across. He was snoring, which suggested that he had had enough for one night, at any rate.

For three days I kept a weather eye on the old wizard's hut, and watched the comings and goings of his wives. It was only on the evening of the third day that he came out and was seen about the village again.

The whole business kept nagging at my mind, and I would have discussed it with Antu if the witch doctor had not been his father. In the end I turned to Mundo, who heard me out in great amusement and, when I had finished, remarked placidly: "Well, what's so surprising about that?"

The days passed. One afternoon I saw Zambo emerge from the hut of one wife and immediately pass on to that of another. Zambo was a mild, bleary old soul, who seemed close to death's door. The tribe regarded him as more or less pensioned off, and he spent his time weaving osier baskets. Without any effort to conceal what I was up to, I listened outside the hut, as close as I could get. No doubt about it: to cut a long story short, it was like the witch doctor all over again.

There must be a catch in it somewhere, I thought. There had to be. It was downright impossible for old men with one foot in the grave to perform like that for hours on end. Maybe I was on the brink of discovering something more valuable than all my diamonds.

I began to keep an eye on all the village elders. One evening it was Mundo's turn. I hurried off to rouse Antu, and dragged him along to the hut that his uncle had entered a short while before.

"What are they doing in there?" I asked him.

He listened carefully, grinned, and said, without any sign of discomposure: "Making love."

"Right," I said, scarcely able to control my excitement. "You know what'll happen now? Your uncle will come out of here, and move on to his second wife, and from there to his third and fourth. How on earth does he manage it?"

Antu began to laugh. He said: "Come on, let's get back to bed. I'll tell you all about it in the morning."

I insisted on being told the secret forthwith, and Antu finally gave in. We sat down together in his hut, and he told me the story of the kadyur.

Long, long ago there lived a man who had four wives and got on very well with them. But one day disaster struck. While the four wives were out in the forest gathering fruit, warriors from another tribe invaded the village, slaughtered the men, and carried off the women. The four wives thus found themselves all alone, and began to cry. While they were still bewailing their fate, up came a kadyur, which is a kind of large dog. The kadyur comforted them with smooth words, and said that if they would take *him* as their husband, he would hunt and fish for them. The women were so grateful that they began to stroke and caress him, whereupon the kadyur mounted all four of them in turn, without his energy slackening for a moment. He repeated this performance every day, and the women all became besotted with him.

But one fine morning their real husband turned up again. He had managed to escape being killed, and had wandered off into the forest. When he learned about the kadyur, he flew into a terrible righteous fury, and by way of revenge cut off the poor beast's genitals, to the great distress of the kadyur itself and, indeed, of his four wives.

The mutilated dog fled into the jungle; and the women, who could not resign themselves without a struggle to the thought of losing such a creature comfort, put the severed parts to dry out in the sun. When they were dry and ready, the women ground them up into a sort of flour, and put a pinch of it in their husband's dinner every day. Within a very short time the village was repopulated.

I could not understand the relevance of this story to the events I had witnessed, and said so.

"But the kadyur really exists," Antu explained.

During their last hunting trip, it seemed, the men of the tribe had succeeded in capturing a kadyur, and had promptly sliced off its genitals, distributing a small piece to each of the village elders. This was a privilege reserved for them by ancient tradition. Once they had absorbed a bit of it, they could then enjoy themselves with their wives.

However, it appeared that the kadyur was well on the way to extinction, since countless generations had hunted it remorselessly. The most important thing was to catch it alive, too; otherwise its genitals might fail to procure the desired effect.

I saw Mundo again, alone, two days after this conversation. I told him I knew about the kadyur, and wanted to test its powers myself. He protested that at my age I had no need of aphrodisiacs, and that with only one wife I was in no position to conduct such an experiment. Then I attempted to persuade him that my natural curiosity was not the sole motive involved, and that I wanted to test this substance in order to find out whether it was worth while breeding kadyurs in captivity. He gazed at me in astonishment: such a notion and never entered his head. I managed to extract a promise from him that one day soon he would give me the opportunity I sought.

About a week after this the old medicine man died. No one shed a tear for him: these people accepted death with fatalistic resignation. His corpse was buried in the middle of his hut, and the hut itself burned. His four wives passed, by right of succession, to Antu, who was at once obliged to start building extra huts beside his own to house them. One of these widows was still a young woman, and Antu offered her to me.

"You have only one wife," he told me. "That can't possibly be enough."

I was a little doubtful about the idea. Polygamy was not a natural part of my mental or moral climate. I was not, to be sure, particularly bothered by the idea of going to bed with another woman, but I somehow could not get around to the idea of having two wives. Also I was afraid of offending Lolomai. This scrupulousness surprised Antu, who, like all Taurepán males, regarded women as possessing absolutely no rights or independent personality of their own. So more or less involuntarily I found myself saddled with a second wife. Lolomai took the news very well indeed, and welcomed her new colleague most amiably. After all, she was the Number One wife, and would always take first place. Her reaction was diametrically opposed to mine: she accepted the principle, the *idea* of polygamy as an institution, but would have been furious if I had chosen to spend the night in her rival's hut.

Late one afternoon Mundo sent for me. He was sitting with a small bowl of *cachire* in front of him, and nodded to me to join him, without saying a word. With almost religious care he then brought out his little piece of dried kadyur, as hard now as any bone, and scraped away at its surface over the bowl. A small dusty deposit fell into the cachire. Then he replaced the kadyur in the pocket of his pants and stirred the brew up a bit. We sat there for half an hour or so, chatting and sipping this novel pick-me-up.

I imagined I would feel some effect—heaven knows what, exactly—straight off; but by that evening there had been no particular change in me that I could notice. Then I retired to bed with Lolomai. Whether it was the dose I had taken that worked me up so quickly I cannot be certain; but it was beyond doubt on account of this aphrodisiac that it required six or seven hours of the most agonizing tension (rather than pleasure) before I finally achieved release.

In my nightly bouts with Lolomai I lasted, on the average, about 20 minutes. That evening it was a very different story. Mentally I was longing to reach a climax, and physically I did my utmost to bring it about; but after three or four hours, despite all my persistence, despite Lolomai's caresses, despite my powerful imagination, I was still going strong, as far from the end of the road as ever.

Lolomai knew about the drug I had taken, and was well aware of its effect; but she had obviously hoped that I would be able to consummate my desire with her alone. In the event, however, the poor girl was absolutely exhausted; she gave up at last and implored me to stop. I must confess that to have rendered Lolomai *hors de combat*, even once, was the only real satisfaction I derived from this experiment.

So I left Lolomai to get some sleep, and went along to see my second wife, Urulai, who knew what I had been up to, and was expecting me. Though she evinced mild surprise at my demands, for over two hours the poor girl did her utmost to please me in every way she knew.

When Urulai was done in as well—and she tired rather quicker, not being so young—I returned to Lolomai, who was sleeping the sleep of total exhaustion. After another hour, thank God, I attained my goal. I felt like death.

A day or two later old Zambo really did die on the job, in very similar circumstances. I found out then that the witch doctor had suffered the same fate.

I decided not to bother about the kadyur idea any more.

More than two months had now elapsed since the beginning of the rains. Every day, about the same time, the sky would become overcast with heavy clouds, and a stiff south wind got up. Squalls howled through the forest, and many trees were struck by lightning. The occasional lull in the storm was of short duration. While it lasted I could hear the cadenced drip of raindrops falling on the dead leaves that roofed my hut, repeating the leitmotif of what, surely, was the earliest music the world ever knew. Provisions began to run short; the fruit had been used up some while already, honey was reserved for the children, and I found the smoked meat and fish quite uneatable. This left *casabe*, and there was by no means too much of that.

One day I found myself thinking of the fishing nets I had seen employed, during my childhood, in the rivers of Italy. They were not much larger than an ordinary bed sheet, stretched out over two crossed canes, and suspended by the four corners from the end of a long pole. I got hold of some lengths of liana, and at once set about making a net out of them. The natives, their curiosity aroused, stood watching me; some even tried to lend me a hand in their own clumsy fashion. By evening the net was finished, and early next morning, with Antu and four other men, I carried it down to a nearby stream. I tied a stone to each of its four corners, and put another heavier one inside it, together with a hunk of putrefying meat. Then I anchored the whole affair to the bottom. The water was so muddy that it was impossible to make out what was going on below the surface, but after a little while we observed tremors in the portion of the net still above water. On hauling it up we found four fish in it, each one a five-pounder or over. We spent the morning fishing in this way, and by midday we had caught enough to provide a good square meal for the entire village.

We fashioned two more nets from liana, with the prospect, next summer, of replacing them by more durable ones, for which we would employ a certain long, tough plant that could be woven into excellent cord. Meanwhile there would at least be no shortage of fish during the latter end of this winter, and I felt happy, for the children's sake if nothing else.

Though, as I have tried to indicate, I was by no means short of occupations, I would nevertheless have died from sheer depression and boredom if it had not been for Lolomai and Urulai. They were both extremely affectionate creatures, who took tremendous pains to please me: the most tasty bits of our meager repasts were always reserved for my enjoyment. I had not laid a finger on Urulai since the memorable night of the kadyur, but now I was beginning to find her rather attractive. One evening, after supper, she rose as usual to retire to her own hut, but this time I caught her by the arm and made her stay. The poor girl was only too pleased to accede to my desires, but Lolomai intervened in a spitting fury, and it needed much finesse—both verbal and amatory—to soothe her down. I began to feel, in a rather desperate way, that I had made a ghastly error of tactics. But finally, and most unexpectedly, she agreed to let Urulai share our bed. Soon it became a regular habit for us to spend the night *à trois*, and even Lolomai professed herself pleased with the arrangement after a while.

The sky was blue once more, and for the first time in months the stars could be seen at night. With astonishing speed plants and flowers began to come up again in rank profusion, while the forest echoed to the clamor of Troupials, wild duck, and *gonzalitos;* and in a few days the river was back to its old shade of indigo once more.

It was time for Antu and me to begin thinking about our expedition.

The first thing we needed to do was to repair the canoe we had used the previous year and build a second to go with it.

The old one was a strong, heavy craft, which could easily carry the gear and provisions as well as Antu and myself. The new one we decided to construct from light bark, and allot to the two women and the dog. At the same time there was matting to be woven for coverlets and mattresses, and supplies of rope —both from the same raw material.

I spent the night prior to our departure with Urulai, turning a deaf ear to Lolomai's protests. When morning came my second wife was down at the river to see me off. Tears were running down her face, and she did not wait to see my canoe move out from the bank into midstream, the final moment of departure.

Lolomai and Lometai were such skillful canoeists that very often they forged ahead of us, and when this happened they would shriek with delight. We found the river very much changed; at one or two points the winter flooding had been so violent that the channel had shifted its course. Some of the little islands had vanished, and fresh ones had appeared. The current had swept away all the huts we had built the year before, and huge ceiba trees—the *bombacacea*, or kapok tree, of very light wood—had fallen across the river in places, spanning both banks.

It took us a week to reach Kaicusé Mountain, but we had a most pleasant trip. As soon as we felt tired we called it a day, and spent the rest of the afternoon swimming. All the time I became increasingly aware of the same marvelous feeling of freedom I had experienced the previous time, but now it gave me even deeper pleasure.

We spent the seventh night after our departure at the same spot where poor Kaicusé had been attacked by the panther. I was anxious to get on. The next morning we humped all our gear over the "mountain" by hand. As the reader will have gathered, it was not a real mountain so much as the hill, some 900 feet high, and thickly covered with vegetation. We had decided to make this point the base for all further exploration, so we took more than usual care over the construction of the hut, even equipping it with a good solid door that could be shut fast at night.

Three days later Antu and I set off together. The girls had their small bows to defend themselves with, and we also left them the dog. We abandoned the small stream and turned instead to the main river, making a trial sounding every 200 yards or so, but without result. We crossed over to the left-hand bank and tested a tributary that we noticed there. Still no good. We found not a single scrap of evidence to suggest the presence here of either gold or diamonds. Every dig we made in this area gave the same negative result.

Since every stream on the other side of the hill had yielded diamonds—not to mention the main river in the cave and lower down—it seemed clear to me that the hill itself was where they must come from.

Before we finally gave up, however, I wanted to check the validity of my argument a little more thoroughly; so we pressed on upstream for a while, searching and exploring, but without success. At this point I felt that my theory had been amply confirmed; so we turned the canoe around and returned to base.

The next morning, while working the stretch of river between the stream and mouth of the cave, we found some diamonds. Now I was absolutely convinced that the "mountain" was the prime source of these stones, and I became impatient to explore it more thoroughly. We discovered that it was not one huge rock, but a pile of boulders, some of them enormously large. They had a consistency resembling that of granite, and must have been formed by some primeval cataclysm that exploded them skyward, after which they fell back in the tumbled heap that we now saw. There were plenty of holes and cracks between one rock and the next, and once we had cleared away the dense growth of aralias, asparagus, ficus elastica, and philodendron that blocked their apertures, we might well find a possible entrance. However, these fissures and passages were inhabited by an assortment of snakes, owls, and bats. Despite the hazards I managed to take several samples of earth from them, and washing revealed, in each case, gold dust and fragments of quartz.

One day we managed to wriggle some 30 feet into one of these holes, and could distinctly hear the muffled roar of a waterfall. We were on the southern side of the mountain, the same side, that is, as our base hut. I felt it might be an idea to take a bearing from the north side as well, through the cave that carried the river—and where we had found our first really big diamond on the previous trip.

We penetrated about 20 yards into the grotto, till our heads were barely above water level and we could get no farther. The sound of the waterfall was audible from here, too. It became plain that it must be located somewhere in the very heart of the mountain. Such cascades always form hollow pools that collect matter carried downstream. During the rainy season the lighter flotsam gets swept away by the swollen current, but heavier stuff—such as gold and diamonds—sinks to the bottom and stays there.

This mountain had probably stood here for several millennia, and every day some particle of rock containing gold or diamonds had broken loose and come drifting downriver. No one had ever penetrated to that pool in the center of the mountain: by now it must be a sort of vast natural treasure chest. The diamond fever was on me again, and I could hardly wait to get my hands on the stuff.

Antu, who had absolute blind faith in my judgment, followed me without turning a hair. We tried every possible entrance passage: sometimes we managed to get about 20 or 30 feet in, but there was always some unexpected obstacle that brought us up short and sent us out again, bleeding, bruised, bitterly disappointed, and moving backward because there was no room to turn.

After several days of these abortive attempts, I was almost on the point of chucking up the whole idea. The exhaustion produced by crawling along dozens of tunnels seemed to have killed any zeal I originally might have had to find my Open Sesame. I got to the point where I was furious with myself for having wasted so much valuable time to no purpose. I was on my way back to the hut, tired and dejected, when Lolomai came running to meet me, waving her arms in excitement, saying that she had found an opening, close to a palm tree, from which the noise I sought was plainly audible. It was almost at the very top of the mountain. Next morning we examined it—an irregular aperture, but quite big enough to let a man through comfortably. I cleared away the vegetation that sprouted from it, and put my head inside: the roar of the waterfall was clear and distinct. I reckoned I must be about 40 yards above the subterranean river channel, and in all likelihood right over the waterfall itself. It struck me as odd now that I had persisted in searching around the lower hillside, and never thought of looking for a vertical shaft.

I lobbed a stone down. I heard it hit solid rock with a momentary clatter, but there was no sound of a splash. I tried with a bigger stone, but just the same thing happened. Then I tore off a long branch from a tree and pushed it straight down the hole for about 25 feet, at which point I felt it touch ground. By moving it delicately around I discovered that this was where the shaft changed direction, in a sort of elbow bend. Without another moment's hesitation I decided to go down the hole myself, buoyed up by the familiar sensation of frenzied excitement which—only that morning—I had been convinced I would never experience again.

I knotted two lengths of liana rope together, and anchored one end around the trunk of the palm tree that stood close by. As I descended, Antu payed the rope out, very cautiously. All I took with me was a long stick with which to feel out the ground ahead of me and judge the size of the passage. I am not ashamed to admit that my heart was in my throat all the way down.

After a descent of about 30 feet I touched ground. Squatting down, I could just make out, by the faint light that filtered down from above, the somewhat shallower incline of the tunnel's continuation. I tied the liana rope around my waist and slowly moved forward down it, feet first, more or less on my back. The light dwindled as I went on, and soon it was quite dark. Every two or three feet I would stop and use the stick to probe the ground ahead of me, and judge the height of the roof. Then I would resume my inch-by-inch progress again, with back and buttocks as my main source of motion. The passage was so narrow that I scarcely had elbowroom.

After a while I realized that my arms were no longer pinned in by the side walls, and felt more myself again. By thrusting the pole upward I found I had enough room to stand on my

feet. At first I nearly lost my balance in the darkness, but as soon as I had steadied myself I made another attempt to touch the roof—the pole was some 18 feet long—and found I could not do so. I waved the pole around my head and encountered no obstacles. Clearly I was in some sort of large grotto.

I took about 10 steps forward, and then probed with the pole again. This time I found a rock face in front of me, and went closer till I could touch it. It was rock all right, a blind wall of rock that formed the end of the cave. Yet from somewhere quite near I could still hear the sound of that waterfall. I continued my tour of investigation, feeling with my toe before every step I took, pointing the pole ahead of me or rotating it behind my back. Because I could not see I felt in some curious way that I was unable to trust my ears, either. It was only when I was right on top of it that I became aware of another tunnel, from which there issued an icy draft of air—and the sound of rushing water.

I wriggled into this new passage on my back, as before. After something like 30 feet—though at the time it seemed a much longer distance—the tip of the pole wavered up and down without encountering any solid object. I was now doubly cautious over my every movement; and soon, sure enough, I found my legs dangling in the void. By the feeble light that filtered in through a small crack overhead a cavern of positively Dantean characteristics was revealed to me. Behind a cloud of spray the water fell, directly in front of me, for about 18 or 20 feet, ending up in a pool some 10 yards across. From here it was sucked down into a vast cavern nearly 40 feet below where I was perched.

I would not risk a descent into the pool, since I was by no means sure whether I could get up again unaided. I did, however, manage to lean far enough over the edge to explore part of the bottom with my pole. There was not a grain of sand there; what I found was a hard, granitelike surface about a yard below the surface of the water.

I committed the grotto's dimensions and topography to memory, and then began the return journey—this time an ascent on my stomach. They must have been getting worried about me on top; they conveyed as much by jerking hard at the rope. Getting up was easier and quicker than coming down. When at last I stumbled out into daylight I flung myself at my companions and embraced them from sheer relief.

The next day Antu and I made the descent together. We tied the bucket and shovel to the end of another rope, and also linked ourselves together for greater security, like mountaineers. We had with us the shovel handle and a crowbar. Antu was scared, but this time I felt calm enough myself to reassure him. When we reached the edge of the pool we lashed the rope around a projecting horn of rock and swung ourselves down. The water was icy cold, and reached our waists.

While Antu banged away at one spot with the crowbar, I concluded my investigation of the bottom. It formed a single hard, compact, diamond-bearing formation from side to side. We filled the bucket and signaled to Lolomai to haul it up. She sent it back stacked with palm leaves: evidently it had reached the surface half empty, and she meant us to cover the contents with the leaves to prevent spilling.

We sent up five bucketfuls, one after the other; but we could not stick it any longer after that, on account of the cold. As soon as we were back on top we began the washing. From this scanty sample we collected three two-carat diamonds and about 10 small gold nuggets in the middle sieve, while the bottom one yielded a score of small diamonds and a sizeable quantity of gold dust. It was not hard to imagine the amount we could hope to find if we continued our prospecting from such a source. Anyone who succeeded in clearing that pool singlehanded would find more gold and diamonds there than he could amass in a lifetime's work anywhere else.

Those were wonderful days. Antu and I took turns down in the pool, staying there just long enough to send up four or five bucketfuls of shale. Our stock of gold and diamonds rose visibly. Food presented no problem: game was plentiful, the river swarmed with fish, and the forest supplied all the fresh fruit we needed.

We continued to prospect down in the pool. By now constant familiarity with it had altogether dispelled our fear, and as a result we stepped up the pace of our work: every day we now hauled up at least 10 bucketfuls of shale for washing. But however hard we labored there was no chance of our getting down to the lowest strata of the formation before the rainy season—and it was there, beyond any doubt, that the really big diamonds lay hidden.

Lometai was a model wife: she learned all she could from me that might help her to make Antu's life more pleasant and comfortable. When Lolomai and I were making love, I noticed that she would hide in the bushes and spy on us. Lolomai must have told her something in confidence that aroused her womanly curiosity—and envy. Lolomai herself gave me deeper satisfaction every time we slept together, and I could never have enough of her.

One day Antu and I were down by the river, sifting the shale we had collected earlier that morning. Our attention was suddenly distracted from our work by a confused yowling noise, which I thought might indicate the presence of another wildcat. But Antu pointed to a group of young alligators, frolicking about in a stretch of water that was overhung by a fallen tree, another storm casualty. Just at this moment Lolomai and Lometai came up. Like all the natives of this area, they regarded cayman's tail as a great delicacy, and begged Antu to catch one for them. While Antu was preparing a kind of lasso from liana rope, Lolomai walked out along the trunk, balancing with her arms, till she reached the point where the branches and foliage began, almost exactly over the gamboling alligators.

For no good reason I suddenly felt scared, and shouted to Lolomai to come back. She smiled at me reassuringly and even started to do comic balancing tricks. His lasso now ready, Antu sprang onto the trunk himself, while Lolomai stood there holding on by the foliage. They were only a yard above the surface of the water, and it was not very difficult to slip the lasso over one of the young caymans, which they then proceeded to haul up, wriggling and thrashing like a mad thing.

At that moment the mother alligator appeared. In her efforts to rescue her offspring she reared right up out of the water, till her jaws almost touched Antu. The Indian quickly made his way back to the foot of the trunk, but the alligator, far from desisting, now proceeded to vent her wrath on Lolomai. Luckily, she was incapable of getting up onto the trunk itself: every time she tried she flopped back heavily into the water. Lolomai finally realized that she might be wise to retreat. I followed her movements with agonized apprehension: I could not at first screw myself up to leave her and go back for my rifle. At last I tore myself away, and an instant later heard a shriek of horror: with its highest jump so far the alligator had severely shaken the tree trunk, just as Lolomai was on the part that Antu had traversed a moment or so before. His wet feet had left it dangerously slippery. I was just in time to see Lolomai falling, and the alligator waiting for her with open jaws. They both vanished together in a swirl of muddy water. Antu, who was nearer than I was, dropped the baby cayman and plunged after them, brandishing his knife.

Meanwhile the howls of the frantic alligator had brought others to the scene. I trained my rifle on them and emptied the magazine: five shots, and I had no more ammunition, since my cartridge belts were back at the hut. Still, at least there was now no danger from stray alligators. I dived into the river just as Antu was coming up for breath. It was impossible to see a thing under water, but I swam down and stabbed frantically with my knife at something clinging to the bottom which might have been the body of the mother alligator. Then I came up to the surface for air, and Antu went down again. Lometai was on the bank, pointing: she had seen something being whirled downstream by the fast current. I swam and swam, with every ounce of strength I possessed. About 50 yards lower down I caught up with Lolomai's body, and managed to drag it ashore. She gave not the slightest sign of life. Her chest was ripped open and drenched with blood. I stanched her wounds as best I could and then, idiotically, began to try artificial respiration on her.

The dog had jumped in the river when we did. That was the last we ever saw of it.

I looked, but would not see: I refused to credit the evidence of my senses. There before me lay my little Lolomai, stiff and lifeless, whose voice had once been light as the wind that rustled through the leaves of the forest.

With her death my ties with the forest were broken, the sense of belonging destroyed. Now I should return among the Taurepán as a stranger, a white man in search of diamonds, wealth beyond the range of their comprehension. We buried her beneath the great tree in whose shade we had so often lain, wrapped in the grass mat that she had woven with her own hands. All the time a deep fear was growing within me, a fear of diamonds and the curse they seemed to carry with them. Kaicusé had died on the morning that we found a large stone; just before Lolomai's death we had come upon another. Antu said this was the work of Canaima.

On the fourth day after Lolomai's burial, I could not stand it any longer and called to Antu at dawn:

"Let us leave."

"Yes, let us leave," he answered promptly, "we cannot stay here any longer."

Right after breakfast we began to strike camp. Our bucket and shovel were still in the shaft, which we had not revisited since Lolomai's death. Now we had to retrieve them. As I climbed down somewhat reluctantly, I was amazed to find, not far from the entrance, that the narrow passage was blocked by a big rock. I tried all around it with my bare feet. There was no space left. I climbed up again to tell Antu, who wanted to see for himself but soon came back with the same news.

I wanted to be quite sure in view of the future and went down a second time to explore the situation. I could not go head foremost and make use of my hands, because the sheer drop made it impossible to come back again that way. Nor could I take a torch, since its fumes would have made me suffocate. I tried again to explore from all sides with my feet. There seemed not the smallest crevice left. I tried to push the rock, but it did not budge an inch. The entrance to the precious pool was solidly blocked. If nothing had happened to Lolomai, it was quite probable that Antu and I would have been down in the grotto when the fall occurred, and we should have remained there forever.

I returned to Caracas and obtained a diamond mining concession for the area. When I returned I came by plane. The pilot's name was Vaughan and I agreed to cut him in on the profits.

On my first trip in, the long and exhausting journey through the forest had prepared me, both physically and psychologically, for a primitive way of life. This time, however, I was fresh from the easy life of a big city and comfortable hotels; and the process of adaptation (or so I feared) was liable to require more time and effort.

Vaughan's plane had bogged down in the soft earth of the airstrip which I had helped build before I left. For three days men, women, and children toiled frantically to get it clear and to put the strip itself in proper order once more. They even abandoned the yuca harvest, which was their normal occupation at this time of year. The American pilot showed them how to enlarge the runway, and made them strengthen its surface with layers of river gravel, which they then rolled flat, using large tree trunks in lieu of rollers. Finally he took off without trouble. He would be back in a week's time with Pop, our geologist, and on subsequent trips he was to ferry in the two surveyors. This was the mining crew I had recruited in Caracas.

I was excited by the idea of using this airstrip to bring the blessings and benefits of civilization to the Indians: clothes, for instance, and medical assistance, especially for the children. God knows they needed such things. I felt it would be a real achievement to bring them out of their isolation and make them an integral part of the country to which, after all, they belonged. I discussed these schemes with Antu, who very soon became as enthusiastic about them as I was. It was Mundo who eventually threw cold water on my ideas.

He came around to my hut one day and told me what frightened him about such a prospect. He did not care for the idea of living in constant contact with a stream of white visitors, all drawn by the alluring mirage of diamonds: he was afraid that his people would suffer from such an influx. From my own point of view, on the other hand, I could not possibly do without European technical aid. I wanted to make probes in certain forest valleys that had, beyond a shadow of doubt, once formed the beds of long-vanished rivers. Fairly large holes must be drilled through the outer crust before one could get to the formation proper, which sometimes lay as much as 10 or 12 yards beneath the surface; then an estimate had to be made, from samples, of the amount of diamonds it contained; and finally, if the test showed it was worth it, the crust had to be broken up and removed. There was also the business of exploring the very deep pools to be found on the existing river bed; that was a technical job, too.

The natives were not accustomed to sustained work, and in any case would be of very little use to me. Finally I hit on what seemed to me a fair solution of the problem. I would build a camp for white visitors, about half a mile away, out of sight across the river, and forbid them all access to the native village.

Mundo seemed satisfied with this decision, though privately I was by no means sure that I would be able to maintain a barrier between the two communities. But I had no alternative, and so I set to work at once. There was far too much at stake for me to be deterred merely by scruples on behalf of a few Indians. In any case, I was convinced that they would learn a great deal from the experiment, and all to their own advantage.

Vaughan arrived punctually at the end of the week, bringing not only Pop, the geologist, but also a small supply of provisions and some axes. He gave the airstrip full marks this time, and reported that several mining experts had asked if he would fly them out to the concession. He took off again almost at once, and returned next day with Tommasino, one of the surveyors, and a bundle of saws. Three days later he flew in the second surveyor, Mayer.

During the two days, he stayed between flights he helped us to get the camp ready. We stripped the area of trees and brushwood, and burned it off to drive away snakes. Then we built one big wooden hut in the middle, to serve as a storeroom and kitchen, another for the geologist (who would also be in charge of the camp), and a third for the two surveyors. Around these we erected several others, each with accommodation for about 10 people.

We laid on a supply of fresh water from a stream up the hillside, piping it down to the camp with a series of jointed bamboos. Vaughan, meanwhile, had decided to purchase a twin-engined Canadian plane that had a much greater load-capacity than his ancient crate, and this meant lengthening the runway. Having smelled money in the air, he was anxious to fly in as much gear and labor as he could, and without delay.

I continued to live in the village, with Urulai. I went out in the morning to work on the campsite, and came back in the evening. The other three Europeans had already settled down in their huts, and were cooking for themselves. Sometimes they invited Mundo or Antu along, and stuffed them with *spaghetti al sugo* and large helpings of meat or fish. All the natives were glutted with our provisions, which we doled out to them in return for their labor.

On one of his trips Vaughan brought along a rather unusual type of adventurer, a former banker from Turin, in Italy, who had gone badly bankrupt and had now settled in eastern Venezuela, where he made a living as a *pulpero*, or general grocer. He had the banker's robust good sense coupled with the affable nature one so often finds among citizens of Turin; he offered to set up a general store in the camp, stock it with goods, and conduct a private retail trade for the benefit of the mining community.

Since it was clear that I would never have time to deal with the provisioning myself, I was quite glad to grant him the concession, in return for a percentage of his turnover. Later I discovered that it was he who had put up the capital for Vaughan to purchase the Canadian plane. Another one who had his nose to the ground and smelled cash. With the arrival of a trader the seeds of civilization—our civilization, of course—had truly been sown; and this, in a quiet way, was to be the point from which corruption spread.

Finally, after 40 days' hard work, camp and airstrip were ready. The two surveyors now set out, with their measuring instruments and carbines, to mark out the boundaries of the concession. I sent along two young Indians with them, who had already got used to white men's ways through working with us, and who would assist them to dig trenches and blaze trees as boundary marks. They took a week's provisions with them. At seven-day intervals they would come down the valley as far as the river, where a canoe would meet them with further supplies of fresh food, and bring back news of their health and progress.

For some little while now there had been no sign of Vaughan.

I realized he must have gone north to Canada to pick up the new plane; but I awaited his return with impatience, since I had entrusted him with the job of finding a doctor prepared to take up residence on the Uai-parú. I wanted to make some immediate reparation to the Taurepán for having introduced modern commerce among them.

One morning we heard a roar of engines in the sky, somewhat louder than usual, and a moment later there was the brand-new aircraft on the strip. When Vaughan got out he was accompanied not only by the banker-turned-storekeeper, but also by a bespectacled young Spaniard called Beato, who turned out to be the doctor. A large hut had been set aside for his infirmary and living quarters, and he moved in at once, while Vaughan and the storekeeper were unloading cases and sacks from the plane and humping them across to the *pulperia*.

We were all set.

Throughout this period of hard work I had had little time to devote to Urulai. When I got home in the evening I was tired out, and only wanted to get to bed and sleep. Just occasionally, in the brief period after supper before sleep claimed me, I found myself wondering why—despite everything—it was all so different from the old days. When had that idyllic existence come to an end? I turned sentimental; evoking memories of Lolomai, brooding with pleasurable nostalgia over the past. One evening, at this point in my reverie, an undertone of sadness crept in: I no longer felt so sure that I was acting for the good of the Taurepán, or making them a fair return for all they had given me. Then I fell asleep.

Nor did I take much heed of Antu, who was determined at all costs to present me with one of his wives, a child of about eight who was Lometai's sister. He had fallen for some woman the tribe had captured during a recent raid, and as the law did not allow him to take more than four wives, he had to get rid of one of the existing lot. He spent some time assuring me that he had not yet deflowered the girl, till finally, more to escape from his ceaseless importunity than anything else, I agreed to accept his gift, and took the poor thing home to live in the same hut as Urulai and myself. I saw at once that she was too young to be a real wife; so she slept with Urulai, in the big bed that had been built for me two years earlier, with animal skins spread over it, while I reverted to my *chinchorro*.

Antu at once replaced little Lay with his new woman, while Mundo (who had become more passionate than ever) spent his days out in the forest, taking his own new wife along with him. His official excuse was the urgent need to procure more meat for the tribe; but I knew that he was really engaged in a desperate search for another kadyur.

I foresaw the arrival of prospectors from all quarters, and therefore asked Mundo and Antu to issue instructions to their men to bring back to camp any persons they found out in the forest. One day I saw two colossal Negroes being led in, more dead than alive, supported by four of our Indians who had come upon them about two hours' marching distance from the village. Then Vaughan ferried in 20 assorted bums on one trip, and later I summoned them all to Pop's office and tried to make them tell me their purpose in coming. They were the absolute dregs of humanity, and I knew it; but that mattered little to me. I needed people like them, ready to risk their skins for the chance of a quick fortune; we had a common interest, their luck and mine went hand in hand. They always turned up in pairs, since this sort never travels through the jungle alone; it is rare to find them showing any courage unless driven to it by sheer necessity.

The company formed to exploit the concession was called the Uai-parú Diamond Mining Company, of which I was both the manager and principal shareholder. The conditions I laid down were as follows. Each pair of prospectors was allotted a definite area in which to work, and during their first week the Company would supply their food on credit. Any gold or diamonds they found would be shared 50-50 with Company, and they were responsible for paying their own upkeep from this dividend. Diamonds could be sold only to the Company, and anything they bought at the store must be paid for in hard cash. None of them had any documents of identity, but we entered them all on our books, with details of name, age, birthplace, and residence: though many refused to furnish such information, and those that did almost always falsified it.

Prospectors continued to arrive. They included Brazilians, men from the Guianas, fugitives from Cayenne, European bankrupts, and Colombian criminals wanted by the police of several countries. When the total number reached about a hundred I told Vaughan not to bring any more.

They went off on Monday morning and returned the following Saturday. Pop, the geologist, accompanied by two Taurepán tribesmen as escort, would go around inspecting their work and giving them advice. At the end of the first week they all turned up with something in their bags, and only one pair was unable to pay for the rations the Company had advanced them on arrival. That evening the whole lot of them got drunk. They danced to the music of the radio, played cards, gambled, and kept this spree up throughout Sunday.

I knew from my own experience that the area yielded industrial and commercial diamonds in approximately equal proportions, but the only good stone that turned up—a fine two-carat blue diamond—was discovered by the Hungarian and his mate. All the rest of them produced nothing but small industrial diamonds of less than a carat.

But I did not worry. I knew that no one could leave the camp except by air, since the prospect of setting off into the forest with only a week's provisions was tantamount to suicide. Furthermore, Pop made his tour of inspection every three days, and if anyone was absent from his place of work he very quickly ran him down: the Taurepán can track an *acuri* in the jungle, a creature no bigger than a rabbit. But all the same, I felt it might be a good idea to build a lockup. Any attempt to steal diamonds or gold dust would certainly lead to a brawl, granted the character of my workers and the fact that throughout Saturday and Sunday they were quite terrifyingly drunk.

On Monday morning, when they had all gone off again, bags of provisions slung from their shoulders, Vaughan arrived with fresh supplies for the store, and flew out the gold and diamonds. I got him to fly me in a lightweight aluminum canoe, fitted with a five-horsepower outboard motor. In this I could carry out a tour of inspection in one day, visiting even the most remote claims. I always took a few bottles of rum along with me, and the prospectors were delighted when I showed up.

When they returned on the Saturday I withdrew to the native village and intervened only if there was some argument over the valuation of any particular stone—a task entrusted to Pop. I generally tried to come down on the side of the prospector—partly because they were most often in the right, and partly to keep on good terms with them and avoid the danger of creating resentful malcontents. On Monday morning I went down to see them off and wish them a good week's digging. I was the supreme authority in the camp, and it was best that I appeared only in the event of some really serious crisis, when my motives were obvious and unassailable. Otherwise I left them alone on the whole: I have never much liked being in a crowd at the best of times. Rare appearances also enhance one's authority.

At first the system worked without a hitch. It looked as though it might go on like this forever, but I sensed the unlikelihood of this, and kept alert for the slightest sign of trouble.

In a very short while the camp store acquired a halo of myth as far as the Indians were concerned. Only Antu and Mundo had ever actually seen the marvels it contained, but all the rest of them spun wonderful fantasies about it in their longing and frustrations.

One Monday morning, when the prospectors had gone off to work, the Indians invaded the camp—men, women, and children together—and crowded around the store. I shooed them away, but very soon, once their initial timidity had been overcome, the idea of visiting the camp during the prospectors' absence became a regular habit. I think that curiosity—second always to sexual desire—was one of their most predominant characteristics. With the excuse that they needed medical attention—at the time they may even have believed it themselves—they would cross the river in their canoes, and then stand gaping in shy amazement at the goods exposed for sale. The storekeeper was at his wits' end to protect himself against their depredations. These Indians knew all about fighting and raiding, but the idea of theft was quite alien to them: they were accustomed to taking anything they found, without having to ask permission. They broke into the prospectors' huts and grabbed everything they fancied. Antu and Mundo had to exercise all their authority to recover these trophies.

I assembled the whole tribe and told them, in as simple language as possible, that they must not touch anything they found in the camp. On the other hand they could *buy* what they liked in the store. In Taurepán dialect there are no words signifying "money," "buy," or "work." With positively saintly patience, Antu at last managed to explain their meaning, and the language was promptly enriched by the addition of three loan-words from the *racionales'* tongue.

Little by little they began to correlate the satisfaction of their desires with the idea of work. Work meant that they could buy the things they wanted, like beer and rum, or sweets, or tinned food, or jackets and sombreros. The whole idea was rather a joke, really, though I found myself getting caught up in it, too. For instance, when I observed this new trait in the Taurepán, I suggested to Mundo that he might do worse than set his men building little two-seater bark canoes, and then sell them to the prospectors. In any case, the Indians became good camp workers.

I paid the Indians every Tuesday, when the prospectors had gone. On that day the whole village invaded the camp, and stayed there till every last cent of their wages was spent. The whole lot, children included, got drunk. The *pulpero* had imported a stock of Strega, and it was this liquor that most appealed to the Indians: the moment they had two coppers to rub together they were after it.

Now that my presence was less necessary in the camp, I spent more time in the village. In my old hut I had a table, some stools, and the utensils needed for rudimentary cooking. Little Lay was growing almost visibly; and Urulai, who remained as gentle and eager to please as ever, told me it was time I took the girl's virginity. She insisted that Lay was quite mature enough now; but I still thought her far too young.

As I wandered through the village I noticed things that Mundo missed, absorbed as he was in his young wife and the search for a fresh kadyur. People were becoming thoroughly idle, and got drunk with ever-increasing frequency. The women were becoming something of a delicate problem, too. On Saturdays, when the prospectors came back and went down to bathe in the river, they would hide in the bushes and watch them. The men spotted what was up, and began to make ostentatiously obscene gestures for their benefit, which excited women and children alike. They gossiped about it in the village: it became a devouring topic. If they found an excuse (which they did with increasing frequency) to visit the camp, they painted their faces like china dolls and hovered suggestively around the one or two prospectors still in camp, recovering from illnesses.

One day an Indian woman approached Pop and tried to sell him four small diamonds, averaging half a carat apiece. Pop detained the woman and asked me to interrogate her. She was the wife of one of the official camp hunters, neither a young nor an attractive woman any longer, but still extremely lascivious. She often went down to the river with the other women to watch the prospectors bathing. Her husband was a great deal older than she was, and had three other much younger wives.

"Where did you find these diamonds?" I asked her.

The woman made no reply. The Taurepán were quite incapable of making up lies on the spur of the moment.

"Did your husband give you them?"

She shook her head.

"If you don't tell me, I shall be forced to have a word with your husband."

There was silence for a moment or two. Then the woman, eyes fixed on the ground, confessed that she had been given them by two prospectors, one white and one Negro, who worked the same stretch of river, not far outside the village.

"Why did they give you these diamonds?"

"I went into the forest and met them there."

"You know what to expect if the men of your tribe find out you have been going with a man who is not your husband?"

"Yes."

"You won't go off to meet any more prospectors then, will you?"

I called to Pop, made him give her a few bolivars, and sent her packing. Then I got in a canoe and went down to see the men responsible, and tried to point out to them what would happen if the natives found out what was going on. They raised the usual excuses: no other women were available, and anyway these native women kept enticing them.

I knew there was only one solution to this problem, but I felt I must talk it over with Antu first.

"My workmen need women," I told him.

"There are no women here for them," Antu said firmly.

"I know. That's why I'm thinking of bringing some in from outside."

Antu thought this over for a moment.

"But then," he objected, "*my* men will become quite uncontrollable—what do you think will happen when they catch a glimpse of these new women of yours?"

He had a point there, and no mistake. But I had no choice. Whether Antu liked it or not, I would have to fly in some tarts. When Vaughan landed with the next load of supplies, I asked him to dig out four women prepared to come back with him to the Uai-parú and ply their trade among a hundred diamond prospectors.

"Tell them there's one thing they can be sure of," I said. "They'll make a packet."

Vaughan assured me the proposition was a feasible one, and promised to bring the girls back on his next trip. Then I had a discussion with Pop, Tommasino, and the doctor, Beato, about the best way to organize the women. Meanwhile we chose a site for a new barrack-hut—well away from the others—and fitted it up with four separate rooms and four baths, so that the women could wash between clients. Tommasino instantly christened this building "La Casa de las Putas": "Whorehouse" sounds better in Spanish.

But the problem of accommodation was a minor matter in comparison with the danger of V.D. The doctor would of course examine the women as soon as they arrived; but there were about a hundred men in camp, and most of them, before they joined us, had been roving the jungle as *mineros de libre aprovechamiento*, or free-lance prospectors. Whenever they visited one of the shack townships rapidly springing up in the districts where diamonds were to be found, they wanted a woman in their hammock: Indian or Negro, young or old, it made no difference, and they cared little about hygienic or any other precautions. Even supposing they all showed a clean bill of health at present, it might well be that some of them had had inadequate treatment and were not properly cured. We were not equipped with a pathological laboratory, and Beato already had more work on his hands than he could cope with: the 10 beds in the infirmary were almost always occupied.

An unforgettable episode: the arrival *de las putas*, the Whores' Invasion. The airstrip lay on the right bank of the river, the same side as the village. The moment they heard the throb of motors in the sky, everyone left what they were doing and ran to see the "great bird" descend. The spectacle had lost none of its fascination with time.

That morning only Antu knew what was in the wind. Vaughan got out first, and the women followed him. There were four of them: a tall, imposing near-white girl, two mulattoes wearing hats trimmed with flowers and cherries, and a negress. All four were dressed up as though they'd just stepped through their front door onto a city sidewalk. They clambered down, their curiosity tempered with a certain amount of surprise and alarm at the sight of all these laughing Indians crowding in on them. When the first two appeared, the Taurepán, who had never seen anything so gaudily done up in their lives, stood paralyzed with amazement. Then, as though at some unseen signal, they rushed on the new arrivals, the women leading the way. An Indian girl made for one of the mulattoes, and snatched off her hat. This was the prelude to a general attack.

The four wretched tarts found themselves at the center of a furious crowd, threatened by innumerable outstretched arms and hands that were clearly determined to strip off every last stitch of clothing they possessed. They defended themselves as best they could, kicking, punching, and scratching vigorously: one of them tried to clamber back into the aircraft, but someone grabbed her by the ankle and hauled her down again. By now the men were mixed up in the fray as well. I kept yelling at them to stop it; Mundo was splitting his sides with laughter. Finally Vaughan had a bright idea: he unslung his rifle and fired five shots in the air.

This brought Mundo back to his senses. Urged on by me, he strode into the melee, placing himself between the four women and their assailants, and gradually managing to restore some sort of order. At this point Antu came hurrying up, and did his best to soothe down the women's angry curiosity as well as the growing lasciviousness of the men. The tarts, weeping, bedraggled, and practically naked, begged us to put them back aboard the plane and take them away, anywhere. Meanwhile the Indians capered around, giggling and waving their various trophies—shoes, pairs of briefs, slips, bras, torn scraps of material.

We did our best to make the tarts look decent again—we even lent them our shirts—and then we bundled them aboard the canoe (accompanied by lewd hoots of delight from the entire tribe) and ferried them across to the far side of the river, where Pop and Tommasino were waiting to take them to their hut. Here, after finding all their luggage still intact and drinking a cup of coffee each, they soon began to perk up again, and launched into a flood of obscene invective against the natives and their womenfolk.

"That's why you're over here," I told them. "This is your private hut. A room for each of you, and running water. The kitchen's outside."

The prospectors had left at the crack of dawn, not knowing that the women were arriving later that morning. The only men left in camp were the doctor, the storekeeper, Pop, Tommasino, and the native guards. The latter stared till their eyes popped, but did nothing else except point at the tarts' complexions, and giggle. They found the white girl's bleached hair and ample curves quite hilarious.

Half an hour or so later the four women came down to my office.

"What's your name?" I asked the near-white.

The answer came in a rapid singsong: "My name is Maria, I come from Lara *estado* near Acarigua, 25 years of age, profession, prostitute."

The Negress, Josephine, was an attractive creature, with small firm breasts and a sensuous mouth. She was born in Ciudad Bolívar, and was 23. The two mulattoes, Dorothy and Catherine, had emigrated from Port of Spain to be chambermaids in Caracas.

I told them the camp rules, fixed their rate at 20 bolivars a time, and advised them to be on the lookout for V.D. among their clients. The doctor had put an adequate ration of permanganate solution at their disposal, and the storekeeper would advance them goods on credit for the first week.

"And above all," I said, "*no Indians*. They've all got wives, and I don't want any trouble."

But at that stage the admonition seemed superfluous. The thought of so much as seeing an Indian still filled them with terror.

Then I escorted them across to the infirmary for their medical check-up. We had to pass through the "ward," where their appearance provoked the patients to considerable enthusiasm.

"*Hay muchachas!*" they called. "*Arriba las muchachas!*" Someone waved a dirty handkerchief like a flag.

The doctor examined them in turn: "Maria first, then Dorothy and Catherine, and finally Josephine, whose interview lasted a good deal longer. As I have already remarked, the doctor was 27, and a Spaniard.

That evening the store closed early. The ex-banker spent the night with Maria, Pop slept with Catherine, and the doctor had another go at his Negress.

The next day, Tuesday, was the day when the Indians came to camp. They were accompanied by their wives, who helped them spend their earnings in the store.

The guards did all they could to keep this crowd clear of the hut belonging to the four women, who had wisely barricaded themselves inside. But the Indians had been drinking, and knew what they wanted. I had to lock the tarts' door. Antu was not there; he never visited the camp on a Tuesday. I called to Mundo, who had obviously got a good skinful aboard himself, and patiently explained to him that he must take his people back to the village earlier than usual.

"I want the white woman," was Mundo's only comment.

"You've got four wives already, all to yourself. These women are for the diggers, who haven't any of their own. This way they won't go after *your* women any more. You must tell your people to leave them alone."

"Very well. But *I* am not people. I am the headman. I want the white woman."

I was obliged to be extremely diplomatic with Mundo—something that I had not done for a long while. And it took more diplomacy than usual to make him abandon this idea and go back to the village with all his subjects.

On Saturday morning the diggers began straggling in, and before lunch-time they were all back. No sooner had the news of the tarts' arrival got out—and the word spread like wildfire—than they were all down besieging the brothel, unwashed and unshaven, before they even turned in their diamonds for valuation. The poor girls had a hard time of it for the next two days and nights. On both Saturday and Sunday I had to shut the brothel at midnight, officially, to let them get a few hours' sleep. Some of the diggers even went back on Monday morning, before setting off for work.

A short while afterward the Negress and the white girl were strolling around the camp as though nothing had happened. But the two Trinidad mulattoes didn't stir from their beds, and had to be visited by the doctor.

Previously the diggers had never come back during the week, unless they were ill or had an accident. But now any excuse would serve, and the reason was always the same: the *casa de las putas*.

Catherine was the first of them to leave the brothel. Pop had fallen for her and wanted to have her to himself; and she was only too glad to move out of the big hut and give up her exhausting weekend *corvée*. She moved in with Pop and thereafter became the perfect wife: she even demanded a sewing machine, and began to run up clothes for the Indian women and their children. Next it was Maria's turn, bleached hair and all: she set up house with the *pulpero*, and became a prosperous, respectable storekeeper's wife. She was born to stand behind a counter: it was her natural vocation. Dorothy went off with Angelo, a young Italian boy who worked a claim along the river, together with two companions. I went around to see him some days later: the mulatto was having a busy and enjoyable time, washing shirts in the river, singing happily, cooking meals, and sleeping with all three of them. The only one now left in the "big hut" was Josephine, the Negress. She gritted her teeth and stuck it out: she must have saved a small fortune. But in fact her motive was not covetousness; I only discovered the real reason later. The Indian guard commander in the camp was a youth of 20 called Marubu, a great friend of Antu's. Josephine had fallen in love with him, and used to let him in secretly at night, when everyone was asleep. Marubu was married to two Indian girls, sisters, whose combined ages did not come to more than 20; but he had lost his head about the Negress. (She probably introduced him to more spicy pleasures than his girl-wives knew about.) He wanted to marry her, if Josephine would agree to come and live in the village with the other two. He was eaten up with jealousy and wanted to stop the diggers from coming anywhere near her.

Antu tried to dissuade him, and failed. Then he sent the witch doctor around to see him.

"Canaima has entered into your body, my son," the Sapulí told him. "Go back to your village. I will help you to fight Canaima, and Mauri will be with you once again. You will live happily with your wives forever after."

But the possessed Marubu, far from fighting Canaima, sent his two wives back to their father (who was not overdisturbed by this move, since he could easily find another bidder for them), gave up his job as guard commander, and went off with Josephine to live in a hut he had built beside a remote stream, well away from the village and the camp. There he began to prospect for diamonds, and the only time I saw him in camp was when he came to sell diamonds or buy supplies at the store. He never brought Josephine with him.

Now the "big hut" was deserted, and the diggers were beginning to complain. I imported a new batch of women, and indeed I had to be replacing them continually, since in a very short time all of them settled down, each with one man. The diggers built a rough sort of hut near their working site (a few bamboo stakes, a palm-leaf roof: a *tarimba*, in fact) and then had their women along with them. The women worked as hard as the men did, sometimes harder.

But it was the Indians who gave me cause for concern. At an early stage in his relationship with Josephine, Marubu must have passed on among his fellow tribesmen some of the tricks he had learned in bed with the Negress. Now all of them wanted to have a "foreign woman," whether she was white or not. Marubu had set a precedent, and now there was no holding them. Every time a new batch of women arrived, the Indians went straight around to the brothel with their 20 bolivars. The tarts got used to the idea quickly enough, and the Indians' wives said nothing. They saw their husbands march into the "big hut," waited outside till they had finished, and then—if there was any money left over—went off to the store with them.

Some of them, however, got their own back: when they went out in the morning to search the forest for roots and berries, grubs, lizards, and the like, they would drift in the direction of the huts where the still unattached diggers lived, and it did not take much persuasion on their part to make the men give them what they wanted.

Antu, who was the only really sensible person in the whole tribe, saw all this, and chafed with impotent rage. Another Indian had now followed Marubu's example. One day Antu came and begged me not to bring in any more women. About 20 of them had now settled down in happy domesticity; four remained, but it would, I fancied, not be long before they found their soulmates, too. I promised Antu that when this happened, the *casa de las putas* would be closed once and for all.

To get away from my worries I decided to make a trip with Antu. A few days after we left we reached the near side of Diamond Mountain and went ashore at the point where Lolomai and I had had our private retreat—and where she now lay buried. The cross had fallen on its side in the long grass, and the hedge I had put up was indistinguishable from the rank surrounding undergrowth. I began to clear it with my machete. But what was the use? Any attempt to change the face of the jungle is so much labor lost. Even when I had done it successfully, as in the camp, what was the result?

This journey I had been so anxious to make with Antu now stood revealed for what it was: a valedictory gesture, the end of an era.

As though he had read my thoughts, Antu said: "Soon everything will be different here, too."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Soon your people come here, too. They will kill the animals and fell the trees to build their huts. They will alter the course of the stream. The animals that escape being slaughtered will migrate southward—till they meet other men. And that will be the end of them. Our sons and our sons' sons will no longer rejoice in the game they still have available today. When the beasts of the jungle are no more, that will be the end of my people, too. More white men will come and take away our women. Oh, that has already happened once, long ago: it was then that the tribe migrated to its present home by the river. Old men told me this, who had it from other old men before them. Then you arrived, and your coming brought us no harm. But after you came others of your race; and that was bad for us, very bad. Today what happened long ago will surely come to pass again."

I said nothing. There was nothing to say: Antu had spoken the truth. My journey here had not been originally prompted by any humanitarian motives. But afterward I had come to love the Taurepán and follow their way of life. I had honestly wanted to improve their conditions. And even if I had packed up and gone, the *racionales* would still have turned up in their hundreds, since Taurepán territory was rich in minerals and it was only surprising that the news had not got about sooner.

Antu made no further reference to the talk we had had by Lolomai's grave, and two days later we set off back to the village. When we got back we discovered that Mundo had been killed in a hunting accident. Antu was now the chief.

A few weeks later, when I had already retired for the night, Antu came around to my hut and asked me to take a walk with him. The moon was high in the heavens, and its radiance shone on the deserted village square. We sat down on the riverbank, side by side.

"I have made up my mind," Antu said. "I am going to leave this district."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I want to go away from here. I feel I must take my people away from here. We shall return to our old way of life—hunting, fishing, gathering fruit. I shall try to make them forget money, and all the things that we have, through force of circumstance, learned from you, the white man. My tribe will be happy only when it is far away from all white men."

I realized that nothing in the world would ever make him change his mind. By now I knew him as well as I knew myself.

"Do I count for nothing?" I said.

"You are my brother, my father. You are like Mauri to me. But not even you can do anything to save my people. Our one hope lies in the forest."

There was a long silence. I was so stricken by grief that I could not speak. Then Antu, in a voice I shall never forget, cried: *"Marusa ka—marusa ka—Why did you ever come here?"*

"Where will you go?"

Antu raised one arm and pointed to the south.

"We will set as great a distance between ourselves and your people as we can, so that our children may be able to grow up and die in peace." He paused, then added: "I shall take Lay and Urulai with me."

"Yes, Antu: you are right, of course."

"I am glad I have spoken with you. I want to say this, too: we wish you well, and we should be happy to have you among us again, on the banks of another river where the fish are plentiful, and in the heart of another rich forest such as this, where you can have a fine new hut, as big as you want."

When we got up and walked home the moon was sinking, and I lay awake till sunrise.

Next afternoon the head of every family gathered before the central hut, and heard Antu publicly pronounce his decision—which he did after enumerating the many wrongs the tribe had suffered without possible defense or redress.

All unanimously agreed that preparations for departure should be begun at once. Antu advised them to bring only the bare necessities of existence: bows, arrows, hunting knives, and machetes. He urged them to bring as much yuca as they could carry. When he rose to return to his hut, I dared not follow him.

I spent my last night with Urulai, full of tenderness and regret for all the suffering I had caused her. She said nothing; it was always hard to make Urulai talk. But she clung to me all night through, and would not sleep.

Before dawn broke the whole tribe was ready, including the families from the two outlying villages, who had come in the previous night. One by one, they said good-by to me, though beyond any doubt I was the reason for their abandoning the land and forest that they loved so well. Then Antu came forward, followed by two Indians who were carrying about 10 carbines between them. They laid these weapons at my feet.

"They would soon be unserviceable," Antu said. "Why burden ourselves with useless luggage?" Then he looked straight at me and added: "If you had not come, it would have been someone else. It is not your fault. We shall continue to roam our forests as our fathers did before us."

"Antu," I said, "I am leaving here too. I shall go back to my own people. I cannot stay here without you. Somewhere in this great forest you will find another river, as fine as this one—perhaps better. But before you settle it, before you build one single hut, make quite, quite sure that no diamonds lie hidden there."

I stood and watched the procession pass on, till the last Indian had vanished into the jungle, and the exodus was accomplished. And still Antu's gentle, melancholy voice echoed in my mind, saying, again and again: *"Marusa ka—marusa ka—*Why did you ever come here?" **—Sadio Garavini di Turno**

NEXT MONTH'S BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

THE GREATEST PLOT IN HISTORY

The story of how America's atomic secrets were stolen

by Ralph de Toledano

this funny Life

It was a beautiful Georgia July morning when our 200-man class assembled at one of the jump towers to begin our training as parachutists in an airborne outfit. We were, we felt, a tough, cocky group.

Our class leader called us to attention as a short, hard-looking major from Fort Benning's Jump School strode into view, came to a snappy halt before us, and bade us welcome:

"I hear tell y'all want to become parachutists. Fine! I'm here to tell you how it will be accomplished. Your jump training will be conducted in three stages. The first week we'll separate the men from the boys."

We stalwart would-be troopers all puffed out our chests and stood tall, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. We'd show the world we were men!

"The second week we'll separate the boys from the idiots!" That sort of confused us.

"And the third week we'll let all you idiots jump!"

Capt. V. R. Fernandes
Washington, D. C.

A judge in San Francisco was known to interrupt the attorney, when hearing a case, and proceed with the questioning on his own.

A new, young attorney came before the judge with his first case—an uncontested divorce. He was eagerly awaiting his first victory and as his client was sworn in and seated, he was preparing his papers. As the attorney started his questioning, he was interrupted by the judge who proceeded directly questioning the witness.

The worried attorney then stopped the proceedings, saying: "Pardon me, Your Honor, I don't mind you trying my first case: but *please don't lose it!*"

Name withheld at writer's request,
San Jose, Calif.

The city editor of the first big city daily I worked on must have been a testy old jasper even back when pigeons still were flying the mail. At least he convinced me of that my first day on the job.

I had a particularly sordid rape story to write, even for such a rip-roaring newspaper as ours. I hesitantly asked him if it was our editorial policy to use the victim's name in such stories.

"Their names?" he exploded. "Look, you junior boy scout, on this paper we run *before-and-after* photographs!"

Simon Fargo
Brooklyn, N. Y.

A factory worker in the hospital kept insisting his doctor send him home, because he was worried about being able to pay the bill. When the patient asked for sleeping pills, the doctor suggested he take two aspirins and stop worrying.

The man was released from the hospital and then the monthly statements began to come from the doctor. The man, hard pressed by other bills, became frantic. He thought the matter out, then sent the doctor a partial payment and enclosed a note telling him not to worry—and enclosed two aspirins.

Morris Bender
Los Angeles, Calif.

While traveling in the deep South recently, I drove into a town and noticed an unusual amount of people attending church. Since it was the middle of the week and obviously not a holiday, I asked at the local hotel what the occasion was. The bellhop told me that there was a Baptist convention in town.

"Business must be pretty good with a convention in town," I remarked.

"Huh!" the bellhop replied. "They came into town two days ago with the Ten Commandments and a $10 bill—and they ain't broke neither one yet!"

Jack Thomas
Chamblee, Ga.

I overheard this conversation in the New York subway. Two young men, one of whom apparently was newly married, was asking advice of the other. "You know," he said, "I really *like* the way she fusses over me, fixing my tie and patting my hair down and stroking my cheek and things like that. The only trouble is she keeps doing it in public places like trains and buses and it embarrasses me. I've asked her to wait till we're alone, but she won't."

The other man thought a while, then said, "Personally, pal, I think you got a mighty good thing there, but if it does get out of hand and you want to stop it. . . ." He paused.

"Yes?" asked his companion eagerly.

"Just smile down at her and ask in a loud voice, 'You live around here, baby?' "

Robert Zacks
N. Y., N. Y.

While stationed in Hawaii our Marine outfit was required to listen to the moral and character guidance lectures given the local Navy command. During one session conducted by the medical officer, the conversation naturally got around to sex.

I noticed one young Marine waving his hand wildly in the air, attempting to attract the doctor's attention. When finally recognized, he asked, "Sir, is it possible to freeze sperm cells in some manner, so that they could be shipped to Florida?"

The doctor, somewhat stunned, replied, "I suppose it's possible—but I think it would be cheaper to take leave!"

Larry F. Huff
Hubert, N. C.

As an airline pilot I've noticed many a well-turned ankle, and on one trip we had a particularly cute new stewardess with us. When she brought up coffee I flicked on the overhead light which is worked by a button on each control wheel. She didn't see me press it with my thumb, so she asked how it turned on. I told her that it was a virgin indicator; that whenever a virgin came close it went on automatically. She grinned and left, but when we were walking in to Operations at the end of the flight, she told me, "Captain, you better get that light fixed."

Name withheld at writer's request,
Annandale, Va.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

proper sportswear for all boats As you see, Jantzen makes boating shirts and pants of all colors, sizes, and styles. From left to right, John Severson, publisher of *Surfer* magazine, has on the $7.95 red, blue, and white duck jacket with matching $5.95 brief zipfit. Ken Venturi, professional golfer, wears the $5 striped pullover; he has on the same tapered duck beach pants ($6.95) as Frank Gifford, of the New York football Giants. Bob Cousy, director general of the Jantzen International Sports Club, wears the twill jacket with matching swim walker; each $6.95. Flanked right is Paul Hornung, of Green Bay and magazine covers, in all-red duck jacket ($7.95) and duck zipfits ($5.95). We have everything for the man who owns a yacht, or looks as if he owns one.

Do you question Ken's use of a rubber-powered shingle to negotiate a water hazard? Ken says that if you end up this far off the links, anything is legal. Tom Kelley photo near the Surfrider hotel on Waikiki.

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